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Anne Royall

THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
ANNE ROYALL

BY
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Member of the Columbia Historical Society
Washington, D. C.

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July 8. 1909

To the
Memory of an American
Citizen of the Highest Type
Benjamin Evans Porter
this Representation of Our
Country's Earlier Days is
Dedicated with Sisterly
Affection : : : : :

He could not frame a word unfit,
An act unworthy to be done—EMERSON

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Introduction

In overflowing measure ridicule, injustice, and vilifying persecution were poured upon Anne Royall while she yet walked on earth — the most widely known woman of her day and country. Dead, she has been long forgotten. Nine readers out of ten, seeing her name upon this title-page, will ask, "Who was Anne Royall?"

Even in the city of Washington, the scene of her greatest and longest activity, Mrs. Royall is thought of, by the few who think of her at all, as a shrill-tongued old infidel, beggar, and black-mailer who, convicted by jury of being a common scold, narrowly escaped an official ducking in the Potomac. This unpleasing picture of Anne Royall, along with a mythical story that she was for years a captive among Indians, is preserved in several more or less gossipy contributions to Washingtoniana, and from them has been copied, almost word for word, by the biographical dictionaries and encyclopaedias.

An allusion in an important historical work to "that common scold, Anne Royall," aroused my curiosity. I sought Mrs. Royall's ten volumes of *Travels in the United States* and the files of her newspapers published weekly for nearly a quarter of a century in Washington, D. C. In spite of their crude

vehemence, I found these writings to be the expression of a sane, generous, virile and entertaining personality.

Led by psychological, rather than by historical, interest, I began a search for Mrs. Royall's maiden name and other primary biographical facts concerning her which had long been missing. Searching for those facts has been like hunting for a dozen needles, each hidden in a different haystack. Ancient records of the District of Columbia, of five states, and of more than a score of cities have been scanned carefully; many libraries and bookshops have been ransacked; correspondence has been carried on with secretaries of Masonic lodges and with local historians in many different sections of the United States; the War Department, the Pension Office, the State Department and the Bureau of Indian Affairs have yielded help; annals of the American Revolution have been studied; every line of Mrs. Royall's voluminous writings has been read, and oral tradition has been sifted with care. My research has covered several years. The result is the discovery of biographical material which seems to show that Mrs. Royall was really far less black than she has been painted.

Anne Royall, however, is not a figure of historic national importance. Neither do her writings possess sufficient intrinsic merit to rank as literature. Nevertheless, there are good reasons why the dust of prejudice and oblivion should be blown from her tomb. In the first place, justice is due her. It is never too late to right a wrong where biography is concerned. Anne Royall's life-span stretched from George the Third to the political rise of Abraham

Lincoln. Her personal history is more closely intertwined with, and more analogous to, the growth of our Republic than that of any other woman of whom record is preserved. Her courage deserves remembrance. At a time when a narrow, and now obsolete, theology reigned almost supreme in the United States, Anne Royall dared to think her own thoughts, and to proclaim them from the house-tops — often, it must be confessed, in ungentle words. In regard to Calvinistic dogmas, she stood exactly where the churches that condemned her stand today. Mrs. Royall was an observant traveler. She visited every city, town, and village of importance in the United States of her day. Her recorded impressions and descriptions of her journeyings are of considerable sociological importance to the student of American culture-history. She was a pioneer woman journalist. During thirty years there was not a famous man or woman in the country whom Mrs. Royall did not interview. She met and talked with every man who became President of the United States from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln, inclusive. Many of her almost innumerable pen-portraits of noted Americans are of extreme historical value. During the long Jacksonian era, Mrs. Royall was a force. Against that shadowy army, the alleged secret Church and State party, she wielded her free-lance with superb courage and telling effect. She very materially aided the cause of Freemasonry. In short, Anne Royall's life, in personal desire, thought, and effort, made for race-advancement. Why, then, the question is quickly asked, has Anne Royall been forgotten? —the im-

plication of the query being that the world remembers everybody worth remembering. The world does no such thing. For instance, the world has quite forgotten Hubert Languet, the man who made Sir Philip Sidney what he became — the ideal answering to the word "gentleman" wherever the English language is spoken. Yet not oftener than once in a century is a mind like that of Hubert Languet embodied on this planet. The world is always in a hurry. When great social and political changes come tumbling over each other many men and women worthy of remembrance go under and never reappear upon the sea of popular thought. The cataclysm of the civil war in our own country buried hundreds of thinkers and doers — many of them far abler persons than Anne Royall.

Furthermore, the causes for which Mrs. Royall worked — sound money, Sunday mail-transportation, liberal immigration laws, and the like — were not soul-compelling. They appealed to reason and to common-sense rather than to the emotions. The disrepute into which her fierce opposition to the prevailing theology of her day brought her, also hastened her march to oblivion. In some places almost entire editions of her books were bought and destroyed by her opponents. It was Mrs. Royall's misfortune not to live in Boston. New England always remembers her minor as well as her major prophets — those that she stoned no less than those that she received gladly. Washington, on the other hand, has been, until very recently, a city of shifting population. Each administration brought in its own celebrities. The old

ones, especially the shabby old ones like Mrs. Royall, were soon lost to sight. Not until the formation of the Columbia Historical Society in 1895 did either Washington city or the country at large realize what a mine of wealth (information relating to every phase of American development) lay waiting to be worked at the national capital.

But, after all, the main reason why Anne Royall should be resurrected is the fact that, though long entombed, she is still very much alive. To speak in the vernacular, she is exceedingly good fun. Her personality is so strong, her turns of speech are so unexpected, her common-sense is so refreshing, and her ability in controversy to hit the nail on the head is so unfailing that any reader with the slightest sense of humor must find her decidedly amusing. In this biography, therefore, I shall, wherever possible, allow Mrs. Royall to speak for herself. A few prefatory statements, however, briefly epitomizing her career, may prove useful to those who care to follow chronologically the development of Anne Newport Royall's interesting personality.

Anne Newport was born in Maryland, June 11, 1769. Leaving Maryland with her parents at the age of three years, she lived on the frontier of Pennsylvania until she was thirteen years old, suffering there all the rigor and dangers of pioneer life in an Indian-haunted country. In 1797 she married Captain William Royall, an officer of the war of the American Revolution, and a Virginia gentleman of wealth and of high family. Anne first met Captain Royall, who was many years her senior, under romantic circum-

stances, and from him received the greater part of her excellent education. Left a widow, and losing, by an adverse legal decision, the fortune bequeathed to her by her husband, Mrs. Royall came to Washington in 1824, hoping to secure a pension from Congress. Aided by the Masons, she traveled extensively in the United States between the years 1824 and 1831, and also, between those dates, published a novel and ten volumes of *Travels*. In 1831 she established in Washington a small newspaper named *Paul Pry* — an independent sheet which fought vigorously Anti-Masonry, the Church and State supporters, and the United States Bank. Contrary to traditional belief (founded on its unfortunate name and the adoption of that name by several vile sheets of a later date) the *Paul Pry* did not deal in scandal. Both *Paul Pry* and its far abler successor, *The Huntress*, were clean newspapers.

In 1829 Mrs. Royall was arrested, tried, and convicted in Washington on the charge of being a common scold — a charge which was obsolete even in the remotest parts of Europe at that date. The accusation was brought by persons connected with a small Presbyterian congregation which worshiped in an engine house near Mrs. Royall's dwelling on Capitol Hill. There is much reason to believe, however, that the real instigators of the arrest were men living outside of Washington, and prominently identified with the then burning question of Anti-Masonry and other causes and institutions which Anne Royall had bitterly and effectively attacked in her widely read *Black Book*.

Mrs. Royall continued to edit *The Huntress* up to within a few weeks of her death, which occurred at Washington, October 1, 1854.

Perhaps nothing could more plainly show the enormous activity of Anne Royall's life than the appendix, at the end of this volume, to which attention is respectfully asked. Every name there given represents a personage once of local or national importance. For lack of space hundreds of other names have been omitted. It is hoped that even this partial index may prove useful to state, town, and family historians, to newspaper men and women, and, in some degree at least, to general students of United States history.

For aid in unearthing facts concerning the life of Anne Royall my thanks are due, and sincerely given, to Dr. Ainsworth Rand Spofford, Mr. David Hutcheson, Mr. John G. Morrison, Mr. Hugh A. Morrison Jr., Mr. W. T. Moore, and Mr. W. D. Johnston, of The Library of Congress; to Mr. William L. Boyden, of The Library of the Supreme Council, 33°; to Mr. W. R. McDowell, Mr. H. G. Crocker and Miss Kathryn Sellers, of The State Department Library; to Miss Anna Pope, of the Pension Office; to Mr. John T. Loomis, Mr. W. B. Bryan, and Hon. Montgomery Blair, of Washington; to Hon. J. C. McLaugherty, of Union, West Virginia, and, immeasurably, to Mrs. Eva Grant Maloney, of Craig City, Virginia. For advice as to values, and information concerning proper arrangement of the appendix I owe much to Dr. Edward Allen Fay, editor of *The American Annals of the Deaf*. To Mr. G. A. Lyon,

Jr., of the editorial staff of *The Washington Evening Star*, I am very deeply indebted for encouragement and for most valuable literary criticism.

S. H. P.

"Ben-Evan," Keene,
Essex Co., N. Y.
June, 1908

CHAPTER I

Childhood

The pioneer phase of life in the United States is almost forgotten. The Indian is no longer the most terrifying factor in new settlements. He has even dropped out of literature. Editions of Cooper's works have become infrequent. The dime novel, its yellow cover picturing a swooning heroine borne in the arms of a mounted hero from pursuing savages, is no more. The scalping-knife and the tomahawk have been relegated to museums. The names of Jackson, Grant, and Lincoln have saved the word "log-cabin" from oblivion, but of the daily life in and around those primitive little houses which once formed a chain of mimic forts from the edge of the thirteen Atlantic states westward over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, the present generation possesses but the haziest notions.

The passing from the national memory of the details of pioneer expansion is to be regretted, for those early struggles against forest, soil, climate, wild beasts, and Indians were the growth-roots of our best and soundest citizenship. For a long time the word West was very loosely used to denote the entire region lying beyond the Alleghany mountains and extending from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The men and women who pushed forward from the older settlements

into this so-called "western" wilderness sought neither gold, nor adventure, nor the establishment of any one form of religious faith. Their sole object was to secure that blessing most highly prized in all ages by the Anglo-Saxon heart — a private home. Out of the home, through common privation, danger and neighborly coöperation, civic ethics was born.

From Maryland, about the year 1772, went forth a man called William Newport, accompanied by his wife, Mary, and two little daughters. The elder daughter, named Anne for the English Queen Anne, was then three years old. Anne Newport was born in Maryland, June 11, 1769. Apparently, the Newport family went first to Middle River, Virginia, where Mrs. Newport had relatives named Anderson. From thence, with a company of Virginia people, the Newports emigrated to the frontier of Pennsylvania, where we find them in 1775 living in Westmoreland county, near the mouth of the Loyalhanna.

A mystery hangs over William Newport which his daughter Anne never revealed, although, in later life, under her married name of Anne Royall, she freely interspersed her voluminous writings with autobiographical reminiscences. Presumably, Newport was a tory. He took many long journeys on secret errands. He was not popular with his co-emigrants, and there are indications that he was a discontented man, though kind and affectionate toward his family. He was evidently a man of education. He taught his elder daughter the rudiments of reading by the then uncommon method of phonetic resemblance, and kept her supplied with children's books even in their forest

home. The father of Anne Newport Royall may have been only a common emigrant, but there is a bare possibility that, under the disadvantage of the bar sinister, Calvert and, therefore (again under the bar sinister through that merry monarch, Charles II), Stuart blood flowed in William Newport's veins. The value of the result for present purposes hardly justifies working out this intricate genealogical hypothesis. One or two curious suggestions concerning it, however, are worth noting.

The early Maryland archives mention but one William Newport. In a letter to Governor Sharpe, dated 1767, Lord Baltimore writes from London:

"An absurd report, I am informed, has been spread through the Province that my late uncle, Mr. Calvert's son, was doubted to be Legitimate and consequently I had settled the Province on him after my death. Whereas Mr. Calvert has appointed me by his will his Guardian and Executor, expressly declares him as *not* Legitimate and before his death gott me to give him an annuity by the name he goes by of Mr. Newport, son of Judith, I forgett her name."

An old Maryland list of persons to whom official allowances were made, records: "Four hundred pounds of tobacco to William Newport." When the Proprietary government of Maryland fell, of course all annuities, whether paid in money or tobacco, ceased. About this time Anne Newport's father left Maryland forever. His frontier cabin was rather better furnished than the dwellings of his pioneer neighbors. Anne writes:

"Our cabin, or camp, rather, was very small — not more than eight or ten feet. This contained one

bed, four wooden stools with legs stuck in them through augur holes, half a dozen tin cups and the like number of pewter plates, knives, forks and spoons, though my sister (very mischievous) broke one of the spoons and seriously damaged one of the plates, for which I was chastised. Besides these we had a tray and a frying-pan, a camp kettle and a pot; and our cabin was considered the best furnished on the frontier. A pewter dish or spoon, in those days, were considered articles of opulence — two-thirds of the people of the frontiers ate with mussel shells, and I have had a great admiration for mussel shells ever since; for my sister soon lost, or broke together our half dozen spoons. Besides the things I have mentioned, we had a table made of a puncheon (a tree split in half) and which, like the other furniture, was graced with four substantial legs of rough-hewed white oak. I think we had towels, but as for a table-cloth, I had never seen one to my knowledge; and neither box nor trunk incommoded us. There were a few skins upon which reposed those who thought proper to share them. Sometimes we had bread and always plenty of corn-meal and jerk (dried venison)."

Anne Royall's was not a nurse-guarded childhood. Reared among wild birds, wild beasts, and wild men — small wonder that a flavor of wildness marked her character to the end of her long life. The Newport cabin stood upon a wooded hill called by the first settlers Mount Pisgah.

"On the summit of the hill stood an enormous tree which overtopped its neighbors. At the junction of the limbs with the tree there was a large nest, which had remained there from time immemorial and was still inhabited by the bald eagle. There were three eagles, two of which were of amazing size and strength. They would carry large sticks of wood to their nest, for miles, as stout as a man's arm, from

three to five feet in length. Standing in our door we could see them every day (at the season of feeding their young) carrying fish from the Loyalhanna. We saw the fish distinctly, struggling in their talons; sometimes they would drop them, and darting back to the river would soon appear with another. They always passed each other on the way and were constantly adding to their nest, which could not have been less than four or five feet in diameter, and it was supposed the weight of the nest would finally break down the tree."

Red-Ridinghood saw but one wolf. Little Anne Royall saw a whole pack.

"A man called at our hut one day and asked for a drink. My mother sent me to the spirng with a tin cup for water. As I drew near the spring a large gang of wolves, as I found out afterward, trotted across the spring without deigning to look at me. When I returned to the house, I informed my mother that I had seen a large gang of dogs at the spring."

Every living thing found its way to the spring that bubbled up, cold and clear, at the base of a giant hemlock. Going to the spring was a perilous undertaking for little folks, but chubby, stout-fisted Anne never quailed but once — when a big black snake chased her, hissing at her bare heels, for several rods. The Newport cabin was the last house in the settlement between that point and Pittsburg.

Next to corn-meal, the greatest necessity of the frontier people was salt. Each fall a caravan of pack-horses, laden with peltry which was to be exchanged for salt, started out from the settlement to the nearest town. A bushel of alum salt, says Kercheval in his *History of the Valley of Virginia*, was

worth a good cow and calf. Until weights were introduced, Kercheval continues, "the salt was measured into the half-bushel as lightly as possible. No one was permitted to walk heavily over the floor while the operation was going on."

Fashion was not a disturbing factor in frontier life. The men wore leather trousers and leggings and a hunting-shirt made full enough to serve as a pouch for provisions. The scalping-knife always formed part of a frontiersman's equipment. Women and girls wore gowns of linsey-woolsey spun, woven, and dyed by their own hands. It should never be forgotten that manufacturing in the United States was born of woman in a log-cabin. When the men who went out with the caravan returned to the settlements they always brought back a neck-handkerchief to each of their women-folks. A fresh neck-handkerchief was considered full dress regalia for a woman or girl. When Anne Royall wishes to express her direst poverty she writes, "I was forced to sell my last neck-handkerchief."

Both sexes, when they did not go barefooted, wore moccasins made of deer skin. The moccasins were held together by thongs, commonly called whangs. Cutting out whangs by firelight was the usual evening occupation of the younger members of a frontier family. Thorns were used to fasten small articles of clothing. Mrs. Royall says, "I never saw a pin until I was as tall as I am now."

During the Revolution the English called in the Indians as allies, thus bringing down upon the almost defenseless pioneers the unutterable horrors of border

warfare. Nowhere was the butchery caused by this unholy alliance more constant and terrible than in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. The hatred of England, which has hardly yet died out in some portions of the United States, was caused, not by unjust taxation, but by the unforgettable, unforgivable fact that the mother-country set savages on to murder, by horrible torture, men, women, and children of her own blood.

" 'Twas a foul deed which ought never to be forgotten or forgiven," wrote Anne Royall bitterly half a century afterward.

We get a glimpse of little Anne's generous, impulsive nature from an incident of her childhood at Mount Pisgah:

"A vast number of sugar trees grew in that region, and my mother employed herself in the spring of the year in making sugar. I was about four or five years old when, my father being on a journey, and my mother as usual being at the sugar camp, had left my sister (younger than myself) in the house by ourselves. The spring was far advanced, and as my sister and myself were amusing ourselves by catching butterflies before the cabin door late on a warm, sunshiny afternoon, we were surprised by a gentleman on horseback, who rode up to us and asked if he might stay all night. We stood still staring at the gentleman, not knowing what answer to make, till he inquired where our parents were and what were their names. I was always first to speak and said, 'My mamma is at the sugar camp, and her name is Mary. My papa's name is William.'

" 'I shall stop,' said the man. Alighting from his horse and taking off the saddle, he laid it down by the door and asked me if we had a stable to put

horses in. I told him I did not know what that was — but we put old Bonny in the pen there, pointing it out to him.

"'Have you any corn?' asked the gentleman.

"'Yes, sir, we have corn in the crib.'

"'You are a fine girl; come and show me the crib,' he said, smiling, and after turning his horse in the pen I ran to show him the crib, communicating every incident within my memory to him without reserve, at which he laughed heartily and chatted with me in return. But a violent dispute succeeded to this. I told him he took too much corn for his horse; he must not take more than twelve ears, that was all we gave Bonny. He gave the best of reasons why his horse should have more than Bonny, but he argued to the wind. Our parents had laid down certain rules for us to go by, and these were as firm and steadfast as the laws of the Medes and Persians. I did not grudge him the corn, but I thought he was a novice in the art of feeding a horse. Finally, he was forced to let me have my own way.

"The gentleman, on entering the hut, asked if we had anything to eat. 'I am very hungry; I have eaten nothing since morning.'

"'We have plenty of jerk in the chimney,' I replied. He soon had a piece in his hand, and, hearing a hen at the door, he asked if we had any eggs. My sister, upon hearing the inquiry, ran out to a nest hard by and brought in four eggs and gave them to him. He made a hole in the ashes and covered up the eggs. Having salt and biscuit with him, he made a hearty meal. He gave us a cake each. It was near night, and, after taking a walk to look at his horse, the gentleman, being weary, said he would lie down. He had travelled that day from Pittsburg. I offered him the only bed in the house, saying we could sleep on the floor, we had done so many a time. He declined the offer, and, throwing himself down on a bearskin, said that would do very well. 'I am used

to camping out. This will be delightful.' He threw himself on the floor. I ran and brought him three or four more skins, but, seeing I was hardly able to drag them along, he laughed and took them from me. He put his saddle under his head, and I took a square quilt and threw it over him. In a very few minutes he was fast asleep, and still my mother came not, although it was quite dark. I put my sister to bed, as she was sleepy, and sat up alone."

A little later, Mrs. Newport, accompanied by an Irishwoman, commonly known as Aunt Molly Carrahan, came home. Great was the terror of the two women when they saw a man lying on the floor. They at once suspected the stranger of being a British spy in command of, or recruiting, Indians. Soundly they scolded Anne for her mistaken hospitality. Crestfallen, the little girl crept to her bed.

"Faith, and he looks for all the world like Paddy Dunahan, that was hung in Limerick for the killing of Dennis O'Shean," whispered Aunt Molly. As a means of defence, should the man show signs of hostility, the women hung a huge kettle filled with water on the crane in the fireplace. They kept the water boiling all night. "If he offers to stir, I'll scald his eyes out," threatened Aunt Molly.

But the strange visitor did nothing more violent than to snore occasionally. In the morning he made proper explanation and apology to the two ladies, who were highly delighted with him. Anne says:

"Breakfast was prepared for him before he set out, and his horse fed. At his departure he gave me a silver dollar, the first I ever saw. Who do you think the gentleman was? No less than the amiable Mr. Findlay, long a member of Congress from Penn-

sylvania, distinguished for his republican principles, and one of the ablest men in the state. He used to be called 'the walking library' from his knowledge of books, and he was one of the finest-looking men in the world."

One never-to-be-forgotten summer afternoon Anne Royall came into her own. She learned to read.

"Here in the woods near the Loyalhanna I first learned to sing *Fire on the Mountains.* I recollect well, too, after receiving from my father a little insight into the sounds of letters and putting them together, I went out and sat alone upon a small stump before the cabin door, and went through several pages by myself. I learned to read in the course of the afternoon. The joy I felt in both these acquirements was unspeakably great."

Very likely the little girl who sat upon the forest stump gloating over the newly-fathomed mystery of print was of neither Calvert nor of Stuart lineage. But she might well have been of both, for the lords of Baltimore were all men of brains. Of one of them Frederick the Great wrote, "Lord Baltimore and I talked much of philosophy, art, science — in short, of all that is included in the taste of a cultivated people."

The scene recalls, too, the eagerness for reading — as described by Lord Harrington — of Elizabeth, the little Stuart Princess later famous in history as the unfortunate "Winter Queen" and ancestress of a long line of royal descendants. The mental resemblance of Anne Royall to Elizabeth's daughter, Sophia, electress of Hanover, and mother of George I of England, is absolutely startling to one who has studied both women. Many of Sophia's reflective but ener-

getic letters might have been written by Mrs. Royall, while many of the latter's fearless acts might easily have been performed by the indomitable electress.

The Newport family were driven from Mount Pisgah by Indians. They moved nearer a fort or, rather, near three forts — Hannastown, Shields's, and a fortified house called Deniston's. The clearing where the Newports next lived, "if it could be called living," writes Anne, was a small settlement which Mrs. Royall indistinctly remembers as "Moore's," but which, perhaps, may have been Miller's Station. Anne Royall spent so much of her early life in one or another of these so-called forts that the following description by Kercheval may well be quoted here. It is probably the most accurate picture extant of a pioneer fort in the early days of United States expansion:

"My reader will understand by this term not only a place of defence, but the residence of a small number of families belonging to the same neighborhood. As the Indian mode of warfare was an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and both sexes, it was requisite to provide for the safety of the women and children as well as for that of the men. The fort consisted of cabins, block-houses and stockades. A range of cabins commonly formed at least one side of the fort. Divisions or partitions of logs separated the cabins from each other. The walls on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, the slope of the roof being turned wholly inward. A very few of the cabins had puncheon floors; the greater part were of earth.

"The block-houses were built at the angles of the cabins and stockades. Their upper stories were about eleven inches larger every way than the center one, leaving an opening at the commencement of the second story to prevent the enemy from making a lodg-

ment under their walls. In some forts instead of block-houses the angles of the forts were furnished with bastions. A large folding gate made of thick slabs, nearest the spring, closed the fort. The stockades, cabins and block-house walls were furnished with port-holes at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was completely bullet-proof.

"It may be truly said that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' for the whole of this work was made without the aid of a single nail or spike of iron, and for this reason — such things were not to be had. In some places less exposed, a single block-house, with a cabin or two, constituted the entire fort. As the Indians had no artillery they seldom attacked, and scarcely ever took one of these forts."

Families actually grew callous to the danger of Indian attacks. Mrs. Royall tells of one extremely neat pioneer housewife who refused to fly from approaching savages until she had swept and dusted, saying, "I can't go off and leave such a looking house."

Kercheval, whose book has become very rare, gives a vivid description of a family preparing for flight. Many times little Anne Royall took part in a similar scene:

"I well remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometimes waked up in the night by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door or back window, and by a gentle tapping waked the family. This was easily done, as an habitual fear made us ever watchful to the slightest alarm. The whole family was instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war; my step-mother got up and dressed the children as well as she could; and, being

myself the eldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burthens to be carried to the fort; there was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to aid us in removing to the fort. Beside the little children, we caught up what articles of clothing and provision we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir the fire. All this was done with the utmost dispatch and the silence of death, the greatest care being taken not to awaken the youngest child. To the rest it was enough to say, 'INDIANS,' and not a whimper was heard afterward. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a settlement, who were in the evening in their homes, were all in their little fortress before dawn of the next morning. In the course of the succeeding day their household furniture was brought in by parties of men under arms."

While living at Moore's, or Miller's, Mr. and Mrs. Newport placed their two little girls for safety with different families living some distance apart in fortified houses. Anne went to a family named Deniston. While there she attended a field school, or school in a forest clearing. All that she learned at this school, she says, was a ring game called "Under the Juniper tree."

About this time William Newport drops out of sight. We have no hint as to the manner or time of his death. Anne, ever reticent about her father, simply tells us that soon after his death her mother married again. The name of Mrs. Newport's second husband was Butler. The issue of this second marriage was a son named James. James Butler was twelve or thirteen years younger than his half-sister, Anne Newport. He rose to prominence as a colonel

in the war of 1812. In his later life, Colonel James Butler lived in Connersville, Indiana.

Anne's mother was a woman of much strength of character. She was skilled in the medicine of herbs, and acted as physician to the entire settlement. Her personal appearance was pleasing. "My mother," says Anne, "was a low, light woman and considered the prettiest of her day, though, like myself, she was undersized."

Anne, in her youth, was plump as a partridge, with pink cheeks, fair hair, very blue and very bright eyes, and strong white teeth that showed to advantage when she laughed, which, says one who knew her, she was always doing.

Anne's sister appears to have remained with the family in which she was placed. She married a man named Cowan from the neighborhood of the Newports' first home at Mount Pisgah. After Mrs. Butler's second marriage the family, with the exception of Anne's younger sister, moved to Hannastown.

CHAPTER II

Girlhood and Marriage

Hannastown, Pennsylvania, near where Greensburg now stands, was the first place west of the Alleghany mountains where the white man ruled by legal forms. In 1773 the settlement of Hannastown was made the seat of Westmoreland county. It consisted of about thirty log dwellings, a wooden courthouse, a jail, and a fort. Robert Hanna was the first presiding judge of the court held there. The first court of common pleas held in the United States was held at Fort Pitt by General Forbes, whose army passed through Hannastown. On this occasion little Anne Newport saw the new flag of the new United States for the first time. Writing long afterward, the twenty-second of February, she says:

"This day, the anniversary of our beloved Washington, was ushered in by all manner of rejoicing. The star-spangled banner is now waving from the cupola before my window. While I sat with my eyes on the flag my mind was thrown back to the Revolutionary War, and whilst I gazed on this emblem of our liberty, I thought of the day when I first saw the colors of the then conflicting states; the occasion nor the date I do not now remember. But I well remember the brilliant striped flag. I was then a child and lived at Hannastown, not far from Pittsburg. I was standing in the street one morning with other little

children, and, happening to turn my eyes in the direction of Pittsburg, I caught a glimpse of soldiers marching into the town, their colors flying and drums beating. I remember the order of march — I remember, too, that there were several women. I never see the United States colors since that they do not recall that day. The whole repasses again before me, and with it all the sufferings of those trying times. I suffered all that human nature could bear, both with cold and hunger. Oh, ye wealthy of those times! little idea had ye of what the poor frontier settlers suffered! often running for our lives to the forts, the Indians pursuing and shooting at us. At other times lying concealed in brushwood, exposed to rain and snakes, for days and nights without food, and almost without clothes; we were half the time without salt or bread; we pinned our scanty clothing with thorns; lived on bear's meat and dried venison."

Hannastown was totally destroyed by Indians July 13, 1782. "On that day," writes Anne Royall, "my heart first learned the nature of care."

The people who were in the town at the time the Indians approached fled to the fort, and, with one exception, were saved. But many of the wives and daughters of the wealthier class were guests at a wedding celebration at Miller's Station, a few miles distant from Hannastown. A large crowd of young people from Hannastown, drawn by a desire to see the wedding fun, had also gone to Miller's. The house in which the ceremony had just been celebrated was attacked by the savages. The slaughter was terrible. Amid heartrending scenes, many captives were taken, among them Mrs. Hanna and her two beautiful daughters. After hours of massacre, the Indians, sated with blood and pillage, collected their prisoners

(among them sixty women and girls), and, loading them heavily with plunder, drove them, like cattle, northward. An old writer says:

"Heavy were the hearts of the women and maidens as they were driven into captivity. Who can tell the bitterness of their sorrow? They looked, as they thought, for the last time upon the dear fields of their country and of civilized life. They thought of their fathers, their husbands, brothers and sweethearts. As their eyes streamed with tears, the cruelty and uncertainty which hung over their fate as prisoners of savages overwhelmed them with despair."

Tradition has long insisted that Anne Newport was one of these captives. The legend is to be doubted. In all the millions of words that she wrote, Mrs. Royall nowhere states that she was ever held prisoner by Indians. Such an experience would have been journalistically valuable. She would hardly have passed it over in silence. The probability is that her frequent allusions to being "brought up among the Indians," "learning virtue and independence from the lords of the forest," etc., misled careless readers. From what were really only references to her pioneer childhood a captivity legend might easily, and probably did, grow up. Her alleged rescue by Captain Royall, the Virginia gentleman of wealth and high family whom she married, made a romantic ending to the story. The biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias all contain the tale.

Mr. Butler did not long survive the destruction of Hannastown. He may have been killed by Indians in his own field as so many other men were in those uncertain days. Mrs. Butler and her two children,

Anne and James, wandered miserably back to Virginia. In 1785 they passed through Staunton. They were in dire poverty. The following interesting account of William Royall is substantially authentic, though founded of course on traditions handed down in the neighborhood from one generation to another. The sketch is kindly furnished for this biography by Mrs. Eva Grant Maloney, better known, perhaps, as a writer, under her maiden name, Eva Grant. Mrs. Maloney writes:

"In early days there was no wagon road from Fincastle to Staunton — two frontier posts — to the Sweet Springs. Persons walked the foot-paths or took pack-saddle trains. I think, perhaps, wagons could travel from Staunton to Fincastle — it was then called Monroe — but from that point pack-saddles for freight, and horse-back or foot were the only means of transportation across the mountains. At what was then called Middle Mountain my great-grandfather, Thomas Price, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, lived. One of his friends and neighbors, Captain William Royall, lived about fourteen miles farther west on what was called Sweet Springs Mountain. People going to Royall's necessarily passed Price's and stopped going and coming.

"William Royall was an elderly gentleman and considered very learned, possessing a great store of books which were treasures in the isolated fastnesses of the mountains. William Royall was called eccentric. He kept his cattle and horses in their natural state; there were neither geldings nor steers to be found in his herds.

"The Sweet Springs were unknown at a distance, but their fame was beginning to spread locally. There is a story, coming down unvarnished, which says that in one of the last raids made by the Indians into the

Holston country one big warrior was stricken with illness. His entire body was covered with sores. His tribe guided him to the Sweet Springs and there buried him in mud arranged so that the waters could flow over him and he could just manage also to drink. There they left him with a supply of parched corn and the sweet waters. In a few weeks the warrior followed his tribe, and the story further has it that the tribe thought he was a ghost.

"Now this story spread among the settlers and many of them made their way to the springs for cures. Among those who came, and stopped at my grandfather's for rest and food, was a poor woman much afflicted with sores and what we now call 'blood poison.' This white woman had a child with her and that child was Anne Royal. The woman, Anne's mother, went to the Sweet Springs and was taken in by the wealthy and eccentric old Captain William Royall. She was his wash-woman and menial — a subject of reproach of course to the slave-owning aristocratic neighbors; for few white women on our frontier had to be menials, and those only of the lowest class.

"Now William Royall took an interest in little Anne and taught her until she became the most learned woman in all the county. He had a store of fine books and Anne read them all."

This story of the meeting of Anne Newport and William Royall, Mrs. Maloney had from the lips of Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, now eighty-seven years of age. Mrs. Hamilton says that Anne was frequently at her grandfather's house and that her mother, who was married in 1809, liked and admired the bright, energetic girl. Mrs. Maloney adds:

"Mrs. Hamilton says that when Anne developed into a writer her mother bought all her writings that she could. Mrs. Hamilton further says that *her* first

husband, Dr. Thomas Wharton, collected all the information he could about Anne Royall and left it in manuscript when he died in 1836. This manuscript, unluckily, has been destroyed. Mrs. Hamilton, my aunt, is now 87 years old, in full possession of her great mental faculties, and has lived in Botetourt county all her life. She is an exceedingly intelligent woman, and, having always been a woman of means and prominent family, has had rare opportunities for local observations, and her store of information is practically endless. Anne Royall's story, beginning in so humble a manner and ending in what seemed splendid fame to the quiet country people, has been preserved intact just as I have written it here for you."

According to Anne's marriage certificate, she was married to William Royall by Rev. William Martin in Botetourt county, November 18, 1797. But Mrs. Royall herself disputes this date of the official record, claiming a possible clerical error or tardiness in making the required governmental return of marriage. She says:

"A mystery hangs over this certificate. I could swear that we were married in May and not in November. The dogwood was in bloom and I was out sowing seeds when the messenger came with a saddle-horse for me to go and get married."

At all events, whether the spring woods were white with dogwood-flower, or the ground carpeted with autumn's fallen leaves, young Anne Royall obeyed her old master's command with truly feudal willingness and submission. That she adored and reverenced him is beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, many of Royall's friends and relatives claimed that there was never any real marriage. A bundle of ancient

yellow papers preserved in the Pension Office at Washington settles that question, however. The dispute as to the legality of the marriage was threshed out again and again by Congressional Committees. The names of John Quincy Adams, Judge Taliaferro and other men of equally high standing are signed to the oft-reiterated statement, "There is no question as to the validity of the marriage."

Captain Royall was a good husband of the bluff British Squire type. He was both wealthy and generous. Half a dozen times a year (on her birthday and at other festival times) he made over, legally, to his wife valuable gifts of property in land, houses, and slaves. It was Anne's nature, too, to give, and during the sixteen years of her married life she experienced the joy — to her the greatest joy that could be vouchsafed — of scattering her bounty broadcast among the sick, the needy, and the sinful. Sinners always fared well where Anne Royall was, not because she condoned ~~with~~ sin, but because she had unfailing faith in the reclamatory power of human sympathy.

In summer, and when court was in session at Sweet Springs, the Royall mansion was always full of guests. As hostess, Anne met some of the first people of the state, who, thanks to Captain Royall's jealous watchfulness, treated the former backwoods girl with the same deference that invariably marked her husband's demeanor toward her.

In winter husband and wife read much together. French thought, filtered through Thomas Jefferson's mind, colored all William Royall's philosophy. Moreover, Royall had served under Lafayette, and passion-

ately admired that gallant Frenchman. It is not strange, therefore, that the first winter's reading included a full course in Voltaire. Anne's mind was ever hungry. She shared and agreed with every view, liking, or aversion held by her husband. To each she added a fire of enthusiasm that warmed the cockles of the old warrior's heart. William Royall's humor was of the dry, quiet, rather cynical order. Anne's sense of the ludicrous was an ever-bubbling spring constantly fed by the little happenings of every-day plantation life. In spite of the disparity of their ages, probably no other married couple ever found more happiness together than Captain Royall and his pioneer-bred wife. Often in winter evenings, when they sat before a crackling fire in the great hall, the old soldier described to his wife, while she sewed or embroidered, the campaigns he had fought. Those campaigns were well worth fighting over again. William Royall did the nation good service — service which should have ensured his wife from want after she became a widow. Mrs. Royall writes, and there is no reason to think that she does not state facts, although the actual official records were lost in the great fire at Richmond:

"My husband raised the first company that was raised in Virginia — took his men (Patrick Henry being one) and entered the ship where Lord Dunmore took refuge with all the ammunition he could lay hold of. Then these gentlemen (all of the first rank) took the whole of it away from him. My husband spent a fortune in the war. He was rich and generous. He brought the troops from Virginia and North Caro-

lina, after Gates' defeat, at his own expense to Guilford Courthouse, N. C. Entitled to ten rations a day, he never drew a dollar. He was Judge-Advocate to the Brigade, Judge-Advocate to the regiment, Paymaster to the Regiment and the same to the Brigade. He lost two fine horses, his servant and a portmanteau containing a hundred pounds in specie by the British at the battle of Petersburg, Va. General Lafayette ordered him to remove some American horses out of the way of the British. He did so, delivering them to the quartermaster. One was lost, which cost him 200 pounds."

Lafayette afterward gave Mrs. Royall a note written by his own hand concerning her husband's valuable war-services.

When Boston was blockaded by the British, William Royall sent the citizens a sloop of wheat at his own expense.

Often, too, in those long winter-evening talks, Royall descanted on the virtues and the glory of Masonry, telling Anne, over and over, what she afterward had good reason to practice, "If ever you find yourself in trouble, appeal to a Mason."

Anne Royall reverenced and idolized her husband. To the end of her long life, when traveling, she would go miles out of her way, often spending her last dollar for the purpose, to look upon a spot of earth his feet had once pressed.

William Royall was born where two generations of his ancestors (Welsh, and French Huguenot stock) had lived, at a place called Bermuda Hundred, near City Point, Virginia. Long years after her husband's

death, Mrs. Royall turned aside from her route to visit his birthplace. She says:

"This region near City Point which I was now to see for the first time, had for years been familiar to me. I had had the history of every inch of ground, swamp, tree, orchard, grove and garden; the houses, the shores, the river, the sedge fields, even to the river banks. The very ducks in the swamps were as familiar as though I had spent my days there. It was the birthplace of my husband, where he had spent his boyhood and grew up to be a man. As we came in view of City Point, I naturally cast my eye over the well-known marsh where, with his faithful spaniel and his gun, he passed whole days in pursuit of the shell drake. Over the river I saw the well known solitary house, peeping through a thick grove, where he spent his childhood some eighty years since. This house is at the Hundred, which took its name from a creek. A little higher up the river is Shirley Plain, then the wharf—or where it once was — upon which the Guinea ships used to land their numerous slaves. I saw the grove through which he used to wander when young. The sight of all these places appeared like so many old acquaintances, and filled me with a train of ineffable sadness."

Mrs. Royall adds a pleasantly illuminative footnote which shows that, in her young days at least, she was easily managed:

"His favorite spaniel was named Spad, and, from all accounts, he was worth his weight in gold. He would follow the wounded ducks for miles and bring them to his master. During our winter evenings my husband used to relate many of these ancient tales; and being extremely fond of fowling, many of these anecdotes related to his dog and his gun. But Spad, though the best of his kind when in good humour,

would sometimes get in the pouts and run home as fast as his legs would carry him. Deaf to all entreaty, he would leave his master to get the ducks out of the water the best way he could. Whenever I got in the pouts, my husband would uniformly call me 'Spad,' which never failed to restore me to good humour.''

Anne was considerably afraid of the man she worshiped, for she lived in a day when the man was still ''the head of the woman.'' The following anecdote gives as clear a picture of old Captain Royall as Harry Fielding himself could have drawn. Receiving news of an election in western Virginia, Mrs. Royall writes:

''The people have elected C. C. Were there ever such fools? They must have been intoxicated! Can America stand? Can she preserve her liberty thus? She cannot. She ought not. They are prodigal of their sovereignty, indeed. It appears to be painful to them. To elect the greatest fool, by all odds the greatest fool in the country. You know he always has 'Lord Hale' in his mouth. This 'Lord Hale' (the new Representative) came to our house and spent a day. You know my husband's hospitality. He entertained all alike. Court was sitting at this time at Sweet Springs, and this booby (how he ever came to be licensed as a lawyer is strange), while at the dinner table, began to repeat a part of a defence he had made for a criminal. In doing this he referred to Lord Hale's 'Plea for the Crown.' Finding we were all silent, he took it for granted that we were all delighted, and launched out in praise of Demosthenes and Cicero. My husband had remained silent until, weary of the fool, he at last asked, 'Who was this Demosthenes? I am very ignorant of these things?' 'You don't know who Demosthenes was?

Why, he was a great Roman Emperor; and Cato was another. There are very few things come amiss to me.' Thus he kept on until he swept away all the great men of antiquity, whilst I suffered the ordeal in silence, since, being at my own table, I dared not laugh. My husband never laughed at anything. But this day he did something much better. He always sat some time at table after the cloth was removed, and had a fashion of leaning forward, when displeased, upon his arms, which were usually crossed, at the same time biting his thumb. I always trembled when I saw this; nor dared I rise from the table until he made a signal. Though our house was usually full, we happened to have no one this day but 'Lord Hale.' At length, my husband, addressing his Lordship, said, 'Now, what a damned fool you are! This is the way you expose yourself. Do you know you are a laughing-stock for the whole country? My dog, Citizen (a favorite pointer), has more sense. Just go home and go to plowing, for, if my dog could speak, he would make a better lawyer.' "

Mrs. Royall adds, "C. C. took it in good part, and said it was the best lesson he ever learned." She also admits, somewhat grudgingly, that in after years no matter which side C. C. took he always won.

After sixteen years of contented married life, William Royall died of a painful and lingering illness through which his wife nursed him with tenderest love and care. His will was recorded at Monroe, March Court, 1813. It is a short document, but explicit.

"In the name of God, AMEN. I, William Royall, of Monroe County, do make and ordain this, my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following, viz: I give unto my wife, Ann, the use of all my Estate, both Real and Personal (except one tract of land), during her widowhood. I also give unto

Ann Malvina Cowan, when she comes of the age Eighteen, one bed and furniture, one Cow and Calf and one tract of Land lying and being at the mouth of Elk River as per patent bearing date etc, found in the county of Kennahway, or Four Hundred in leiu thereof, if she chuses, to her and her heirs forever. After my wife's decease I give all my Estate unto William Archer, Son of John Archer, to him and his heirs forever. That my lands, or so much of them as will discharge all my debts, be sold for that purpose.

"I do appoint my wife, Ann Royall, Executrix and William Archer Executor of this my last Will and Testament, revoking all others. Dated this fourth day of November, Eighteen hundred and Eight.

"W. ROYALL (seal)

"Signed in presence of
"James Wiley
"Mary Butler"

William Archer was the son of a half-brother of William Royall. In his later life William Archer served as Representative in Congress, where his testimony proved of value in establishing the genuineness of Mrs. Royall's assertions as to her husband's long and valuable military service. Ann Cowan was the niece and namesake of Mrs. Royall. Apparently she lived with Captain and Mrs. Royall at Sweet Springs.

The will was at once disputed by a nephew of Captain Royall. Ten years of litigation followed.

CHAPTER III

Anne Royall in Her Prime

King Cophetua was dead, and his aristocratic relatives and friends were anxious to see his widow speedily return to her original beggar estate.

William Royall was no sooner in his grave than slander began its best-loved task — the discrediting of marital relations, with all blame laid on the woman. The accusation was freely circulated through the county, even through the state, back to Amelia county where Royall was born, that Anne Newport was never legally married to the man who, in his last will and testament, called her his wife. That will, said those who were trying to break it, was either a forgery or was obtained from the old man by undue influence when he was in a state of partial senility. In connection with the will, rumor coupled the name of a young lawyer with that of Anne to her discredit. The very phrasing of the will, itself, the clause allowing Anne to have the use of the property only during her *widowhood*, prove the baselessness of the charge either of forgery or of undue influence. As will be shown later, documentary proof exists which proves these charges false. Nevertheless, brought to her by busybodies in the early months of her widowhood, they caused her much pain and humiliation. Apparently,

she never for one moment believed it possible that the litigation begun by her husband's nephew could result in setting aside the will made in her favor.

Soon a strange restlessness came over her. She missed the care which for months she had given her invalid husband. She missed the kind, yet dominating mastership which had ruled her life completely for twenty-eight years. Most of all, she missed the intellectual companionship which had formed the strongest bond between herself and her scholarly husband. In a significant passage upon the duty of cultivating a child's reason and instilling a love of humanity from the earliest years, Mrs. Royall gives us a glimpse of her mental state when Captain Royall began her real education. Using the vernacular of the mountain region, she writes:

"When I was yet a very small child, being a 'terrible' great scholar, and a 'cruel' good reader, my mother, proud of her first-born, procured scores of 'little histories' for me to read — such as 'The Seven Wise Masters,' 'Paddy from Cork,' etc. Many an hour did I pore over those 'little histories.' I knew they were stories, that is falsehoods, and what was the consequence? When I came to read *real* history I had no more idea that it was reality than I had that Aladdin and his lamp were true. The very name *history*, of all others, bore the impression of falsehood, and it was long before I could believe that history was a record of facts; and had I not fortunately fallen in with a person of learning, I should have delved at 'little histories' all my life."

That "person of learning" was William Royall, and never yet had schoolmaster an apter or more eager pupil than he found in young Anne Newport.

Captain Royall constantly led Anne to the contemplation of the principles of just government as laid down by his master, Thomas Jefferson. This training in state politics was the foundation of Mrs. Royall's newspaper work long afterward.

Nor did Captain Royall neglect the English classics in the education of the wild little maid that had wandered to his door. Anne knew Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Addison by heart. But, after she found out its real meaning, her dearest love and his was the study of history. It is an odd picture — the old hermit-philosopher and the forest-bred girl following, from their wild mountain fastness, the unfolding of the great world-drama as played upon the stage of earth from the beginning up to their own day. If Royall taught his enthusiastic pupil that the act in which he himself took part — the American Revolution — was the most significant and most glorious in the long series who shall blame him? Perhaps it was.

Anne read all the books in her husband's great library; many of them she read over and over again. Tradition says, also, that she read every book belonging to the neighbors scattered miles apart over the bleak mountain sides. Mrs. Maloney writes:

"Hearing that my great-aunt had some Welsh books handed down from past generations, I asked her to let me see them. She replied: 'They are lost. Anne Royall, who used to live over on Sweet Springs mountain, borrowed them and never returned them, after her husband's death. Anne read every book she could lay her hands on.'"

But, for awhile after Captain Royall died, books seemed to lose their charm for Anne. An intense

longing to see the world came over her. She hated the bleak mountain walls that shut her in. Selling a house and two lots of land, in Charlestown, that belonged to her, she used the proceeds of the sale for a trip south. The taste of freedom proved sweet. She writes exultantly: "Hitherto, I have only learned mankind in theory — but I am now studying him in practice. One learns more in a day by mixing with mankind than he can in an age shut up in a closet." From that opinion Anne Royall never receded. Her merely studious days were over. Thenceforth, she would mix with men and women, join in their struggles, feel their heartaches, fight their battles and, above all, hold aloft before them (shake, if you will) the United States flag as a constant reminder of their civic duty. With every step she took in the newly settled southern and southwestern states and territories, her patriotism grew stronger.

Mrs. Royall traveled very comfortably, with a retinue of three slaves — two men and a maid — and a courier. There were warmth, comfort, and cheer in plenty at those old roomy southern inns which were often kept by rich and educated owners who were also mail contractors. The guests had no desire for speed. They had time, and to spare, for viewing the beauties of Nature, for full enjoyment of the cook's savory productions, for prolonged converse in stately forms of speech, and for almost unending serious discussion concerning the needs of the new United States so dear to all their hearts. Not the least pleasant feature of those old-time southern taverns was the

just-before-bed-time hour in one's big chamber. Mrs. Royall writes:

"I am never better pleased than when seated by a bright fire and a well-swept hearth with a candle by my side. I have a pair of snuffers, too, and a snuffer-tray. But one who was raised in the woods, you know, can easily dispense with a snuffer-tray. I confess, though, I hate that practice of snuffing the candle with your fingers. I was going to say that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to seize my pen at night, sitting comfortably, as just described, and talking to you on paper."

Mrs. Royall's correspondent is a young man whom she addresses as "Matt" — probably the young lawyer before mentioned.

We get one or two vivid glimpses of "Matt" and Mrs. Royall's almost motherly relation to him. Writing in 1817 from Cabell Court House, she says:

"You say you are going to Ohio to spend the winter — for your health, I presume. Better go to North Carolina or any southern climate. Go to bed early and rise betimes in the morning. You ruin your health by sitting up late. Hang the cards! I never knew any good to come from them. They will, if you persist in them, cost you your health, your reputation, perhaps your life. Oh, Matt, quit them and pursue something more worthy of yourself!"

Again she writes to him:

"If I were not the best-tempered person in the world, I should get into a pet and quit this correspondence. If it were not for some way to pass off the time, I would do so. I have not received a word from you in three weeks. What are you about? Are you sick, or sullen, or are you bemiring your horse and yourself by riding up and down the river through the

mud? Or, taking the opportunity of my absence, have you gone to your old tricks again? I shall be likely to hear no good of you, I suspect. When I return, I mean to make very particular inquiries about you; and there are not wanting those who will tell me the truth about you, and a great deal more."

Between the years 1817 and 1823 Mrs. Royall spent most of her time in the south. She made flying trips back to western Virginia, but never lived there again. She writes: "They look well, but nothing wears worse than mountains. I have suffered too much among the mountains ever to love them."

The successful termination of the war of 1812 had left Americans jubilant. Almost every other citizen of the triumphant United States would have felt just as Anne Royall felt when she found herself travelling through Andrew Jackson's country:

"At length, I have reached the state of Tennessee, the land of heroes. I have been in the state about three hours, and already I seem to tread on sacred ground. As I rode to the inn where I now am, I was informed that I was in *Tennessee*, and I immediately fell into a train of pleasant musing. The victory of New Orleans, the battles of Talushatches, Talladega, and Emuckfrau all passed in retrospection before me — the brave, the intrepid, the invincible JACKSON, and his brilliant achievements, engrossed every faculty of my mind. I shall see him, I thought, I shall now be gratified with a sight of the brave Tenneseeans whose valor has secured forever the honor of their state."

A little later she writes:

"Dear Matt, —

"Good news awaits you. Read on. Having secured a few books, I was devouring 'Phillips's Speech-

es' (first sight of the book) in a corner, when I heard a loud cry, 'General Jackson comes.' Running to my window I saw him walking slowly up the hill between two gentlemen, his aids. He was dressed in a blue frock coat with epaulettes, a common hat with a black cockade, and a sword by his side. He is very tall and slender. He walked on by our door to Major Wyatt's, his companion in arms, where he put up for the night. His person is finely shaped, and his features not handsome, but strikingly bold and determined. He appears to be about fifty years of age. There is a great deal of dignity about him. He related many hardships endured by his men, but never breathed a word of his own. His language is pure and fluent, and he has the appearance of having kept the best company.''

This correspondence between Mrs. Royall and the young lawyer is a strange one in some respects, including, as it does, discussions upon education, literature, religion, politics, social vices and their remedy, crop statistics, and clever portraiture of persons and places. Matt's letters are lost. Of his side of this interesting correspondence we have only scattered and broken reflections in his correspondent's answers. Often he shows himself petulantly ungrateful for all the pains Mrs. Royall takes to amuse him in his invalidism. He grumbles when her letters are short, and complains of their length when they are long. But she is always good-natured and patient with him. Constantly, without direct preaching, she holds up high ideals. The just critic will feel that these letters were written by a good and a pure woman. No adulteress and forger would ever have written thus to a young man. This correspondence, printed under

the rather incorrect title, *Letters from Alabama*, ought to dispose of the ghost of slander that, even to this day, in some quarters, shadows Anne Royall's name.

Apparently, Matt is inclined to be pessimistic. He sees little hope of redemption of the world through education. Mrs. Royall takes issue with him on this point:

"Respecting your last letter, you say, and very plausibly, too, 'No wonder the ignorant are prejudiced against learning, when they see learned men inflicting every evil, cheating, defrauding, and oppressing the poor.'

"Aware of these objections 'made, acted and done,' to use one of your law phrases, I am ready to enter my rejoinder. The very reason you adduce to excuse the ignorant, is the reason I would advance against them. If their minds were improved they would not become the dupes and victims of their learned neighbors. They would then be able to cope with them. If men of the best learning and parts often fall a sacrifice to the artful disguises which hypocrisy and knavery put on, how, then, are the ignorant to escape? If education was better attended to, it would greatly alleviate the evils of fraud and oppression. If a few, now and then, emerge from the night of ignorance, the great mass of people are still the same, and this ignorance is to be our downfall. It strikes at the vitals of our liberty. It affects our nation morally and politically, and the *few* are soon to rule the *many*, instead of the many ruling the few.

I would not, as someone has said, have them all philosophers; but I would have them raised above the brute creation. I would have them know they are endowed with *Reason*. I would have them know this Reason was bestowed upon them as a guide to enable them to distinguish between right and wrong, truth

from falsehood, good from evil. I would have them know that it is the cultivation of this Reason, alone, that can secure to them its advantages. As a fertile field, without cultivation, produces nothing but noxious weeds, so our Reason without cultivation is of no more advantage to us in transacting the common concerns of life than if we were destitute of this glory of human nature. But I am sleepy and must bid you good night."

Trite enough, in this age, that preaching may sound. Nevertheless it is doubtful if three other women in the United States, in the year 1818, held such advanced views on popular education.

There was no ~~other~~ subject upon which Anne Royall felt more deeply than that of woman's inhumanity to woman. Once Matt's conventional views seem to anger her, and she replies, spiritedly:

"You ask what I would have ladies do — 'take such persons into their homes, associate with them?'

"Yes, if they repent; I would not only take them into my house, but unto my bosom. I would wipe the tears from their eyes — I would soothe their sorrows, and support them in the trying hour. I would divide my last morsel with them.

"For those who would not repent — if they were hungry, I would feed them; if they were naked, I would clothe them; and, much more, if they were sick, I would minister unto them; I would admonish them, and I would then have done. What did our Saviour? I would not revile them. I would not persecute them. Good night. I beg pardon for troubling you with a long letter. I was led on by my feelings."

Anne Royall lived up to the creed of womanly charity that she preached. Always, wherever she went, there was a repentant (and sometimes an unre-

pentant) Magdalen clinging to her for protection and sympathy. Long after that letter was written, Mrs. Royall's poor dwelling in Washington served almost continuously as a refuge for some homeless fallen woman. Often, too, Mrs. Royall's own reputation suffered thereby.

Melton's Bluff was Mrs. Royall's favorite stopping-place. She spent many months there each year for several years. The company was lively. There were dances, picnics, camping-parties, musical entertainments without end. Into this gayety Mrs. Royall, bright, witty, entertaining, entered with all her heart.

Florence, Alabama, was another place which Mrs. Royall liked exceedingly. She was entertained by many wealthy families there and gave several dinners in return. Called on once for a toast, unexpectedly, she says: "I gave the following, said to have been given extempore by one of my Irish ancestors:

> Health to the sick,
> Wealth to the brave,
> A husband to the widow,
> And freedom to the slave."

Mrs. Royall almost drops into poetry over the beauty of the city of Savannah, Georgia:

"The streets of Savannah are one sea of sand; the novelty of this, and the pride of China (alias China-tree) in full bloom, filling the air with the sweetest fragrance, the profusion of its foliage, and the soft tinge of its exuberant flowers, the hum of insects, the Cabbage-tree, the fruit shops, the genial sunshine, and the pleasant shade — I have no name for the scene — Savannah is the garden spot of the south, whether as to opulence, trade, hospitality, or site. It certainly

does not surpass Wilmington or Camden in hospitality or refinement, for that is impossible, but it equals them in this respect, and greatly exceeds them in numbers.

"Amongst the novelties of Savannah I was amused at the gait of the people as they walked the streets. They are so much accustomed to wade through the sand, that they have contracted a habit something like a wading-step, as one would walk through a bed of tough brick mortar. Their gait is slow and regular, their step long, the head thrown back — the better to breathe I suspect — and they rise and fall every step. This is more strongly marked in the men."

With New Orleans, also, she was enchanted:

"I shrink from the task in despair, I confess, of portraying the beauty which meets the eye. All I can say of it is that it is one blaze of flowers, with groves and gardens of incomprehensible beauty, doubtless the most finished picture of landscape art in the world — not an atom of room left for improvement. One is astonished at the skill displayed by the magic hand of taste in laying out these gardens, for which we have no parallel. The dark-green avenues of orange trees and magnolias, all in bloom — on each side of these run hedges of roses intermingled with flowers of every hue, white, blue, scarlet, purple and yellow, forming one solid representation of bright gems, as varied as the rainbow."

She continues:

"The ladies of New Orleans have been variously represented, as the humour or taste of the traveler felt disposed. From seeing them mostly in the public places, and generally veiled, one cannot give a correct idea of them. Nor have I met with any town where there is less uniformity. There is every shade, as the poet said, from 'snowy white to sooty.' Here you see a little squat, yellow foreigner from the West Indies

— from South America — from no one knows where, covered with the finest lace; yards of it, and glittering with jewels; and again, a tall elegant figure from France, England, Netherlands, or Poland. Sometimes a face of inexpressible beauty, and, again, one of horror; sometimes a face of lily whiteness, and next to her one of saffron, and so on to coal black."

In Mrs. Royall's eyes, Alabama was almost wholly good:

"I have seen no state or country equal to it. The people wealthy and generous, the land rich, the fields large, its rivers deep and smooth, its lofty bluffs, its majestic trees, its dark green forests — altogether grand."

In spite of her strong states' rights views, the shadow of slavery in the beautiful land where she tarried constantly oppressed Mrs. Royall. Once when she was visiting a plantation owned by General Jackson, "kindest and best of masters," she says:

"As I lingered behind the party thinking of my own negro children, the little things flocked around me, and, as they were looking up into my face, eager to be caressed, I discovered traces of tears on some of their cheeks. Oh, Slavery! Slavery! Nothing can soften thee! Thou art Slavery still!"

Again, she writes:

"With all the blessings here we have a few curses, and one of them is slavery. Not that the slaves are treated badly; if we except the total neglect of their owners to enlighten their minds, they live as well as their masters, and are by no means as hard tasked."

Years afterward, when her own slaves were all scattered, Mrs. Royall spent much time and money

trying to trace them to find out if they were well treated. Nevertheless, she always stoutly insisted that slavery was a question which each state should settle for itself.

For the dumb beasts, too, Anne Royall spoke her word:

"One shrinks with horror at the barbarity here to poor, innocent beasts. A curse must fall upon a land so lost to feeling. These innocent creatures were given to us for our use and not to glut a worse than savage disposition."

Mrs. Royall always found time to read:

"Melton's Bluff, Feb. 6, 1818.

"DEAR MATT, —

"You ask me if I have books. Yes, I have read 'Salmagundi,' 'Phillips's Speeches,' and Lady Morgan's 'France,' all new to me. They are very interesting. Standing in a store one day I saw a book lying among some rubbish, and, requesting the clerk to hand it to me, after I had brushed the dust from it I found it to be 'Salmagundi,' a humorous and well-written work by a Mr. Irving of New York. 'Oh,' said the boy, 'that is not a *good* book. If you want a book to read, here is a *good* book,' and he handed me Russell's 'Seven Sermons.' He put me in mind of old Mrs. W — whom you must have known. She came to our house one Sunday (she hardly missed a Sunday) when I was reading Buffon, and, laying the book on a chair to attend to something about the house, the woman picked it up and, turning over the leaves, said, 'La, do you read such books on Sunday?'

" 'Why, what is the matter with it?'

" 'Why, it aint a *good* book. I never would read such a book on the Sabbath.' Now this woman would pick whortleberries, and even wash her clothes, on

Sunday. The young man was doubtless of the same stamp.

"Have you seen Lady Morgan's 'France?' You will be pleased with it. For a woman she is a fine writer. This work will long remain a standing evidence of that towering genius which knows no sex. Her delineations of men and manners are well-drawn. Her style is nervous, glowing and pure, and discovers a perfect knowledge of mankind. She is the best portrayer I have met with except Voltaire. She descends to the bottom and searches the lowest depths of society. She reascends amongst the nobility and gentry, and unlocks the cabinets of kings and ministers. She examines for herself. She bursts the chains of prejudice, and comes forth in honors all her own. This female, an honor to her sex, and the brightest ornament of literature, was once, it seems, an actress on the stage.

"I have seen several *new* novels which, with the exception of Walter Scott's, I do not read. Insipid, nauseous stuff, I cannot endure them — they are so stuffed with unmeaning words. Now, what do you say to 'playfulness,' 'fastidious witchery?' How silly in sound and significance; it makes one sick, and serves no purpose but to entangle the subject and obscure the sense. And, by the way, these silly novel writers must show their learning. Profound philosophers! Deeply read in history! Simpletons! We suppose every one knows these things! But, as some one has said, 'let blockheads read what blockheads write.'

"But I find these novels corrupt the morals of our females and engender hardness of heart to real distress. Those most pleased with fictitious distress have hearts as hard as iron. If they are pleased with one who relieves fictitious distress, the reality ought to please them much more, and every one may be a *real* hero or heroine, with less trouble than writing or reading a romance. Let them just step into the streets, the highways, or the hovel of the widow and

orphan. Heaven knows they may find enough there. They need not look in books for distress. I have seen pictures of real distress which greatly exceeded the pen of any novel writer, and yet none heeds it. Relieving these would be Godlike and would import a heaven on earth. But you like short letters.

"Adieu."

At the close of a decidedly free-thought communication Mrs. Royall writes:

"A preacher here again, as I hope to live! And he is going to preach, too. The house is filling fast — a great many women, few men. I shall put this away and join them in worship. I shall leave my prejudice behind with my ink and paper. Be he Jew or Turk I care not. In the firm belief that the worship of God is paramount to all other duties, I spurn the narrow mind which is attached to a sect or part, to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. Can I not implore the Divine mercy? Can I not praise that fountain of all excellence as sincerely with these people as with others? You will laugh and think I am jesting; but I assure you, my friend, I am serious. I am far from being among the number of those who set at naught the worship of the Deity, however much I may deplore the abominable prostitution of that religion which is pure and undefiled. Go thou and do likewise."

Once, when he was in good humor, Matt pleases Mrs. Royall immensely by complimenting her epistolary style. She replies:

"Am I not a good old lady to send you so much amusement? I have a notion of turning author some day, for, though I know you are only indulging in your irony (is that the way to treat your betters, you saucy rogue?), let me tell you I would not make the worst author in the world."

And she did not.

CHAPTER IV

Northern Tour

At last the blow fell. In 1823 the suit to break William Royall's will was decided against his widow. Mrs. Royall was in Alabama when the bad news reached her. The world reeled. For the first time Anne Royall almost lost her grip on life. Her health became seriously impaired. A tradition, which cannot be verified, says that, in addition to her two great troubles — the loss of her husband and the loss of her fortune — the widow was arrested and put in jail as an imposter. Of course, Mrs. Royall was not imprisoned in Alabama for an alleged offence committed in Virginia. It is, though, quite possible that she was for a short period imprisoned for debt, although contempt of court would have been a misdemeanor decidedly more in her line. Many times in her long, hard life she was forced to incur pecuniary obligations, but she always discharged such debts as soon as possible. Anne Royall was never, even when her trembling old fingers could no longer easily hold a quill, the shameless beggar her opponents have pictured her.

Rallying after the first shock of her misfortunes, Mrs. Royall decided to go to Washington to apply for a pension as the widow of an officer of the American Revolution. Accordingly, she set out on horseback

from St. Stephen's, Alabama, the first day of June, 1823. At Huntsville she took a stage.

The strength of Mrs. Royall's will is seen in the way she treated her nerves. When she left Alabama, she had come to the parting of the ways, as far as her nervous system was concerned. Melancholia was almost upon her. A little more brooding over her troubles might induce insanity. Realizing her danger, she took the only remedial course. She stoutly set to work to make herself forget herself. She says: "With a view to divert my mind from melancholy reflections to which it was disposed by ill health, I resolved to note everything during my journey worthy of remark and commit it to writing." The notes thus taken formed the nucleus of her first book, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States.*

The book makes but slight reference to the hardships which gave it birth. During this first journey north, Mrs. Royall was frequently indebted to strangers for her stage fare. She ate scraps thrown out from tavern kitchens. She slept where she could. Her clothes were almost past mending.

During 1823 Mrs. Royall got no nearer Washington than Alexandria. There she met a man who proved a friend indeed — a Mason of prominence and proprietor of the City Hotel. In her own effusively grateful style, Mrs. Royall writes of this benefactor:

"M. E. Clagget, the friend of the friendless and pride of mankind. If I had a diadem to dispose of I know of no man at whose feet I would choose to lay it before Mr. Clagget. At ten o'clock, one cold December night, I arrived at his house without one cent in my pocket, a single change of raiment and badly

dressed. I had not a friend on earth. Mr. Clagget took me in and from the 15th of December to the 6th of April following kept me — not in a style according to my appearance, but furnished me with an elegant parlor and bed-chamber and gave me a servant to wait on me the whole winter. At this time, too, Mr. Clagget paid a high rent for his house and had a family of ten children."

At the City Hotel in Alexandria, Mrs. Royall wrote a part of her first book. In April she made a short visit to Richmond to collect evidence to lay before Congress in connection with her application for a pension. From Richmond, she went directly to Washington, arriving by a boat-omnibus, July 24, 1824, in the early morning. She was a stranger. She was penniless. She was ill. She was fifty-four years old. But she had courage. With the agility of a girl, she leaped from the high stage step to the ground. The goal of all her hopes, the Capitol, "white as snow," loomed before her. Toward it she turned her steps. Almost at random she knocked at the door of a house under the shadow of the great dome. The house was occupied by a family named Dorret. Anne Royall, with the honest directness that marked her whole life, told her story to the kindly woman who answered her knock.

An indigent seeker of a pension has never been a rarity on Capitol Hill. The Dorrets expressed no surprise when the stranger told them that she had not money to pay for board and lodging. They simply took her in ("kept me for six months without fee or reward," Mrs. Royall says, later, when rejoicing that she could at last repay them), fed her and lent

her respectable clothing. Sally, the eldest daughter of the house of Dorret, was especially kind to her.

After eating a hearty breakfast, Mrs. Royall started out to hunt up John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State under President Monroe. She found him, and very good, too, that so-called iceberg was to the plucky little old woman. Mr. Adams paid in advance a subscription for the proposed *Sketches*. He invited her to call on Mrs. Adams at their residence on F street, and promised to give his earnest support to her pension claim — a promise which he sacredly fulfilled through many years.

Six weeks later, Mrs. Royall started on a trip through Pennsylvania, New York, and New England to collect material, and to solicit advance subscriptions for her book.

The United States through which Anne Royall traveled was a queer country — a very far-away country it seems now. For practical purposes, electricity was not. From Portland, Maine, to Cincinnati in far-off Ohio, not a telegraph pole marred the landscape. In the majority of towns, and in all country places, the tallow-dip still held sway, although there was beginning to be considerable talk, some of which Mrs. Royall chronicles amusingly, about a new and mysterious illuminating agent called gas, a substance of which, she says, most people were "deathly afraid." The Erie Canal was the pride of the country. The steam locomotive, so to speak, was in its smoky swaddling clothes. In one of her later journeys, Mrs. Royall found a new company, called the Baltimore and Ohio, superintending strange doings on which she looked with contempt.

She writes: "We came to the railroad, a few miles of it being completed. I think the undertaking the wildest scheme for men in their senses! To think of carrying it over the Alleghany at this point. Why, it will take all the iron in this country and in Europe, and where the funds are to come from no one knows."

Not a single steam passenger ship crossed the Atlantic regularly, although, a few years before, the Savannah, a sailing packet aided by steam, had broken all records for speed, and roused the enthusiasm of the civilized world, by making the trip from Liverpool to New York in the astonishingly short period of twenty-six days. For months after this maritime feat American newspapers were filled with jubilant editorials upon the subject of "Modern Progress." Some spindles were turning in New England, but manufacturing in the United States, generally, was in its infancy. Stenography was an unpracticed art. There were, therefore, no newspapers in the present-day sense of the word "news." There were "Gazettes," "Journals," and "Newsletters" which called themselves newspapers and made themselves as lively as possible under the circumstances. Without stenographic reports even the records of congressional eloquence made but lean volumes. No automobile devils rendered the public highways unsafe. There were, though, plenty of "fast" mail coaches like those advertised in Mrs. Royall's first newspaper:

"NOTICE TO EASTERN TRAVELERS.

"The Proprietors respectfully inform the public that they have established a new line of mail-coaches between Washington City and Philadelphia, by way

of York, Lawrence, etc., traveling the whole distance over a fine turnpike road, and crossing the Susquehanna over the splendid bridge at Columbia. Travelers by this route can, by securing their seats with the subscriber, next door to Brown's Hotel, proceed immediately by Baltimore, York, etc., to Philadelphia in thirty hours.

"THOMAS COCKENDOFE."

Every stage-driver was obliged to carry a "time watch" enclosed in a small wooden box with a lock. At each mail station these watches were examined by representatives of the mail contractors. Owing largely to the fact that she always carried several large trunks filled mostly with books, about which she was very particular, Mrs. Royall was in a state of chronic war with stage-drivers. Her pages are all too freely sprinkled with accounts like the following:

"As sometimes happens, a little beyond Worcester, a dispute took place between the passengers and the driver. All the passengers except myself were going to Northampton. But when we arrived at the place where the Northampton stage was to meet them, no stage was there, nor was any expected. The truth of the matter was that the stage proprietors, who were the mail contractors, overreached the Northampton line by taking their passengers, and, having but one passenger to Springfield, myself, they expected to take me on to Northampton slyly, and to send the mail to Springfield in a chaise. Finding a great deal of whispering going on and the stage stopping rather longer than usual, the mail taken out and bolstered up in a chaise, I asked why we did not proceed and what was the meaning of these proceedings. One of the passengers said the mail would be sent on in a chaise and the stage would go on to Northampton. I called the landlord, without getting out of the stage, and asked

if this was so. He said it was. I told him I had taken the stage to Springfield, that I had paid my fare, and to Springfield I would go; and, if he did not take me there, I would prosecute the whole concern. He said I certainly ought to go to that place and he was sorry the mistake occurred. I told him to look at the waybill and showed him my receipt. The passengers, finding that I stuck to the stage (they had got out), now tried to decoy me out. Their object was to step in and drive off, leaving me there. This I perceived to be their drift, and, looking behind, I saw that my baggage had been taken off. But I sat firm in the stage."

The upshot of it all was that Mrs. Royall went to Springfield, driving off in solitary triumph while the other passengers were left "to their own reflections," which, presumably, were not altogether complimentary to the victor.

There was no such thing as easy traveling in those days. Mrs. Royall was jolted over abominable roads in springless, iron-tired stages; she bumped up and down on horseback; she was alternately baked and frozen in tiny cabins of dirty boats; she rowed; she trudged many a mile on foot. Nevertheless, whenever Anne Royall made up her mind to go anywhere, she went.

Springfield, Mass., delighted her, especially the paper factories. Manufacturing of any kind always fascinated her. She found the schools, at that time, all that they should be. She writes:

"The manners of the citizens of Springfield may be gathered from what has been said. They are polite and hospitable beyond anything I have seen in the Atlantic country. In their appearance they are about

the same as New York, with fairer complexions; the children and females are uncommonly beautiful. I have often stopped on the streets to admire the children as they returned from school, nor could I resist the curiosity of ascertaining the progress and nature of their pursuits, which proved honorable to them and to their teachers.''

At Albany, Mrs. Royall had two interviews with Governor Clinton:

''Among the great men of Albany, it will be expected, particularly by my Western friends, that I am not to overlook one whose fame is held in veneration by them, I mean Governor Clinton. His Excellency, DeWitt Clinton, the present Governor of New York, is about fifty years of age; he is six feet, at least, in height, robust and a little inclined to corpulency; he is straight and well-made; he walks erect with much ease and dignity; his complexion is fair, his face round and full, with a soft dark gray eye, his countenance mild and yielding; he regards you in silence with a calm, winning condescension equally removed from servility and arrogance, while it inspires the beholder with admiration and respect. His whole deportment is dignified and commanding, with all the ease and grace of an accomplished gentleman. Governor Clinton is a man of great size, great soul, great mind and a great heart. To him may be applied that line of Thomson's,

'' 'Serene yet warm, humane yet firm, his mind.'

''Perhaps his best eulogium is 'The Governor of New York.' ''

Elsewhere, and later, in the midst of the Anti-Masonic outcry against New York's chief executive, Mrs. Royall says: ''It is well known that the Erie Canal emanated from the great head of Governor Clinton; and from his looks I would suppose it con-

tained several more. His mind, like a mighty river, flows steadily on in one even channel as regardless of the little curs who yelp at his heels as the elephant is of the tiny ant. If I were to give an opinion on the subject, I would say he was the greatest man at this time in the world."

Mrs. Royall went to Saratoga Springs, but did not stay long. She was aghast at the price of board there. She says that "the three great hotels, viz.: Congress Hall, United States Hotel, and the Pavilion, charge ten dollars a week! This is abominable! No wonder they have few boarders. It is perfect robbery!"

At Saratoga she met Joseph Bonaparte and his nephew, Prince Murat. The Prince gave her five dollars for her book.

One of the queerest bits of information we find in Mrs. Royall's account of her travels is that, in 1825, rich New Yorkers lived the simple life. She writes:

"The native citizens of New York City are about the middling size, more stout than those of Philadelphia, differing little in complexion, a slight shade darker; black hair and a full black eye are peculiar characteristics. They lay no claim to taste or refinement; their attention to business, which pours in on them like a flood, leaves them no time to cultivate the graces. They have, however, a sort of untaught nobility in their countenances and in all their movements. They are mild, courteous, benevolent, and, above all people, they have the least pride. That curse of the human family, if it exists at all in New York, is found in the lower orders of her citizens; it is banished from the houses of the great and opulent. Their manners are truly republican, no éclat, hauteur

or repelling stiffness, much of which exists in Philadelphia and the southern towns with their boasted hospitality. These are hospitable, it is true, but the poor man is made to feel the difference between himself and his hospitable entertainers. Not so, in New York, as respects that sort of homage exacted from a fellow-man. In New York all are upon a level."

To the ladies of New York, Mrs. Royall concedes style, but deprecates the fact that they give much more thought to dress than to literature. In Boston Mrs. Royall's books were sold "faster than the binder could cover them." In New York, on the contrary, but few copies were ordered. She concludes, therefore, that "the ladies of New York do not read. This is perhaps owing to their numerous sources of amusement such as the theaters, gardens, etc. The ladies of New York, however, have one excellence peculiar to them — that is their elegant and graceful walk. This excellence is attributed to their smooth paved Broadway, upon which they practice walking to a degree which has been crowned with success. But the excellence of the Boston ladies is found in the improvement of their minds, which gives ease to their manners, and an intelligence of countenance which forms a striking contrast to the vacant stare of many of the ladies of New York."

New England, Mrs. Royall pronounced to be "the soil of human excellence." In Boston, she declared, "the human mind has reached perfection." Patriotism, too, she found more unalloyed in Boston than anywhere else in the United States. She says: "When Freedom was hunted out of the world, it took up its

abode in Boston, from which no power has been able to dislodge it."

Her husband had made the Revolutionary campaigns so real to her that the reverential attitude of Bostonians toward everything connected with that mighty struggle was very congenial to Mrs. Royall. She saw a relic which greatly moved her:

"One of my printers in Washington who had formerly lived with General Edes (a Revolutionary soldier), finding I was particular to notice incidents relating to that war, informed me that General Edes was a Bostonian and had now in his possession the bowl in which the punch was made which was presented as a treat to the Mohicans (as they were called) who threw the tea overboard at Boston, at the commencement of the war. It may be supposed, therefore, I lost little time in paying my respects to Gen. Edes, all impatient to see the sacred relic. The General, happily, was in his office; a small, elderly, sprightly man with all the hospitality of his native town beaming in his countenance. He invited me to sit down, and, to my inquiries respecting the bowl, he replied that he was a boy at the time the tea was thrown overboard, and made the punch himself, at the request of his father, in whose house it was drank by the men who assembled there after emptying the boxes of tea, and who, from their Indian dress, were called Mohicans. He said the bowl was at his house, and invited me to call there at two o'clock.

"I attended accordingly, when I was met by the General and his wife, an intelligent Boston lady. The interesting bowl was soon produced. It is a large flowered bowl, red and white, cracked in several places, but so carefully mended it is water-tight. It would hold about two gallons — the largest bowl I ever saw."

In the old State-house at Boston Mrs. Royall saw a chandelier presented by a relative of her husband — one of the Massachusetts Royalls.

Of Honorable Edward Everett, she says that "he might be taken for another Deity. He has a very angelic face and fair youthful appearance, and, as Major Noah justly puts it, goes on in 'his own neat, quiet way.' "

She witnessed an interesting event in Boston, the celebration, during Lafayette's visit, of the Battle of Bunker Hill:

"This was the greatest procession, probably, that ever took place in the history of America. I saw it all from a window in School Street—Masons, Knights Templar with their nodding plumes, General Lafayette in an open carriage, the soldiers of the Revolution in open carriages (a venerable band) driven by young gentlemen of the first distinction in the city. It was a moving scene. But while our ecstasy was wrought up to the highest pitch, a dear old man, dressed in an old coat and hat, passed under us. He was sitting in the front of the carriage, with his right arm extended, and in his hand he held an old Continental shot-bag, with the same bullets in it which he had used at the battle of Bunker Hill. He gently waved it backward and forward, from one side to the other, so that the people on each side might have a chance to see it, and continued to do so throughout the procession. The coat and the hat he had on were likewise those he wore in the battle; we saw distinctly several bullet-holes in each. The effect cannot be described. General Lafayette, the Knights all glorious as they were, shrunk into nothing beside this war-worn soldier. It transported us back fifty years, and we

were in imagination fighting the battle of Bunker Hill. Not a word was uttered for several minutes. Every cheek was wet.''

The feature of traveling which Mrs. Royall most enjoyed was meeting famous people. No other American woman ever met so many. There is pathos in her account of the venerable John Adams:

''I found the dear old man sitting up before the fire. He would have risen, but I flew forward to prevent him. He pressed my hand with ardor, and inquired after my health. We conversed upon general subjects relating to Alabama, the state I was from, such as its trade, navigation, productions of the soil, etc. In answer to several inquiries relating to himself he replied that he was then (April, 1825) eighty-nine years and six months old — 'a monstrous time,' he added, 'for one human being to support.' He could walk about the room, he said, and even down stairs, though at that time he was very feeble. His teeth were entirely gone and his eyesight very much impaired. He could just see the window, he said, and the weather-vane outside it. But he retained his hearing perfectly. His face did not bear the marks of age in proportion to his years, nor did he show the marks of decay in his appearance except his teeth, and his legs, which were very much reduced. He was dressed in a green camblet morning-gown, and his head uncovered, except his venerable locks, which were perfectly white. The most childlike simplicity and goodness appeared in the sunshine of his countenance, which, when speaking or listening, became extremely animated, but, when left to itself, subsided into an unclouded serenity. When I mentioned his son, the present President, and Mrs. A., the tear glittered in his eye; he attempted to reply, but was overcome by emotion. Finding the subject too tender, I dropped it as quickly as possible.''

Mrs. Royall's first book was published in New Haven, which town, she says, "is decidedly the Eden of the Union." At Hartford she finds the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb "the crowning glory of the city, and, indeed, that of the United States. This asylum was incorporated in 1816; the first establishment of the sort in the United States, and the parent of those since established in Philadelphia and New York. Having mentioned those asylums for the deaf now for the third time in these *Sketches*, a brief historical outline of the art by which these unfortunate beings are instructed may not be unwelcome to the reader."

Mrs. Royall next gives an excellent sketch of the work of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, founder and first head of the Hartford school, and of his chief assistant, Laurent Clerc of France. She quotes in full a composition written for her by one of the older pupils in Mr. Clerc's class:

"The thanks of the Deaf and Dumb to the Public. — In the United States there were a great number of schools for children, but there were none places for instruction for the deaf and dumb. All the parents thought that their deaf and dumb sons and daughters were impossible to learn how to read and write, and were grieved with them. Fortunately, the Kind Being brought Mr. Gallaudet to France on the purpose of learning how to teach the deaf and dumb. When Mr. Gallaudet applied to Mr. Clerc to come to this country, and incited Mr. Clerc to think those poor deaf and dumb had no idea of God and Christ, and then his consent made Mr. Gallaudet pleasant. They came to the western country by water and arrived in it. They prayed to the citizens and country-

men to give them money for the Asylum, and the generous contributed to the helps of the American Asylum. It was worthy that they were benevolent; so that all the deaf and dumb are thankful to them and think God will send the rain to pour out over the farms of the countrymen; to provide them fruits and live in happiness. We are sorry that they visit the Asylum but little; before, they came frequently to attend schools, and if they pass through Hartford and stay at the hotel, they should come to see it, that they might wonder at seeing the deaf and dumb writing on slates and talking to each other by making signs."

Mrs. Royall was well entertained at the Hartford school for the deaf. She writes: "Mr. Gallaudet lives in a handsome house, near the Asylum, and has married one of the dumb pupils (a wise choice) who is very handsome — with one of the most expressive faces in creation. Mr. Laurent Clerc has married another of the pupils, likewise a very handsome female. She is a sister of Mr. Boardman, of Huntsville, editor of the *Alabama Republican.* I spent the evening at their house in Hartford, conversing with them by signs and means of a slate. They are both people of no common information, and possessed of easy and engaging manners. They had a very beautiful child between two and three years old, who could talk fast enough, but it was amusing to see it hold communication with its parents by signs. They seemed very fond of it though it stood in great awe of its father. Mr. Gallaudet also has one child, though it is not old enough to talk. I would advise all gentlemen who wish to avoid a scolding wife to go to the American Asylum, where, I can assure them, they will find a

great deal of good sense as well as beauty. I never did see so great a number of interesting females together."

Of the schools for the deaf at New York and Philadelphia, also, Mrs. Royall gives a full and interesting account. Colleges she venerated. Yale, Harvard, Princeton — all the institutions of learning in the United States of her day — receive attention from her pen.

Salem, Massachusetts, almost awed Mrs. Royall with its old-fashioned gentlehood:

"The citizens of Salem are stout, able-bodied men, more so than I have seen this side the Blue Ridge, and their ladies excel in beauty and personal charms. This was observed by our friend and national guest, Lafayette. Both men and women have the true New England round, full face, with large black eyes, and a soft bending countenance. Their manners are still more improved than the people of Boston. Besides the affability and ease of the Bostonians, they have a dignity and stateliness peculiar to them."

The Crowninshields, Whitneys, Putnams, Storys, Endicotts, Peabodys, Flints, Pickerings, Whites, Princes, Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Upham of Salem all received Mrs. Royall cordially on her visit to that ancient city.

Mrs. Royall found Providence, Rhode Island, "a very romantic town lying partly on two hills and partly on a narrow plain about wide enough for two streets. It contains 12,800 inhabitants." Nosing into jails and charitable institutions, after her usual fashion, Mrs. Royall found, also as usual, some things

to criticise: "The churches are very splendid in Providence; the jail is tolerable; but the poorhouse does not deserve the name, and the hospital is a wretched abode, disgraceful to the town."

She gives much space to Roger Williams, gaining her information concerning him from Hon. Judge Martin, who walked with her to many historic localities in and around the city.

All New England pleased Mrs. Royall on this first northern tour. She even defends the New Englander's natural food, pumpkin pïe:

"As to 'pumpkin eating,' they do make pumpkin pies in the fall; but they have plenty of everything else. Let those who have traveled there say if their tables do not abound? and they are able to furnish them. But why is a pumpkin worse than any other vegetable, pray? It is not from necessity that the Yankees eat pumpkins, but from choice. Why may not a pumpkin be as good as a cymblin, or a sweet potato, or an opossum? Pumpkin pies are fully as palatable as potato pies. Though I never eat either, I have tasted them and I see no difference. The cost is the same, I believe. Perhaps it would be better for the southern people to try the pumpkins, if their land would bring them. It may be owing to this article of food that the Yankees excel and are taking the lead in everything."

CHAPTER V

Mrs. Royall as an Author

Mrs. Royall was fifty-seven years old when her first book was published. The woman's energy, industry, and endurance were marvelous. Within a period of five years, while constantly traveling, she issued eleven volumes:

Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, by a Traveller, New Haven, 1826.

The Tennesseean, a Novel founded on Facts, New Haven, 1827.

The Black Book, a Continuation of Travels in the United States, 3 Vols., Washington, D. C., 1828-1829.

Pennsylvania, 2 Vols., Washington, D. C., 1829.

A Southern Tour, 3 Vols., Washington, D. C., 1830-1831.

Letters from Alabama, Washington, 1830.

The chief faults of Mrs. Royall's writings are: too much detail, especially in regard to private injuries received by the author; amateurishness; intolerance of intolerance; too free and abusive use of names, even in an age when names of persons were freely, often scandalously, published; hasty judgments based on feeling; exaggerated praise of friends.

On the other hand, Mrs. Royall's style possesses the merits of spirit; accuracy of fact and of description; practicality; perfect clearness; a strong and tell-

ing vocabulary; humor; an underlying ethical purpose based on honest, though often mistaken, conviction; patriotic fervor; minute observation, and *liveness* — a genuine personality makes itself felt on every page.

A critic in the *Boston Commercial*, reviewing the *Sketches* in 1828, sums up Mrs. Royall's style fairly well:

"She marches on, speaking her mind freely, and unpacks her heart in words of censure or praise as she feels. Sometimes she lets fall more truths than the interested reader would wish to hear, and at others overwhelms her friends with a flattery still more appalling. At any rate, hit or miss, the sentiments she gives are undoubtedly her own; nor will it be denied that she has given some very good outlines of character. Her book is more amusing than any novel we have read for years."

In reply to another critic who had picked her somewhat uncertain syntax to pieces Mrs. Royall says: "He says I do not understand the language I write in. This might be said of a great many, but, when applied to me, it is false, as I pretend to know no language but that of truth, and it makes no difference in what language truth is told — it will stand forever." Elsewhere, she says very justly: "I am not capable of dressing out a subject in learned phrases or bold images or any elegance of style. I seek only to give such a description of things as may bring them as near as possible before the eyes of those who have not an opportunity of seeing them, and in my own homespun way, without regard to style or rules

of composition, which I know nothing of, and care as little as I know."

It is a rather curious fact that three very able women — Mrs. Trollope, Frances Wright (afterward Madame D'Arusement), and Anne Royall were traveling in the United States and carefully recording their impressions of the country, with a view to publication, at about the same time. A little later, Harriet Martineau and Margaret Fuller journeyed over much of the same ground covered by the other three.

Of these five interesting women, Frances Wright wrote most gracefully and with the finest feeling. Miss Martineau was the ablest, intellectually. Mrs. Trollope had seen more of the world than the others, Miss Martineau's deafness interfering much with her enjoyment of society. Margaret Fuller was the most classically cultured. But to backwoods Anne Royall every one of these other talented women must yield the palm for readability.

Between Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Royall, especially, an amusing contrast exists. Wherever she went in the United States, Mrs. Trollope found her fastidiousness continually offended. There were dirty, miry places in the fairest meadows; women had no style and wore their shawls unbecomingly draped; people ate with their knives; callers stayed too long, and — worst of all — tobacco-chewing men expectorated everywhere!

Mrs. Royall, although always scrupulously neat about her own person and belongings, had no fastidiousness to speak of. It was the woman's heart under the dowdy shawl, the life-experience of the

working-people who ate with their knives, that interested her. Pioneer-raised Anne hardly noticed the spitting. Very likely (on the principle laid down later by her favorite author, Dickens, that "manners is manners, but your 'elth's your 'elth") Mrs. Royall herself might have horrified Mrs. Trollope by expectorating, had she chanced to cross the path of that delicately-reared, sensitive English lady.

Mrs. Trollope suffered untold, or, rather, profusely told, agonies at the public inns. To Anne Royall, almost any tavern was a joy. The big common-room with its wide, blazing hearth; the smoking (Anne possibly sometimes took a whiff herself) and jollity, the cheerful clink of the grog glasses; the good stories told by the men; the music extracted by some strolling self-taught player from a cracked fiddle or out-of-tune "melodeon;" above all, the eternal talk about politics, colored by that sincere spread-eagle patriotism which Mrs. Trollope and, later, Dickens criticised — all these signs and tokens of a bubbling, new civilization based on individual freedom delighted Anne Royall's shrewdly observant humor and sympathetic heart.

The other four women are highly subjective. Mrs. Royall never wasted a stroke of ink in her life analyzing her own emotions. She never needed to. Anne's emotions were always clearly defined. In this respect a comparison of the descriptions of Niagara given by the five women is illuminating.

Mrs. Trollope expatiates at length on the fact that she wet her feet going to the falls. She gives four pages to *her* physical sensations in viewing the grand-

eur of the spectacle, and a paragraph or two to the mighty cataract. Miss Martineau does almost the same thing. Margaret Fuller, too, goes deeply into an analysis of the torrent of her own emotions. Fanny Wright softens Niagara. She writes a really beautiful prose-poem about the rainbow spray. Anne Royall in her description, does not once use the pronoun "I." With her usual passion for practicality, she begins with — "What makes the fall?" Then she proceeds to answer the question as clearly and concisely as if she were a civil engineer. Next, she sweeps away a pile of literary rubbish about Niagara:

"Most writers, indeed all that I have met with, when speaking of these falls, never fail to say what is not correct, that they are surrounded by immense woods. Because there were woods once and Mr. Herriot said so, every one must copy Mr. H. There are no woods near the falls. That was only said to heighten the descrpition and give coloring to the scenery. If all the woods of a thousand hills surrounded the falls, they would add nothing to the grandeur of the scene. They would remain unnoticed. The finest forest in the world would shrink into nothingness by the side of the falls. But no language can convey an idea or express the sensations of the human mind upon viewing the falls. A nameless majesty rests upon them which to understand must be seen. Words were never made to describe the scene. It laughs description to scorn; struck dumb with amazement. There seems to be nothing else in all the world. No stop, no pause, nights and days and years, on, on, it rolls."

From a literary point of view, Mrs. Royall's first book, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States,* is her best. Her so-called novel is a

failure. It bears all the ear-marks of a resurrected manuscript dug out of a writing-desk and sent abroad after its author had won fame through better work. Concerning it, Judge Story writes from Washington to his wife: "We have the famous Mrs. Royall here with her new novel, *The Tennesseean*, which she has compelled the Chief Justice and myself to buy for fear of a worse castigation. I shall bring it home for your edification."

The word "castigation" — justly enough used, it must be confessed — refers to a clever journalistic device hit upon by Mrs. Royall which made her books sell like hot cakes, namely — her far-famed *Pen-Portraits* of members of congress and other noted persons. Americans of Anne Royall's time were but a few degrees removed from ancestors to whom a throne was sacred. Political upheavals had destroyed the outward forms of monarchy, but the inner feelings of thousands of American men and women demanded some fitting substitute for the awe-inspiring pageantry of the old social order. Therefore, royalty-worship, strong in the blood, was changed into government-worship. The spirit was born that would, in time, supplant "God save the King," as the national anthem, by:

> "Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
> Land where our fathers died,
> Of thee we sing."

Washington, the capital of the new republic, became a venerated city. There the widespread rays of patriotism were so focussed that, to his constituents, each legislator wore a halo. Mrs. Royall's word-like-

nesses were eagerly read all over the country. She frankly gives her reason for her new departure:

"I resolved to risk my talents, generally or specially, as the case happened, at a personal description of the Members of Congress. I was partly tempted to this by my own inclination and partly to please my friends. When I first began to write I imperceptibly fell into this manner of writing — I mean that of personal description. I had been told (for I am not a judge, of course) that this, and scenery, was my forte. I have pursued it until it has become an amusement to myself; and, though there is a sameness in it from the barrenness of our language, yet it is popular and pays. What does anybody care about the dead? I wish to write books that people will read, and I find there is nothing like throwing in plenty of spice. Possibly a gentleman may not like his portrait (for which he can give no reason), yet twenty other gentlemen may, and may buy the book for the sake of the portrait, just as we buy the portraits executed by painters, and he will buy it for twenty other portraits."

Mrs. Royall's "spice" was not the spice of modern sensationalism. She never pried into closets to discover family skeletons. She fought much in print, but she fought squarely and always hit, straight from the shoulder, a clean, though often a staggering, blow.

In making her pen-portraits, Mrs. Royall went to work much like a professional artist. Often she asked for and obtained a "sitting" from the subject of her description. She says: "It is a difficult species of writing, and to portray correctly it is always necessary to see the eye, particularly the color. I find, too, I am most happy in describing those I have conversed with." In her later years Mrs. Royall fell into man-

nerisms of portraiture. "DeMedicis figures," "oval faces," "stalwart frames," etc., figured largely therein.

The following picture of John Randolph is in her best vein.

"Honorable John Randolph has been in Congress since 1809, and is deservedly reckoned the finest orator in the House. His voice is loud and shrill, yet melodious, and his gestures pertinent and graceful; never at a loss, his language is flowing, refined and classical, his remarks brief and cutting. He seems to be of no party, though severe against the Yankees. Mr. Randolph is tall, but straight and very slender. His face is like no other man's, if we except the Lords of the Forest, from whom he is descended. It inclines to oval, with a high, square, jutting forehead. His complexion is sallow, and his features are neither handsome nor the contrary. But such another eye does not exist, if we except the piercing eye of Red Jacket. His eye is terrible in debate, and gives tone to his words and gestures. It is black with scarcely any white. It is not jet black, but rather a shade — large and piercing, and, when excited, glistens with a never-to-be-forgotten fierceness. His countenance is stern and immovable. I never saw him smile, and his manners are distant and lofty, unlike the pomposity, however, of his fellow-Virginians, but are nevertheless gentlemanly. In size he is tall enough, but very light. He is said to be immensely rich, but not charitable."

Mr. Randolph gave Mrs. Royall a letter of introduction which, she says, was more eagerly read by persons to whom she presented credentials than even the letter given her by Lafayette.

Some readers may be able to trace a family resemblance in the following portrait of Hon. James I.

Roosevelt, grandfather of President Theodore Roosevelt:

"Mr. R. is a new Member, if we do not mistake, from New York. He is quite a young-looking man, and has a fine, tall, showy figure, rather slender, but exceedingly well-formed. His face is Grecian in shape, with keen, delicate features and rather wan complexion. His eye is between a blue and a gray, uncommonly keen and penetrating, which gives great vivacity to his countenance. He is gay and lively, and appears to be a real business man. With papers in hand, and people tugging at him, he could not stand still a moment, for which reason, and the fact of his wearing his hat and his glasses, the present hasty sketch of Mr. R. may be imperfect. Having received some marks of polite attention from Mr. Roosevelt, we merely wished to indulge our feelings in acknowledging the favor. Mr. Roosevelt is descended from one of the wealthiest families who came over from Holland at the settling of New York."

Some of Mrs. Royall's portraits were abominably savage, like the following of a Brigadier-General who opposed Freemasonry:

"Upon going into the store, I inquired for the gentleman — asked if he was in. Being answered in the affirmative, I looked around, expecting to see some tall, elegant personage, of course. Seeing no person but the clerk of whom I had inquired, and some ladies who were shopping, I asked the clerk to point him out to me. 'There he is,' said the clerk, pointing to a small animal who was squatting close under one of the bottom shelves of the store. I saw the thing upon my entrance, but, thinking it was a baboon, probably tied there for the General's amusement, I never thought of saluting it. Upon this, I turned around to look at it again, and suspecting the clerk, I asked if it was the Brigadier? It grinned at me

and replied it was. I instantly quit the store, thinking my friends had sent me there to afford a laugh, which proved to be the case. But his person! He is in height not quite so tall as the Puppy-skin Parson, about five feet, I should think, and about the size of a full-grown raccoon, which he resembles in phiz. His appointment does honor to the state, and proves the judiciousness of the choice, for they are certain never to lose him in battle, as it would require the best Kentucky rifleman to hit him at a hundred yards distance."

Considering the fact that the *Black Books* contained scores of similar unflattering portraits we can hardly wonder that, in some quarters, they were bought up by interested parties and destroyed wholesale. It was an age of brutal acrimony — the direct descendant of eighteenth century coarseness in English pamphleteering. But Mrs. Royall's vocabulary was peculiarly her own. Her images were more unexpected than those of her compeers in dispute. They made readers laugh, and therein, largely, lay her power.

There is no manner of doubt but that her widely-praised gift of word-portraiture did aid Mrs. Royall amazingly in securing subscribers for her books. Her entrance into either House, Senate, or Supreme Court, when she was in the hey-dey of her fame, created a sensation. Of one visit to the Capitol at Washington she writes:

"I had been but a short time seated in the House gallery when there was a great stir among the Members. Several kissed their hands to me. Others pulled their hats over their eyes — clowns, ought to have pulled them off. Here, let me observe, that

a legislative hall is like the rest of the world, a rough and smooth place — a little good and a little bad, so I just take the Members as they come."

Mrs. Royall was present at an opening of the Virginia state legislature. She sat near, and exchanged friendly greetings with, ex-Presidents Monroe and Madison. She writes:

"Mr. Madison is a small, aged man with a remarkably small face and keen, vigorous countenance. He was dressed in a plain, Quaker colored coat, and his hair was powdered. He was looking forward and seemed to listen to the debates with deep attention."

After the session was over Mrs. Royall tried to hire a carriage, at a reasonable rate, to take her to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, some miles from the capitol. But finding cab-fare beyond her means, she walked the whole distance, although the day was extremely hot and the roads were bad.

American biography is well peppered with descriptions of charming Dolly Madison, but not one among them all shows her in a pleasanter light than does the following, where she is seen wiping the dust from the feet of a tired old woman who had trudged far to see her.

"Never was I more astonished," exclaims Mrs. Royall. "I expected to see a little dried up old woman. Instead, a tall, active woman stood before me. She was the selfsame lady of whom I had heard more anecdotes than about any family of Europe or America. No wonder she was the idol of Washington — at once in the possession of everything that could ennoble woman. But chiefly, she captivated by

her artless, though warm, affability. Affectation and her are farther assunder than the poles. Her fine full eyes and her countenance display a majestic brilliancy found in no other face. She is a stout, tall, straight woman, muscular but not fat, and as active on her feet as a girl. Her face is large, full and oval, rather dark than fair. Her eye is dark, large and expressive. Her face is not handsome nor does it ever appear to have been so. It is suffused with a slight tinge of red and is rather wide in the middle. But her power to please — the irresistible grace of her every movement — sheds such a charm over all she says and does that it is impossible not to admire her. She was dressed in a plain black silk dress and wore a silk checked turban on her head, and glossy black curls. But to witness how active she was in running out to bring me a glass of water — in stooping to wipe the mud from my shoes and tie them. Seeing I was fatigued, she pressed me with much earnestness to await dinner. She appears young enough to be Mr. Madison's daughter."

Mrs. Royall's books of travel were issued between the years 1826 and 1831. They contain descriptions of every important village, town, and city of the United States of that early period. In describing a town, Mrs. Royall usually gives a historical sketch of the place and full information concerning schools (she was one of the first Americans to advocate the methods of Pestalozzi) and their curriculum, charitable, reformatory, and punitive institutions. She describes public buildings very well. She devotes much space to trade statistics. On the whole, considering the lack

of official figures in those days, her information on most points is remarkably accurate. Local celebrities she mentions by name, and thousands of pen-portraits are given. Indeed, he is a rare American who cannot find an ancestor either glorified or lampooned somewhere in Mrs. Royall's books.

The old lady chose a very hard way of earning a living. The sight-seeing necessary for her amateur Baedeckers would have worn out most women of her years. She seldom hired a carriage. Day after day she trudged in all weathers taking notes, interviewing prominent persons, soliciting subscriptions, and delivering her books. Her grit never failed. When her tired feet were bleeding from long traveling over Philadelphia's streets, she only said sturdily, "I may as well walk to death as starve to death," and trudged on with genuine pioneer fortitude. "In Pittsburg," she writes, "I was thirteen days on my feet taking notes, viewing and admiring the workshops, from early morning till dark, often long after dark. From the mud on the pavements, occasioned by the bursting of the pipes which occurred at that time, the smoke and black from the coal and the furnaces with their fumes, I had a most fatiguing tour of it. It was infinitely greater than my tour through the whole state. Such was my ardour to complete it that I never stopped to dine but once. The task was certainly too great for a female, especially one of my years, and, being quite lame at the time, I was scarcely able to crawl to my room at night. My weariness was such that I was unable to sleep or take sufficient nourishment, but I determined not to look back."

In other words, Mrs. Royall had made up her mind to rectify the mistakes and injustice of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, not long before, had published an unflattering and inaccurate account of Pittsburg — a city that lay very near her heart.

Whenever Mrs. Royall received money — and for a few years her earnings were large — she immediately gave it away. Therefore, she was often hungry. She was often cold. Seldom, indeed, was she sufficiently clothed. In chill March, day after day, through Boston's ocean sleet she fought her way, her shoulders only partially protected by a thin, summer shawl given to her by Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

Nearly all Mrs. Royall's books were written in dingy bed-rooms of second class taverns. Long after midnight her candle burned. Sheet after sheet, in her clear bold handwriting, slipped from the light-stand to the patchwork quilt that covered the poor little bed. 'Twas a very different room from the comfortable chamber in which she had written those happy letters to "Matt" years before. But resolute old Anne Royall wasted no time in useless repining. Bright and early next morning, in her clean calico gown, with its mutton-leg sleeves, and wearing a big poke-bonnet, she was out on the street again, notebook in hand, her pencil sharpened for business. Undoubtedly, the old lady *was* a persistent book-agent. She had to be persistent. Selling her books meant keeping out of the poor-house. This is the way in which she was sometimes rebuffed: "I approached Mr. F. in his office with my best courtesy and told him I had come to pay my respects to him, hoped he

was well, etc. To which he replied in a voice that suggested the hoarse croak of a raven, 'I want none of your respects, nor your books. Get out of here, you old hag.' ''

Mrs. Royall's only comment on this reception is, ''Rather extraordinary in a gentleman of his gallantry.''

In view of the assertion that has been made that Mrs. Royall's books are still readable, the question will naturally be asked, ''Why, then, have those books been consigned to Limbo?'' There are several reasons. One is that, as Mrs. Royall said, they were written for the living. Her own words proved true in the case of her own books — ''Nobody cares for the dead.'' Another reason is that the big, black shadow of the civil war blotted out a great deal of minor American literature, including Anne Royall's, and much that was far better than hers. Some that was far worse than hers has, queerly enough, survived and is embalmed in modern ''Histories of American Literature.'' The great reason, however, why Mrs. Royall's books have been ignored by critics and compilers for three-quarters of a century lies in the woman's bitterly hostile attitude to the prevailing theology of her day and her brave espousal of the then greatly-discredited cause of Freemasonry.

Strictly speaking, Mrs. Royall's books cannot properly be classed under the head of literature. Nevertheless, they are a most valuable contribution to the social-history of the United States. They have become very rare. Probably no library in the world contains an entire set. Even the library of Congress

lacks the first volume of the first series of *The Black Book*. Wherever found, copies of Mrs. Royall's books command high prices. Some of them are well worth reprinting. Many a town and city would be glad to see itself as it looked before the year 1831 to the eyes of a clever, observant woman.

CHAPTER VI.

Freemasonry

Old William Royall believed that Freemasonry more fully made for right daily living than any other institution of human origin. This fundamental belief he instilled into the mind and heart of his devoted pupil and wife. Moreover, when that wife found herself a penniless widow, deserted by many who, during her husband's lifetime, had seemed to be her friends, Freemasons stepped to her aid, offering shelter, food, clothing, and sound advice. At the home of that kind Mason, Mr. Clagget, in Alexandria, she prepared her first book for the press.

Shortly after the publication of this work, in 1826, an event occurred in Genesee county, N. Y., which plunged the country, especially the east, into acrimonious turmoil that lasted nearly twenty years, namely, the abduction and the permanent disappearance of William Morgan, a man who professed to reveal, in a printed account, some of the secrets of Freemasonry. In consequence of this abduction, and possible murder, committed by a small group of hot-headed Masons, American society was riven. A strong Anti-Masonic sentiment arose which was skilfully played upon and systematically fostered by professional politicians. Nearly all the evangelical sects, as sects, ranged themselves upon the side of the Anti-

Masons. Between 1826 and 1836 Freemasonry sank to its lowest ebb in the United States. It was everywhere more or less discredited. Every city, every town, every village, nearly every family was divided upon the question whether Freemasonry should or should not be suppressed by law. The most exaggerated, absurd, blood-curdling rumors were afloat. In short, one branch of the "Antis," as they were called, furnished in print to the masses ghastly accusations which the yellowest of modern sensational journals would almost hesitate to use. Freemasonry, indeed, had its martyrs in those days among both old and young. It was seriously proposed in the legislative halls of more than one state to disbar Masons from holding public office or even from jury duty. Many a little son or daughter of a Mason crept home from school weeping bitterly because some bullying companion had singsonged, tauntingly: "Your father's a Mason. Rawhead and bloody bones! Rawhead and bloody bones! Your father's a Mason. Where's Morgan?"

Since comparatively few Americans of the present generation are familiar with the details of the Morgan affair, and as the raging excitement of the period exerted an enormous influence upon Anne Royall's career, the whole story may fittingly be condensed in her biography.

The personal account of William Morgan here given is taken, purposely, from an Anti-Masonic source — a book which is generally reckoned among both Masons and the highest class of Anti-Masons as the strongest and most accurate expression of opposition to the order ever given out, *Letters On Masonry and*

Anti-Masonry, by William L. Stone. Mr. Stone's *Letters* were published in 1834, and by permission were addressed to John Quincy Adams, one of the most prominent Anti-Masons. Mr. Adams's hostile attitude toward her beloved fraternity was a source of great sorrow to Mrs. Royall, but she did not allow her gratitude to the illustrious man to swerve her one inch from loyalty to the order.

Mr. Stone was a Mason who came to believe, he says, that Masonry was wholly inconsistent with the state of society at that time. The author is worthy of all praise for the pains he took to ascertain facts about the Morgan affair at a time when lurid rumors were in much greater demand than facts, and also much better paid for. Mr. Stone resisted the great temptation, to which many other writers yielded, of apotheosizing the unfortunate figure around which the storm centered. His account of William Morgan and his abduction is undoubtedly correct. Condensed, he tells the following story:

William Morgan was born in Culpepper, Va., in 1775 or 1776. According to his own testimony, he was a private, and not a captain (as has been claimed), in the War of 1812. In 1819, at the age of forty-three or forty-four, he married Miss Lucinda Pendleton of Virginia. The bride was only sixteen years of age, and the marriage permanently estranged her from her father, a Methodist minister. By trade, Morgan was an operative mason. Two years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan moved to upper Canada, where Morgan worked for a brewery. Later he and his family — there were now two children, a boy and

a girl — moved to Le Roy, near the little village of Batavia, Genesee county, New York. Morgan professed to be a Freemason, although where he took the three lower degrees he claimed has never been ascertained.

By the influence of Major Ganson, a prominent man of the locality, Morgan was advanced to the degree of Royal Arch Mason. About this time a new building for the use of the Knights Templars was planned at Le Roy. Morgan had a contract to labor on this building, but, in some way, lost the job. A quarrel between him and Major Ganson followed. Meanwhile, Morgan had settled at Batavia. His habits were bad. Early in 1826 the few Royal Arch Masons of Batavia determined to apply to the Grand Lodge to constitute a chapter in that village. By the rules, all petitioners would become members. Morgan's name was upon the petition. He was not wanted by many on account of his dissolute habits and for other reasons, hence another petition was secretly circulated upon which Morgan's name did not appear, thus effectually shutting him out from membership in the new chapter. Stung to the quick, the humiliated man planned revenge. One David C. Miller, editor of a paper published in Batavia, also had a personal grievance against the local Masonic body. The two, further assisted by a third man with a grudge (a better educated person than the other two), prepared for publication a book purporting to expose some of the secrets of Masonry extremely discreditable to the order.

At first, Masons outside the local circle in Genesee county paid little attention to Morgan's threatened publication. But hot-heads in Batavia were soon up in arms. Miller's establishment was burned. A part of the Morgan manuscript was captured by a group of Masons. Morgan was arrested for debt and for alleged theft of some small articles of clothing. He was placed in jail at Canandaigua the evening of September 11, 1826. The next evening two men appeared at the jail and prevailed upon the wife of the jailer (her husband being absent) to release Morgan after they had paid the debt and the legal costs. Mrs. Hall, the wife of the jailer, testified later that while she was fastening the inner door of the jail, after Morgan had gone out with the two men who professed to be his friends, she heard a piercing scream and cries of "murder." She ran to the outside door in time to see a carriage and four men. Morgan was struggling in the grasp of two men. He was quickly forced into the carriage, which drove away rapidly. William Morgan was never seen again.

This high-handed abduction of an American citizen aroused the country. Governor DeWitt Clinton, of New York, himself a Mason of high degree, immediately issued a proclamation condemning the outrage and offering a reward for the capture of the abductors and for information concerning the whereabouts of Morgan. This reward was finally increased, through three gubernatorial proclamations, to fifteen hundred dollars. Four persons known to have been concerned in the abduction were afterward tried, convicted, and imprisoned for the offence.

The testimony given at the trials of the conspirators seemed to establish the fact that Morgan was hurried to Fort Niagara and was there confined overnight in a building used for a powder magazine. At this point rumor began; all manner of horrible and circumstantial accounts of Morgan's taking off were luridly pictured and scattered abroad. The favorite version, however, was that he had been sent over Niagara Falls in a small canoe and drowned. Anti-Masonic sentiment rose high, and politicians, first those of New York and a little later men of national importance, were not slow to take advantage of it. Thurlow Weed, later known as the "King of the Lobby," was prime mover among the Antis.

On October 27, 1827, a little more than a year after Morgan's mysterious disappearance, the body of a drowned man was washed ashore on the beach of Lake Ontario about forty miles from Niagara on the American side. The body was promptly buried. Then somebody suggested that the drowned man might be William Morgan. Everybody was wild. The body was exhumed, and, after various "committees" and Mrs. Morgan had viewed it, was "positively identified" as that of Morgan. Mr. Stone writes:

"The utter improbability, or, rather, the physical impossibility, that the body of a drowned man could have been so long preserved in the waters of Ontario, regardless alike of the hunger of fishes, the action of the waves and the heat of summer's sun, for the long period of thirteen months so as to be identified seems never to have occurred to the people on that occasion. Or, if such a doubt was suggested, the prompt reply was, 'Murder will out.' It was fiercely contended by

some that Heaven itself had directly interposed a miracle that the murderers might no longer escape the vengeance of the offended law. The whole country, therefore, rang with the shout, 'Morgan is found.'"

A Presidential campaign was approaching (the bitter Adams-Jackson struggle which ended in Jackson's election in 1828) in which many hoped that the Anti-Masons might hold the balance of power in the country at large as they did already in New York state.

When the body claimed as Morgan's was washed ashore, Thurlow Weed was one of those who hurried to view it. According to Henry O'Reilley, editor of a Rochester newspaper, Mr. Weed, when asked if he thought the body was really that of the missing man about whom the country was so concerned, replied, "It's a good enough Morgan for me until after the election." It was. Through Mr. Weed's management the body was given a great funeral at Batavia, which small village, for that one day in its history, was transformed into a metropolis. Thousands of people poured in to attend the funeral of "the Masonic Martyr." Mr. Stone says:

"A funeral discourse was preached, and at the close of the solemn service the body was once more committed to its kindred earth, amid the tears of the widow and the curses of the people, deep and bitter, against the Masons. Then what showers of handbills and addresses and appeals to the passions of the people were sent forth in clouds, upon the wings of every breeze. 'The majesty of the people,' 'The triumph of justice over oppression,' 'Morgan's ghost walks unavenged among us,' 'Murder will out,' 'Masons have had their day,' 'He that sheddeth man's

blood by man shall his blood be shed,' 'The voice of thy brother's blood ariseth to me from the ground.' These and such like expressions were watch-words and rallying-signals of a political party, and the still, small voice of reason and reflection were drowned amid the universal din."

Mr. Stone gives proofs at length to show that the body was not that of William Morgan. Moreover, all doubt was set at rest by further investigation, caused by a newspaper advertisement asking for information concerning the body of one Timothy Monroe, of Clarke county in Canada, who, a few weeks before the body was found, went in a boat to Newark, and was drowned in the Niagara river. Again the body was exhumed, and again it was "positively identified." The widow of Timothy Monroe swore that the body was that of her husband, and that the clothing was his to the least detail. But this rectification came too late to help the Masons politically. The last coroner's inquest was held October 29. Elections began the following Monday. Mr. Weed's "Morgan" held good for the voters. Instead of being allayed, the fight over Freemasonry went on with ever increasing bitterness and coarseness on both sides.

Now, in the midst of excitement like this, Anne Royall was not the woman to remain neutral. Her traditions and her convictions were all on the side of Masonry, and into Masonry she plunged with all the ardor of her being — and Anne's ardor was a thing to be reckoned with.

Mrs. Royall's first book, *Sketches of Life, Manners and History in the United States,* had been, on the whole, very favorably received. Perhaps the thought

occurred to some Mason, possibly Clagget, that the successful authoress might prove a valuable auxiliary to the threatened cause of Freemasonry in the United States, especially in the north and the east, where opposition was most bitter. At all events, this much is sure, in 1827-28 Mrs. Royall did take an extended tour through Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, and all the New England states, during which trip her expenses were paid by Masons. Ostensibly, Mrs. Royall was gathering material for a second book during this tour. In reality, she also worked, and worked in some places (notably Harrisburg, Pa.) to pretty good purpose, for the cause she held sacred — the cause of Freemasonry.

Whenever she entered a town for the first time, she brought with her, to one or more of the prominent Masons of the place, a letter of introduction commending her to their care. The Mason, or Masons, to whom the letter was addressed always made arrangements for her comfortable lodging and entertainment. Of her very cordial reception in Salem, Massachusetts, she says:

"At Salem, as in all other cities, I was directed to a gentleman whose lot it fell to see that I was comfortably situated as to pecuniary affairs. To a certain portion of the benevolent citizens of Salem this *needs no explanation.* For others who do not understand me, I refer them to the Golden Rule of our Saviour."

In New York city Mrs. Royall was given a benefit at the Chatham theater. Masons, to the number of four hundred, attended, and the net receipts were a

hundred and eighty dollars — a much larger sum in those days than now.

A brutal assault upon Mrs. Royall in Vermont by an angry Anti-Mason caused great indignation among the Fraternity generally. It will be remembered that, of all the states, Vermont was most strongly Anti-Masonic. Mrs. Royall was warned not to enter the state upon her second tour, but, as usual, she laughed at the idea of personal danger. Upon her arrival in Burlington in 1827, she was waited upon by three prominent Masons — Ex-Governor Van Ness, Mr. Haswell and Mr. Langdon. She writes: "In the course of the interview the state of society in Vermont, the various denominations, and the missionary scheme formed a part of the conversation."

Probably the Morgan affair and its deplorable consequences also "formed a part of the conversation," but Mrs. Royall was too good a Mason to say so. One of the gentlemen, pointing to a store opposite, told her that the proprietor was a typical "Blueskin."

Next day Mrs. Royall entered this store. She says:

"The house had high steps before the door, from which the snow had been removed. Upon going in I found a hard-featured, gloomy-looking man standing outside the counter. Another was standing inside. I took him to be the proprietor. If the first was gloomy, the latter was fierce and savage. He was about fifty years of age, stoutly built, and wore a wig of a sandy color. His face looked of iron hardness, and seemed as if it had laid out on a frosty night. Of all Jonney Saws he had the most terrific look."

Mrs. Royall invited the gentleman thus pleasantly described to buy her book. He replied that he would give her a permit to the workhouse where she belonged. A spirited word-encounter followed, in which, doubtless, the woman came out victor. She admits using the term "hypocrite" effectively. She goes on:

"I was standing near the stove, which, as well as I can remember, was in the center of the room. While I was opening a paper to show him that I was not a subject for the workhouse, he walked deliberately to the door and opened it. Then he walked back and came behind me. He took hold of me with a hand on each shoulder and pushed me with such force that he sent me to the foot of the steps into the street. My ankle was dislocated, one of the bones of the same leg broken, and the whole limb bruised and mangled in the most shocking manner. This happened December 17, 1827, and I never walked a step until June, 1828, and I have not fully recovered yet."

Passers-by picked her up and carried her to her boarding-house. Gen. Van Ness took legal steps, but they seem to have been useless so far as any money damages were concerned. In the following hard weeks Mrs. Royall would have been very lonely had it not been for a young Canadian named Brooks. She writes: "This amiable young man never missed an evening coming to see me. He read aloud from some amusing book, but chiefly Sterne. Verily, the Green Mountains never before nor since looked down upon so alien a sight as this amiable young man and supposedly Godless old Anne Royall chuckling together over Tristram Shandy."

During her enforced confinement Mrs. Royall was just about as easy to handle as a disabled lioness. She

confesses: "The doctors had a grievous time of it. Never having been confined in my life before, I was so outrageous and ungovernable that they one after another forsook me and left me to die in my sins."

The following performance shows that the physicians could hardly be blamed:

"A good-natured Boston Doctor Pomeroy had splintered the limb up nicely. I refused to lie down. Shortly after he went off, I very deliberately took off the bandage and splints,and, setting my ankle and foot in some warm beef brine, drew my table to me and went on writing. I continued to work, though grinning with pain, for about two hours."

It was more than three years before the old lady was able to walk without limping. During that time, also, she suffered much pain. Small wonder that the book she was working on just after the assault, Volume III of the *Black Book*, is somewhat vitrolic.

Mrs. Royall's views on the subject of Freemasonry would fill a good-sized volume, and it is a safe guess that she was willing to, and did, express her views on the subject in every company. She was a good talker, quick in repartee. She used uncommon and telling similes. Moreover, she had a trick of hitting the nail on the head which was very convincing to listeners. And there always were listeners wherever Anne Royall was. By general consent, she usually held the center of the stage. She was good fun. Young men, especially, enjoyed her immensely, and admired her courage. Her ridicule of Anti-Masons and their performances was entertaining even to many of the Anti-Masons themselves. As has been said, Masonry in the United States received its deadliest

blows from the Calvanistic churches. In lambasting Evangelicals in her *Black Books*, therefore, Mrs. Royall was at the same time defending Masonry by discrediting its opponents. Her most atrociously savage pen-portraits were of pious Antis, and her fiercest attacks were against the same set of individuals. The *Black Book*, in fact, is little more than a compilation of extremely unflattering portraits of Anti-Masons. The essence of the satire has, of course, evaporated with time, but in their day the famous *Black Books* of Anne Royall gladdened many an angry Mason because he saw therein impaled hundreds, yes, thousands, of his enemies. In her newspapers, too, for almost a quarter of a century, Mrs. Royall kept up her fight for Masonry. Of the Morgan affair she disposes in a most Betsy Trotwood-like manner:

"I believe the Morgan affair is a vile speculation to make money, and not only to make money, but further designed as a political engine. The story, like Juggernaut, operates upon the weak and ignorant; and the crafty and the designing use it to their own advantage. If Morgan was murdered, what of it? How many men are murdered daily without ascertaining by whom! You cannot open a newspaper but you find a late murder. If the same fuss was made about every man murdered of which no account can be given, it would exclude everything else from the papers. The presses would fail. Why is Morgan, if he be murdered, more than any other man? If he be murdered, it was a wicked deed, and why not hang the murderer, if he can be found, and say no more about it? 'But,' they say, 'he was certainly murdered, though we cannot find his body nor the murderer.' Then, if they cannot find the murderer, with all the police force of the country to ferret out the

crime, they are not very smart. This Morgan story is precisely like the witches of Salem. This Morgan plan is a match for the Missionary scheme to raise money, and, like them, they are aiming at power.

"'But the Masons,' they say, 'are heretics, too.' Was not General Washington a good man? He was a Mason. Was not Dr. Franklin a good man? He was a Mason. Was not DeWitt Clinton a good man? He was a Mason. These are enough. Now all these are not only the best, but the greatest men in the world."

Mrs. Royall meant every word she said when she declared:

"These silly opponents might as well attempt to pluck the sun and moon out of the heavens as to destroy Masonry — old as the deluge. And, to give my opinion of it in a few words, — if it were not for Masonry, the world would become a herd of savages. Like the fire on the altar, Masons are the only class of men that have preserved charity and benevolence alive — that sacred spark which came down from heaven has been preserved by Masons. What more it consists of I do not know (for I have never looked into Morgan); this was enough, and more than any other institution can boast. Masonry can boast of the best Christians since the world began. My husband, well known to have been one of the most respectable of men, and descended from one of the most respectable families in America, uniformly told me that Masonry was the greatest institution in the world, and that, if I was ever in distress, to call on them. This I have found to be true. When Christians, so-called, the godly missionaries, have shut their doors upon me, the Masons have opened theirs."

As a means of spreading disaffection, Anti-Masonic almanacs were freely issued, and distributed all over the country. They were lurid and often illiter-

ate, but they sold well. The *New England Almanac of 1830* is a rather superior specimen of these almanacs. Over a hideous wood-cut is the sentence: "A poor blind candidate receiving his obligation." The cut shows a blind-folded candidate with a rope around his neck. He kneels before a dais upon which sits a ruling Mason with the face of a pig. Upon his head this ridiculous Grand-Master wears a conventional tall hat. He holds a wicked-looking gavel. Skulls and cross-bones are much in evidence. Near by stands another candidate, his hair on end with horror as he listens to the vow:

"To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear without the least equivocation, mental reservation, or self evasion of mind in me whatever, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea at low water mark where the tide ebbs and flows twice every twenty-four hours, so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the performance of the same."

Instead of the signs of the zodiac, at the top of each page is pictured a Mason making a sign — each of these twelve signs being of a horrifying nature. In the back part of the almanac are accounts of church and legislative action against Masonry during the preceding year, and also a list of quotations from great men condemning Masonry. Even Washington is invoked by an abjuration, "Beware of secret societies." Other almanacs picture Morgan's coffin, somewhat inconsistently with facts, showing his corpse with wife and children weeping above it.

Mrs. Royall dealt with Anti-Masonic almanacs after a fashion of her own. She made and disseminated most unflattering pen-portraits of all who sold them. In one number of *Paul Pry*, too, she gives the names of every bookseller in Washington who keeps the almanacs on sale, along with caustic comments on each offending merchant. In picturesque language she warns the public not to patronize these book-sellers, but to trade with others whose names she prints in large type as a roll of honor for not handling the almanacs.

In view of the well-known attitude of the Catholic church in regard to Masonry it is really remarkable how little Catholics in the United States seemed to mix in this fierce strife. Anne Royall said they "minded their business," and she respected them accordingly. But Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists fell greatly under her displeasure because of their hostile attitude toward Masonry.

At large religious conventions, especially when held in New York state, resolutions were nearly always introduced condemning Masonry. At a convention of the Saratoga Baptist Association held at Milton in 1828, fifteen reasons were solemnly set forth why Freemasonry should be suppressed by law. One of these reasons was: "Masonry amalgamates in its societies men of all religions professing to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being of any description; thereby defeating all its pretensions to the morality and religion of the Bible and sapping the foundations of Christian fellowship."

The way Mrs. Royall falls afoul of this plank in the ecclesiastical platform is both spirited and amusing, but her tirade is too long for quotation.

Just before she established her first newspaper Mrs. Royall made a hurried trip to Boston "on business of a confidential nature." Whether this secret business concerned Masonry or only her own affairs we do not know. She makes several flings about this time which seem to hint that her trip was not unconnected with proposed legislation by the state of Massachusetts against Masonry. Among other things she says, — "The editor of the Northampton, Mass., *Courier* has lately taken a trip to Worcester to visit the Insane Asylum. He ought to have gone to the Massachusetts Legislature — a great bundle of BOOBIES, with their 'Grand Lodge' legislation! The Members had better go home and go to driving oxen again, a business for which they are much better fitted than making laws."

While in Boston, Mrs. Royall received a letter from students of Harvard University, who seem, also, to have been Freemasons. Judged by the epistolary standards of today the letter is almost florid enough for burlesque. Compared to other similar communications, however, of other authors of that barren literary period, it may well be accepted as a tribute of genuine admiration:

"Harvard University, Nov. 15, 1831.

"DEAR MADAM:

"Hearing of your arrival in Cambridge but a few hours since, we, humble admirers of your talents and literary acquirements, hasten to pay our respects to one whose labors (laying flattery aside) in the

cause of truth and science cannot fail of rendering her one of the brightest spots in the literary horizon, to which the youthful devotee may offer his humble homage without the fear of being either insincere or disrespectful.

"It has heretofore been a matter of astonishment to the literary world that females have contributed in so small a degree to the advancement of knowledge and science, and, indeed, so much so that men had begun to think that they were deficient in point of intellect. It was reserved for Anne Royall (we say it with unsophisticated pleasure) to remove this unjust impression from the minds of men, and to show that the female character, however useless and incapable of literary exertion it may have been thought to be, can rank with the Newtons and Lockes of other days, and Scotts and Coopers of the present.

"It would be useless for us, humble individuals, to attempt to do justice to the works with which you have favored the world, but we sincerely hope we may not be deemed impertinent if we express with classic enthusiasm our admiration of works which are admirable beyond the diamond's splendor or the ruby's brilliancy. God grant that your future exertions *in the good cause you have undertaken* may render your fame and popularity greater, if possible, than that gained by your former productions.

"We have heard with pleasure of your intention of visiting the vile and unprincipled *system of Anti-Masonry* with the severity of your powerful pen. No wonder that its intolerant principles should excite the indignation of a virtuous and fearless female whose great spirit will not brook to be fettered by any narrow-minded blood-suckers. Let us hope that, with justice and divine Providence on your side, you cannot fail of success — and, as incentive to exert your gigantic powers, your name will hereafter be enrolled on the tablet of fame as one who, while her country-

men were tamely submitting to unjust oppression, casting aside in the hour of peril the garb of womanish bashfulness and timidity, opposed the lowering storm and restored her countrymen to peace and liberty.

"We have viewed with heartfelt sorrow the blackguard manner in which you have been treated in many parts of this country, and have also admired the spirited manner in which you have resented those insults alike against common decorum and female delicacy. Were it not that modesty forbids it, we would not hesitate to say that our hands and our powers will at all times be devoted to the cause of one persecuted as you have been.

"It may seem, respected Madam, that our addressing you in this manner is impolite as well as uncalled for, and insulting to the delicate feelings of a woman — but may we venture to hope that the enthusiasm of youth, and a devoted admiration of your superior worth, will excuse this abrupt expression of our feelings and remove any disagreeable impressions which may have at first arisen in your mind.

"Hoping this communication may meet with your approbation, permit us to subscribe ourselves,

"Your Devoted Admirers,

"Many Students.

"Mrs. Anne Royall,
"Cambridge."

For about six years the Anti-Masonic party increased with amazing rapidity, holding the balance of power in New York state and spreading over all of New England, much of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the South, and, to some extent, the West.

In 1832 it named a presidential candidate, William Wirt, who received the electoral vote of Vermont. Up to his amalgamation with the Anti-Masons, Mrs.

Royall had admired Mr. Wirt, who was the author of *Letters of a British Spy*, a book that passed in a short time through twelve editions. Mrs. Royall quotes ironically, "Mr. Wirt died the day after he published the *Spy*."

In Harrisburg, Penn., which was a stronghold of Masonry, Mrs. Royall was treated like a queen. She was given the privilege of the floor in both houses of the legislature, dined and feted and publicly thanked for her services. She even went to church — and in style:

"I arrived Saturday. Next morning, General Ogle, the old 76, attended with a barouche and five or six outriders, and thus honored I was led to the front pew which had been reserved for the purpose. Next day I was escorted to the Senate, where I found matter enough for my pen."

Mrs. Royall then gives a long line of pen-portraits of the members of both houses, of the supreme court, and of the bar of Pennsylvania in 1828 — a most interesting collection. A farewell dinner was given her:

"When my departure drew near, the gentlemen of Harrisburg were pleased to honor me with a dinner. Without flattering Mr. Wilson, at whose tavern the dinner was given, it was the most splendid I ever saw in the western or the eastern states.

"But the Toast — I was supported on the right by Gen. Ogle, the oldest General of the Revolution, and on the left by Gen. Wise. I was asked whom I would have in front. I replied, the editors, my greatest friends. Accordingly, three editors sat before me, of whom Mr. Stambaugh of the Reporter was one.

"While I was thus honored, Mr. Hay, of the Sentinel, came up behind me, and, leaning on my chair, proposed a reconciliation. I always come to the point at once, and, taking a glass of wine, I proposed he should abjure Blue-skins forever. This was a tough pill; he hummed and hawed some time. Mr. Stambaugh, finding that he hesitated, filled up a glass and said, 'I will pledge you, Mrs. Royall, Blue-Skins; may all their throats be cut.'

"Harrisburg contains between three and four thousand inhabitants; and, beside the buildings already mentioned, has a magnificent Masonic hall, a court house, a prison and several churches."

Always, in her small newspapers, Mrs. Royall made room for articles favoring Masonry. Once she gives two full pages of four-page *Paul Pry* to a Statement of Masonic Principles, originally issued (1832) in the *Boston Commercial* by prominent Masons of Boston and neighboring towns. She introduces the Statement by saying:

"As the widow of a Mason who sat in the lodge with General Washington and General Lafayette, and who fought by their sides in the cause of Freedom, it gives us much pleasure to exhibit to the world so large and respectable body of the Fraternity."

This declaration of principles is interesting as showing the serious state into which the ancient order of Freemasonry had fallen in the United States within a comparatively short time:

"While the public mind remained in the high state of excitement to which it had been carried by the partial and inflammatory representations of certain offences committed by a few misguided members of the Masonic Institution in a sister state, it seemed to the undersigned (residents of Boston and vicinity)

to be expedient to refrain from a public declaration of their principles and engagements as Masons. But, believing the time now to be fully come when their fellow-citizens will receive with candour, if not with satisfaction, a solemn and unequivocal denial of the allegation which, during the last five years, in consequence of their connection with the Masonic Fraternity, have been reiterated against them, they respectfully ask permission to invite attention to the subjoined Declaration."

A lengthy setting forth of uplifting principles follows, ending with: "The undersigned can neither renounce nor abandon Masonry. We most cordially unite with our brethren of Salem and vicinity in the declaration and hope that, should the people of this country become so infatuated as to deprive Masons of their civil rights, in violation of their written constitutions, and of the wholesome spirit of free laws and just governments, a vast majority of the Fraternity will still remain firm, confiding in God and the rectitude of their intentions for consolation under the trials to which they may be exposed."

There were hundreds of signatures representing many different towns. Among the Boston names are Cabot, Wells, Chickering, Shaw, Melvil, and many others well known in the history of Massachusetts.

From the first day of her desolate widowhood to the time, long afterward, when she was carried to her still unmarked grave in the Congressional cemetery at Washington, Masons were Anne Royall's friends, even as she, through evil and good report, was a loyal friend to them.

CHAPTER VII

Mrs. Royall Versus Evangelicalism

To understand Anne Royall's character — to account for her writings — the reader must, emotionally and intellectually, put himself back into the age in which she lived. To do this he is forced to view, almost exclusively, the harsher side of a great religious faith to which the advancement of the United States — the advancement of the world — owes a vast debt, namely, Calvinism, or, as it was then more loosely and generally termed in the United States, Evangelicalism.

The best in that stern old Puritan faith survives in upright individual characters and in noble and useful churches and colleges of our own day. Its harshest practices and teachings, mere outgrowths of monarchical despotism, have, thanks largely to natures of the Anne Royall type, fallen into deserved desuetude. Those fearful old doctrines made no man or woman spiritually content. They drove many men, women, and even children insane. "Alas!" cries Anne Royall, "when will the long catalogue be filled of the unfortunate victims of the impious and cruel dogmas of AN IMPLACABLE GOD, AN OMNIPOTENT DEVIL, AND AN ENDLESS HELL? Never until those horrid dogmas are banished from the earth."

In Anne Royall's time literal fire and brimstone were preached from many pulpits. Any person who

admitted doubts of the man-made "Westminster Confession" or who did not go to "meeting" regularly was, in many places, practically ostracized. The fight was on, almost to the death, between so-called Orthodoxy and the twin heresies of Unitarianism and Universalism. In this unyielding conflict methods were used on both sides which, in calmer times, would have been condemned by both as dishonorable and dishonoring. Writing in 1823 to a classmate who had left Harvard, then the fountain-head of Unitarianism, to go to Andover, the stronghold of Evangelicalism, Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

"I am delighted to hear that there is such a profound studying of German and Hebrew, Parkhurst and Jahn, and such other names as the memory aches to think of at Andover. Meantime, Unitarianism will not hide her honors; as many hard names are taken, and as much theological mischief is planned, at Cambridge as at Andover. By the time this generation gets upon the stage, if the controversy will not have ceased, it will have run such a tide that we shall hardly be able to speak to one another, and there will be a guelph and ghibelline quarrel which cannot tell where the difference lies."

The controversy did not cease. Instead, it grew dangerously each year until, in some quarters, the state was actually threatened, as any unprejudiced and independent historical student may learn who will force himself to browse long over the dry pastures of dead American politics. Among the Evangelicals were many who believed that Universalism and Unitarianism could be put down only by the establishment of a state religion. The growing tide of immi-

gration from Ireland at that date also strengthened the popular prejudice, especially in New England, against Catholicism. That old faith, too, many claimed, should be put down by law. Others, less scrupulous, saw that, under pretext of "spreading the Gospel in the West" at government expense, much advantage might come to them personally as administrators of the public bounty. The mails were called upon to carry printed evangelical literature free. In fact, a good many laws were actually put through which greatly aided the Church and State supporters — the "Christian party in politics," as it was often called. A celebrated clergyman said openly: "If we cannot bring our party into the field in ten years, we can in twenty, and can carry an election against any party."

It was this actually proposed and secretly worked for union of Church and State that Anne Royall fought with voice and pen (not always gracefully) until the day she died. Stationing herself under the very dome of the Capitol at Washington, Mrs. Royall, for thirty-odd years, watched Congress, as a cat watches a mouse-hole, to see that Evangelical lobbyists made no breaches in the Constitution. Unquestionably, Anne Royall did discover, expose, and frustrate several well-laid plans to make sincere and self-denying missionaries in the West the tools of political ambition and corporate greed. The bitterest hatred against Mrs. Royall in Evangelical circles was due, not to her free-thought theories nor her defence of Freemasonry, but, mainly, to her actual achievements in blocking religio-political schemes.

That England, the traditional foe of the United States, secretly aided the Church and State people was believed in many quarters. Two men who came over to the United States from Scotland about the year 1817 to introduce the tract system among the Evangelical churches were supposed by many to be political emissaries. Anne Royall strongly shared this suspicion.

Tracts soon flooded the land. Of the poorest literary quality and the most driveling substance, they were turned out by the ton. Tracts were left on steamboats. Tracts were placed in racks on the walls of every tavern. Tracts cluttered stage-coaches. Tracts were thrust into door-ways. Professional and volunteer "readers" of tracts forced themselves, after the manner satirized by Dickens in *Bleak House*, into the homes of poverty and sickness. Young women held out tracts to strangers whom they met in the streets. In fact, it snowed tracts all over the United States for a period of more than thirty years.

Mrs. Royall treated a tract much as a bull would treat a red rag. Traveling on a river boat she says: "On the table in the main saloon were large bound volumes of tracts. I threw several of them overboard." Again, "According to my custom, I opened the window, and, tearing the hotel tracts to bits, threw them out in the street." Her contempt for tracts was unbounded:

"I affirm that these tracts are scandalous impositions, void of decency and common-sense, a libel on religion and morality — such as the following from the tract called *The Little Chimney-sweep Boy*:

" 'I very much regretted that I had no Bible of my own; this was a treasure that I longed to have

constantly near me. I resolved to save all the money which was given to me to buy the word of God. In about six months I had saved a sum that I thought might be sufficient for the purpose, with which I posted off to an old book-shop, where I bought a second-hand Bible; and, as I carried it away, I thought myself one of the happiest individuals in the world. All my spare time I employed in reading the sacred Scriptures; and I have to bless God that they were made very useful to my master's daughter.' "

The reference to "my master's daughter" particularly infuriates Mrs. Royall. She tears the whole tale to pieces in a vigorous manner. She points out that no child of normal mind would ever cherish any such feelings as those attributed to the little chimney-sweep prig. "Nothing but hyprocrisy," she declares, "is bred from a story like this. Truth and falsehood cannot occupy the same portion of the mind at the same time, and it is an axiom that every tenet or principle founded on error is equally erroneous. The object of education is completely frustrated by these tracts in the very first step — for, instead of making truth the guide which is to lead the youth on step by step till he is able to judge for himself, which is the end of education, these pious teachers make falsehood his guide, and he is cut off from all possibility of improving those talents which he inherits from Nature; and, by implanting in his young mind false notions of morality and religion, he becomes either a hypocrite or a confirmed bigot, and, if his mind happens to be weak, a fanatic."

The influence of ministers over women was a standing matter of scorn to Anne Royall. Even her

own sister, whom she had seen but twice in fifty years, did not escape her sarcasm. "As soon as I saw my sister, I set her down for a Missionary, and I was not wrong. I cannot praise the neatness of her house — but then, she had to go to Meeting, which left her but little time to attend to her domestic concerns." The term "Missionary," as Mrs. Royall employs it, means simply any person subscribing to evangelical doctrines, and Red Jacket himself did not hate a Missionary worse than Mrs. Royall did.

Again, describing conditions at Washington:

"It is painful to see handsome young females who might grace a levee, caterwauling about with a parcel of ignorant young fellows (for their singing is more like cats' mewing than anything else) every evening. Here they sit, flirting their fans and suffocating with heat for hours while some cunning Missionary tells them a long story about the Lord's doings. They have the Lord's doings in the Bible better told than any Missionary tells it. Why do they not, if religiously inclined, stay at home in their father's house and read the Lord's doings? But there are no young men there. Now, if these young ladies were really Christians, instead of dressing and flirting about at night with young fellows they would hunt up the destitute and afflicted and relieve their sufferings."

With unbridled indignation, Mrs. Royall witnessed the shameful frauds practiced on the Indians in the name of Christianity. In spite of her early fear of the Indians, she always defended them. She says:

"It is a well-known fact that there was not a more upright, noble or virtuous people on the globe, or one possessed of a higher sense of honor, than the aborig-

ines of America until they were contaminated by the missionaries. Was there ever a nobler character than Logan?''

Very likely, too, there were personal reasons for Mrs. Royall's hatred of ''missionaries.'' She sprang from Catholic Maryland. Her parents were probably Catholics. She had heard them tell, perhaps, the shameful story of state hospitality abused by Protestant exiles who found in Catholic Maryland an asylum from the religious fury of their fellow-Protestants. Claiborne's rebellion was not forgotten.

Although often asserting that she could not accept the dogmas of the Catholic church, Mrs. Royall has only praise for the members of that church, who, she says, ''are always ready to relieve distress.'' The probability is that Father William Matthews, of Washington, her closest friend on earth, was the only human being beside herself who knew the family history of William Newport. In his day Father Matthews kept many a secret for the nobility of England and the old families of aristocratic Maryland.

That the Evangelists had organized begging into a systematic net-work cannot be denied. Anne Royall spoke truly when she declared: ''Their force of collectors overspreads the country — steam-boats, stages, little wagons, single horses, foot-travelers. Females we could not enumerate; poor things, how they must suffer! All these have a certain per cent on what they collect. The foot trudgers get ten per cent.''

Again she writes: ''The next is the money part; yes, money is the moving spring — money — money — money — all their plans tend to fill their treasury.

The heathen are to be converted. This cannot be done without pious young men. These pious young men must be clothed and educated — this cannot be done without teachers and money. These teachers must be fed, too, and have large fine houses to live in, and large houses to teach in. Then there are all their foreign and home missions — their Bible, Tract and other societies — all require money; and the priest is not backward in telling them. In the forenoon it is money, in the afternoon it is money, in the evening it is money. Why, their God must be a very Dagon, without bottom or shore."

Mrs. Royall once quoted with considerable effect, before a congressional committee, an official appeal made by the Presbyterian Board asking for seven thousand ministers and twenty-five thousand competent religious teachers. She comments on this estimate sharply:

"There is an army for you. They call for a missionary revenue of $748,323,999, and there is enough to pay it. These pious young men would leave Saint Paul, if he were still on earth, far in the background. Saint Paul coveted no man's silver or gold. He labored with his own hands. Which of our priests was ever seen at work? Which of them can say he never coveted any man's silver or gold? Is it St. Ely of Philadelphia, St. Beecher of Boston, St. Spring of New York? Let these reverend saints answer the question. These three or four thousand dollar saints would not invite Saint Paul into their houses."

Repeated thrusts of this sort told. "Saints Beecher, Ely and Spring" did not love Anne Royall, whose *Black Books* were beginning to be talked of

everywhere. One, at least, of these reverend saints later made his influence felt against the woman.

But, if Mrs. Royall had been bitter against Evangelicalism before Anti-Masonry arose, she was ten thousand times more savage in her onslaughts after the Morgan excitement had riven American society and the Calvanistic sects had ranged themselves with the opponents of what Mrs. Royall believed to be the noblest institution on earth — Masonry.

Naturally, when Mrs. Royall entered a town, there was something of a furore in evangelical circles. "She could always say something which would set the ungodly in a roar of laughter," according to the testimony of a New Hampshire admirer. When she went to Cincinnati, a clerical gentleman there wrote her the following letter:

"Cincinnati, 3d Sept., 1830.

"Madam: —

"The cloth I wear is sufficient apology for addressing you. Your arrival in this city has caused a considerable sensation, even among *my own* little flock. The various congregations here were much engaged, and indeed labouring hard, in the work of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. At a recent meeting held *near* this city, we had a glorious *harvest — a feast* of love was enjoyed by more than three thousand of our fellow-mortals (after the manner of the apostles), the doctrines of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ were *freely delivered* to thousands by those who were chosen for that purpose.

"That your writings and conversation have operated injuriously to the cause of good *Morals*, not to say of *Religion*, is well known to all who have bestowed a thought on the subject. Yet that the motive influencing you is also bad I am not prepared to say,

but so far from it, the Christian's charity would ascribe it to a mistaken view — to a want of that intimate knowledge of our faith and practice without which it is unsafe to war with an *established creed.*

"Without further preface, then, I will ingenuously confess to you, Madam, that my object in addressing you is to elicit your views, *succinctly,* in relation to 'Tract' and to 'Missionary Societies.' That you have been in opposition to these great and vital interests I am well apprised. But, as to the exact, the specific, objections urged to each, I am in some degree ignorant.

"If to subserve the cause of religion and morals be, indeed, your motive, I pledge myself to use my feeble abilities, with divine assistance, to expose their fallacious character to the world — even that those who run *may read.*

"Your views through either of the public prints of the day to which you have access will be responded to in like public manner.

"Very respectfully yours

"_____ _____

"Mrs. Anne Royall

"P. S. If you would prefer a public discussion of these questions I will not, under proper restrictions, object to it."

Mrs. Royall's reply is eminently characteristic:

"Cincinnati, Sept. 4, 1830.

"Mr. _____

"Sir: —

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and admit your apology as to your cloth, which I presume is that of a clergyman, though you happened not to name it. You say, sir, that my 'arrival in this city has caused a considerable sensation even among your own little flock.' Then they do not trust in their god, it is

plain, or they would not be afraid of an *old woman.* Permit me to assure them, through you, that I shall leave them in full possession of all the piety and goodness they ever possessed — to which I may add life and limb.

"You speak of various congregations 'recently engaged in the good work of your Lord Jesus Christ' in this city, and of 'a glorious harvest — feast of love enjoyed by more than three thousand fellow-mortals,' and that the doctrines of your Lord and Saviour, etc., were 'freely delivered to thousands by those who were chosen for that purpose.' To these declarations, permit me in the first place to say that I am entirely governed by ACTIONS, and pay no more respect to people who boast of their 'labors,' 'glorious harvest,' etc., etc., etc., than I would to a female who would boast of her virtue or a man who would boast of his honesty. I would rather see *one* good action (and I presume God would, too) than hear ten thousand good words. In the second place, I would merely remark, as I have seen none of your good works, I am unable to judge of them, and that self-praise is very much like hyprocrisy. Now, the essence of the foregoing is this — that three thousand righteous people, with their god on their side, and yourself at their head, should be intimidated by a *single old woman,* and one, too, who was raised in the woods among the Indians, without the benefit of education, or any religion save that of the savages, demonstrates either that your god is not able to protect you, or that you are unworthy of his protection. I do not, I assure you, sir, say this from any other motive than a strict regard for our mutual benefit. I am one of those heathen you are so anxious to convert. I never read the Bible, nor do I know the tenets of any sect. I am a heathen, and have come to your door. I have saved you the trouble and expense of traveling. I am not an infidel — that is, I do not say the Bible or the Christian religion

is untrue. All I say is that I do not read the Bible, and I will tell you why. I was raised, as I said, among the heathen, where I learned nothing but virtue and independence. When introduced among civilized people, the Bible was put into my hands. But, before I looked into it, I watched the conduct of those who read it, and I found they committed murder, they robbed, they got drunk, they betrayed their friends and were guilty of all kinds of abominations, and I was afraid to read the Bible lest I might do so too.

"You say, in the next place, that my 'writings and conversation have operated injuriously to the cause of good morals, not to say religion.' This proves that you have never read my writings, for you will find that the main object of them is to inculcate virtue and expose vice — to patronize merit of whatsoever sect, country or politics, to put down pride and arrogance; to strip the mask from hypocrisy. You speak of christian charity, and suppose I am 'ignorant of your faith and practice,' without which it is at least '*unsafe* to war with an established creed.' To this I reply that the threat in the last sentence proves the kind of christian charity you possess. But you are a little mistaken, sir. I am not ignorant of your practice (or at least the practice of your sect), whatever I may be of your faith. The attempt upon my life in Vermont by one of your elders, a Mr. H——, of Burlington, who left me for dead! The attempt on my liberty at Washington, last summer, proves enough. Both these parties practiced long prayers, attended Bible-Sunday-school, and other societies, which includes your practice too — what the faith of such people is is a matter of no consequence.

"But your object, you say, is to 'elicit my views on the subject of Bible, Tract and Missionary societies.' I view all those schemes as vile speculations to amass money and power (for money is power),

which (and the Sunday mail) proves your object is to unite church and state. I am opposed to these schemes because the money is taken from the poor and ignorant, as no man of sense would pay for the gospel, which, I understand, is to be had without money and without price. I know you will say this money is to spread the gospel. What I understand of it is that it comes from God, some of his laws, perhaps. Now I would not give a fig for a god that could not spread his own gospel, or any gospel, without money. I would rather have a god of wood or stone than one who robs the poor and ignorant under a cloak. But to come to the point at once: God made the heaven, and the earth, sun, moon and stars, etc. Now, I am a poor ignorant heathen, as I told you before, and would merely ask if the god who made all these things could not make money if he wanted it? But the fact is *that* God has nothing to do with this swindling; the money is laid up in the bank to overturn our government. Every Bible given away last year cost the poor (see the Report) the modest sum of $17.57. This proves your practice and tracts the same. Now, these tracts, you say, are to save souls. What became of the souls of all who died before tracts were invented? You say, sir, that if I would prefer a public discussion, you would not, under proper restrictions, object to it. As I did not seek the discussion, so neither will I shrink from it, in any place, and assure you, sir, that I would be happy to see you at my rooms, or in public as Messrs. Campbell and Owen did heretofore. I do not know what you mean by 'proper restrictions,' but I would suppose that, armed, as you are, with mountains of tracts and Bibles, to say nothing of your sex, you can be in no danger from an old woman. If you are afraid of one heathen, how are you to convert thousands, nay, millions? And who knows but (as I hear

you are very pious and holy) you *may* convert me? This blessed event would be of infinite benefit to your cause. I am, very respectfully, yours,

"Anne Royall.

"P. S. I am disposed to meet and part with you on friendly terms, but, if you choose to 'war,' as you say, you recollect the fate of Dr. Ely — I have a few more sky-rockets left."

Even in this day a letter as "sassy" as that would create something of a sensation. Needless to say it did not add to Mrs. Royall's popularity among the Evangelicals.

Mrs. Royall firmly believed that Sunday schools were nothing more nor less than training-schools for traitors. An attempt made in several states to secure charters for Sunday schools, and certain injudicious sermons of zealous clergymen, furnished, in the eyes of many who agreed with her, proof enough of the real existence of a Church and State party in politics. One celebrated preacher declared:

"The electors of those five classes of true Christians united in the sole requisites of apparent friendship to Christianity, in every candidate for office whom they will support, *might govern every public election in our country* without infringing in the least upon the character of our civil liberties. I am free to avow that, other things being equal, I would prefer for my chief magistrate, and judge and ruler, a sound *Presbyterian.*"

In the *Boston Recorder*, Dr. Lyman Beecher said:

"It is needless to say that under this economy the destinies of the Church and the State will soon be in the hands of those who are receiving their edu-

cation. In our academic halls will be the future law-givers and religious teachers of our great Republic."

This speech was followed by an impassioned appeal for funds to support denominational schools and (what moved Mrs. Royall to extreme wrath) to get the Sunday School Union books into the Congressional Library.

"Do our Senators and Representatives want to read these driveling baby-books?" she asks, ironically.

Fully one-third of the first *Black Book* is devoted to an arraignment of the missionary system. There is much, very much, in this and in the third *Black Book*, as well as in the *Southern Tour*, to offend the taste of a literary critic. But there is also a great deal of truth. It was the grain of truth in each bushel of tiresome personal experiences related that made Mrs. Royall hated by Evangelicals all over the United States. The Montgomery, Alabama, *Journal* said:

"She is doing much good in opposition to fanaticism. Mrs. Royall has a rare knack of castigating an enemy. If they think she has no power to hurt them, they deceive themselves, for she cuts as deep as any of the Washington editors."

Wherever Anne Royall went, intelligent young men always liked her immensely, and sought her company. The softest spot in her heart was reserved for her "boys." She writes:

"At Northampton I met a number of my saucy Boston Yankees, who take great liberties with me knowing I am partial to them. They were wealthy gentlemen's sons who had come there to study law, as,

amongst other good things, Northampton boasts of the first legal knowledge in the state. But these saucy rogues (had seen me before at Harvard, they said) almost tore me to pieces amongst them. I threatened them with my *Black Book*, but well they knew they lay too near my heart. We finally amused ourselves with a black ramrod of a missionary who was stalking along the street under our window. It was laughable to see his loftiness and pomposity, and how he looked down with sovereign contempt on the Unitarians. He had just come from the tailor's with a new black surtout coat, which he studiously viewed as he measured the pavement."

A nephew of the artist Vaux, of Philadelphia, slyly sketched Mrs. Royall while she interviewed his uncle. She says, laughingly, "I would not have cared had he not hit off my old flop-bordered cap so exactly. He knew I loved him, and rolled his black eye at me as unconcernedly as though he had done nothing at all."

Many of Mrs. Royall's adversaries have called her "shrewd." She was not a shrewd woman; Backwoods simplicity always clung to her. In slang parlance, anybody could "gull" her by making the slightest protestation of friendship or good will, or, easiest of all, by pleading distress.

In many respects Anne Royall was the child of her time. Her method of fighting what she believed to be evil left much to be desired in the way of amenity. In regard to Evangelicalism, she was prejudiced, partisan, aggressive, suspicious, and unreasonable as Andrew Jackson himself was toward the objects of his dislike or suspicion. But, like him, she was honestly, ruggedly patriotic. In every attack she

made — whether against a windmill of her own imagination or against a real ecclesiastical abuse — she sincerely believed that she was fighting for the preservation of that government whose upbuilding had cost the lives of countless American martyrs.

CHAPTER VIII

The Trial

Mrs. Royall's biographer would have no right to dip his brush in whitewash, for she would scorn a spurious vindication. Truth was the key-note of Anne Royall's oft-discordant life. She handled others without gloves, and she would wish to be handled plainly herself.

There is no denying the fact that, for awhile after the astounding success of her *Black Book*, Mrs. Royall's head was turned. For a year she gave herself ridiculous airs. She showed herself happily conscious of the flutter occasioned by her entrance into a public assembly or a private house. When a person did not at once recognize her, she would say, with childish naivete, "It is Mrs. Royall with whom you are talking." She exulted openly that persons formerly insolent to her had suddenly become deferential. Her quick sense of humor was tickled when politicians, judges, office-holders, Doctors of Divinity took to their heels at her approach. Not all ran, however, by any means. Many people of high social standing liked to see their own portraits touched up alluringly by Mrs. Royall's gratitude or admiration. Hundreds of such men and women, when she was in the heydey of her power, met Anne Royall with feign-

ed smiles, hoping thereby to obtain a line of favorable mention in one of her forthcoming books.

The accusation that Mrs. Royall sometimes paid back in ugly printed satire personal insults she had received is true. That she grossly flattered her friends, though, is less strictly true. Mrs. Royall idealized her friends. She really was as grateful as she seemed for the slightest favor. She believed her own words when she wrote of A., B., C., and so on to the end of the chapter, "He is the finest human being on earth." Anne Royall was always meeting the "finest human being on earth." What is more surprising in the case of an impetuous nature like hers, she never retracted her friendship. Even when one to whom she had been sacrificingly generous proved unworthy, the harshest thing she had to say was, "He was kind to me once, and I can never forget that."

On the other hand, there are hundreds of cases where men and women with whom she had once been at sword's points afterward became her staunch friends.

During this prosperous period of her authorship, money was coming in rapidly. But it went more rapidly. Right and left she scattered it, in response to tales of real or fictitious distress. One who studies Anne Royall's entertaining personality can but smile to think how she would snort and run amuck through the labyrinthine red tape of modern Associated Charity. While she was still a power, Mrs. Royall often forced rich men to give to the poor. For a time she was lionized in Washington. In view of all she had suffered before and of all she was to suffer afterward,

few readers will begrudge Mrs. Royall her one short year of gratified vanity. Other authors greater than she have been similarly intoxicated by an over-draught of fame. Her fall was near.

Mrs. Royall had a formidable host against her. All the evangelical ministers of the country (with the exception of a few whose sense of humor was stronger than their theology) hated her with what they believed to be godly zeal. Their congregations, as a unit, abhorred her. Politicians whose elections depended on the influence of church members — and in that day there were few outside that category — were tacitly pledged to discountenance her. The Anti-Masons would gladly have torn her to pieces. A regiment of office-holders in Washington resented her nosing through the departments at frequent intervals with a view to exposing their shortcomings as servants of the people. The money-power, represented by the United States Bank, a monopoly against which she pluckily took up cudgels long before Andrew Jackson thought of opposing it, was solidly against her. Two infant causes which one would suppose Mrs. Royall's temperament would have led her to espouse — temperance and anti-slavery — fought her because she opposed them. She firmly believed that both were only disguised auxiliaries of her dreaded bogey — the Church and State party.

A free-lance is always lonesome. Even the Unitarians did not care to affiliate too closely with Mrs. Royall. Early Unitarianism was aristocratic. Anne Royall, in dress, speech, and manners, was emphatically unconventional. Unitarianism set much store by

culture. Mrs. Royall's education included neither art, philosophy, music, nor foreign languages. Unitarianism walked softly. A church that condemned the mild, well-bred free-thought of Emerson could hardly be expected to sympathize with tear-down Anne Royall, who, moreover, was always stridently declaring that she was not a Unitarian.

With the fool-hardy daring of a free-lance, Mrs. Royall laughed in the faces of her enemies. When her laughter began to be loudly echoed by a large minority of the reading public, the enemies got together and decided that "something must be done."

Something was done — something so infamous that, in Mrs. Royall's own words, which are none too strong, "all the waters of the Potomac can never wash out its baseness." In 1829, at the capital city of the nation whose birth she had witnessed, old Anne Royall was arrested, tried, and convicted on a trumped-up charge of being a common scold.

As nearly as can be found out at this distance of time, the chief movers in the persecution of Mrs. Royall were two clergymen who also figured, not at all to their advantage, in the Mrs. Eaton (or Peggy O'Neil) scandal which broke up Jackson's cabinet. Pretext for a concerted attack was found in the unpleasant relations which existed between Mrs. Royall and a small Presbyterian congregation which worshiped, almost continuously, in an engine-house near her dwelling on Capitol Hill. Anne Royall is the only woman ever tried in the United States as a common scold. The charge was obsolete, even in Europe, at the time of this trial. As far as possible, the story

must be told in the accused's own words. Her account is remarkably true, although dressed out in thoroughly Royallesque language. The person whom she calls "Holy Willie" was a prominent leader in the engine-house congregation. Also, of course, he was an Anti-Mason. Mrs. Royall begins:

"I arrived in Washington January 2, 1829. I had written to W. to say I would arrive on that day, and had sent money to purchase wood, and gave instructions to have a fire in my parlor and everything in readiness, for the moment I arrived I must go to writing. What was my astonishment to find my young woman absent. No fire, no wood, and, my time having nearly run out for the third *Black Book*, I went to writing without a fire. To my astonishment, not a neighbor could tell me what had become of my young woman.

"Late one evening, about three weeks afterward, she came in with a thumping young missionary under her cloak — a fine boy, the very image of Holy Willie.

" 'And whose is that?'

" 'I don't know, Madam.'

" 'Why do you bring it to me?'

" 'I don't bring it to you. I am taking it to my sister to nurse, and just called in to see you.' "

Later, Mrs. Royall refers to this child as being under the care of the infant school connected with the church. She says, "The baby is now eight months old, well grown, and begins to say 'tracts' already."

She goes on:

"Meantime, it appears, a scheme had been laid among the godly on Capitol Hill to convert me, either with or without my consent. To this end, holy mobs of boys (black and white) would beset my house with showers of stones — yell, blow horns, call me holy

names. This was usually at night, when the outpouring of divine goodness is most powerful. Meanwhile, as I still testified a stubborn spirit, Holy Willie, moved with compassion for my lost state, would often be seen under my window with his hands and eyes raised to heaven in silent prayer for the conversion of my soul. In this, however, I might be mistaken, as there was another lost sinner under my room. She had strayed from the path of rectitude and had two douce colored children; and whether the holy man's prayers were designed for her or for me I am unable to say."

A mass-meeting of the Evangelicals of Capitol Hill was called which Mrs. Royall caricatures at considerable length:

"A friend of mine who attended the meeting could only distinguish such broken sentences as 'cart-tail,' 'ducking-stool,' 'Sabbath-school nuisance,' 'Lord Mansfield,' 'we'll tie her neck and heels,' 'glorious Gospel,' 'only let us get hold of her,' 'wish we could hang her,' 'drowning will do as well,' 'Judge Holt, page 226,' 'revealed religion,' 'statute of Henry VIII,' 'refreshing revival.' "

A formal complaint being made to the civil authorities, Mrs. Royall was called before the court of the District of Columbia. After examination, she was discharged on the ground that there was no law to punish her for the alleged offense. When this decision was announced, a mighty howl went up from the prosecutors. Immense, though hidden, pressure was brought to bear upon all the District authorities. The result was such a scurrying around to find a law to convict as was never seen outside a comic opera. The formal report of Chief Justice Cranch to the Supreme Court of the case of "The United States versus

Anne Royall'' is almost as funny as Mrs. Royall's own account of this legal absurdity. The general understanding of the obsolete English law was that no other punishment than ducking was legal for the offense of being a common scold. Judge Cranch balked at ducking Mrs. Royall. Therefore, the statutes were ransacked, and numerous cases in England (mostly of the thirteenth century) were cited to prove that a fine or imprisonment might lawfully be substituted as a penalty for the alleged offense. The discussion ranged from the etymology of the word ''duck'' to the sanction of Moses. The following is a specimen of the arguments solemnly used (and quoted in Judge Cranch's report) by learned jurists of a United States court regarding the case of an old woman who had, very likely, used her tongue intemperately when boys threw stones at her windows:

''The passage cited from 3 Inst., 219, seems rather to justify a contrary conclusion. Lord Coke is speaking of the different means of punishment; and, after describing the pillory and the tumbrel, he says, '*Trebucket* or *castigatory*, named in the statute of 51 H. 3, signifieth a stool that falleth down into a pit of water, for the punishment of the party in it; and *chuck*, or *guck*, in the Saxon tongue, signifieth to brawl (taken from *cuckhaw* or *guckhaw*, a bird, *qui odiose jurgat et rixatur*), and *ing*, in that language water; because she was for her punishment soused in water; others fetch it from *cuckqueani pellix*.' ''

A discussion of great length followed this luminous citation. A model of a ducking-stool was made at the navy yard by the Court's order and exhibited before their Honors. More researches into English

history and old English law followed. The upshot was that, finally, a law was patched up under which Anne Royall, author of the *Black Books*, might be brought to trial. As her lawyer, Mr. Cox, told her, "Madam, yesterday there was no law to punish you. Today, it seems, one has been found." Mrs. Royall says:

"At length the trial came on. There were three counts in the indictment: 1. A public nuisance. 2. A common brawler. 3. A common scold. The first two charges were dismissed. The third was sustained, and I made my courtesy before their Honors, Judges Cranch, Thruston and the sweet Morsel. Judge C. was formerly described as resembling Judge Marshall. This is incorrect owing to my having seen him but once before, in the dusk of the evening. He is younger than the Chief Justice; has a longer face with a good deal of the pumpkin in it (though my friend says the pumpkin is his head); but let this be as it may, I was always partial to Judge Cranch because he was a Yankee and a near relative of my friend, Ex-President Adams, whom I shall always remember with gratitude."

At this point in her narrative, Mrs. Royall breaks off to defend both Mr. Adams and General Jackson, saying that "Pope Ely" was responsible for much of the campaign lying. She resumes:

"Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch, but harder-featured. He is laughing-proof. He looks as if he had sat upon the rack all his life and lived on crab-apples. They are both about fifty years of age. The sweet Morsel, who seems to sit for his portrait, is the same age. His face is round and wrinkled, and resembles the road on Grandott after the passage of a troop of hogs. They all have a

worn look, and never were three judges better matched in faces. This was the Court, called the Long Parliament, before which I was to be tried, I did not know for what."

Mrs. Royall next pays her respects to the bar of Washington, including, on this occasion as a silent member, Francis Scott Key, author of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

The courthouse was packed to the doors, for this rejuvenescence of European mediævalism — the trial of a common scold — awakened lively interest all over the United States. Fifteen witnesses were summoned by the prosecution, twelve of whom came. The chief witness against Mrs. Royall was an employee of the government, a prominent member of the engine-house congregation. Mr. Waterston, Librarian of Congress, and Mr. Tims, door-keeper of the Senate, were among the witnesses. The three judges sat in as dignified state as though a case of high treason demanded their attention. Mrs. Royall writes: "I shall make a proposition to my friends in Congress to have the whole scene painted and put in the rotunda of the capitol with our national paintings, reserving a conspicuous place for myself. Hear, O Israel, the testimony of a —— ——. He began to place his feet as though he had set in for a four-hours sermon. It was quite an outpouring of christian love."

Her chief accuser's testimony, condensed, was that Mrs. Royall had talked abusively to members of the engine-house congregation. He said that she swore at him — a charge she indignantly denied. A member of his family followed with similar testimony.

Mrs. Royall gives a few graphic pen-pictures of other witnesses:

"Mr. O—, of the Senate, came next. He looked like Satan's walking stick. Mr. S. is a good-natured simpleton. His very countenance is a talisman to mirth. He said he hated to tell the worst thing I ever said. But the Judge said, 'We must have it, sir. It is important that we get at the whole truth.' Mr. S. answered, 'I was out walking with some ladies one Sunday afternoon, and Mrs. Royall asked me if I was not ashamed to be seen walking with them old maids.'

"'Well, perhaps they were old maids.'

"'No, they wasn't, for one of them was my sister.'"

The bar of Washington at that date, like the friends of the versatile Mr. Jingle in Pickwick, must have been "easily amused," for this colloquy set the court-room in a roar. The Librarian of Congress "seemed uneasy on the stand." No wonder. Mr. Waterston was not a fool, and he probably hated to appear like one. The old woman against whom he was testifying had more than once done him a good turn. Mrs. Royall says:

"My friend Waterston followed. He is a learned man in Israel. He paid me many compliments, alike honorable to himself and to me. He said I called all Presbyterians cut-throats. I suppose he learned his speech out of the Sunday School Union books."

Many admirers of the Bard of Avon have regretted the weak expression on the face of the Stratford image, but it remained for Anne Royall to work that fatuous look into an effective simile:

"Mr. F. is another walking-stick. His hair is macaroni, his arms five feet extended, his face pale,

his nose hooked, with a gray goggle eye and Shakespeare's smile."

Mrs. Royall says of her own side:

"I had but few witnesses, knowing how it would all end — Secretary Eaton and a few ladies. Their testimony was clear and unequivocal, and directly opposed to that of the prosecution. Mr. Tims was true gold. He said he never knew me to slander but two people, and that was when I said that he and Mr. Waterston were the two cleverest and handsomest men in all Washington. This, you may say, put an end to the business for that day, as the whole were convulsed with laughter, except Judge T. In fact, the whole of the examination kept the house in a roar. Such another judicial farce was never played before a judicial tribunal."

Mrs. Royall made a short but spirited address to the jury — "all Bladensburg men."

Wholly against the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty." Mrs. Royall was sentenced to a fine of ten dollars and required to keep the peace for one year. Security to the amount of fifty dollars was demanded. Mrs. Royall summarizes the effect of the trial upon the judges and prosecuting witnesses:

"This verdict was pumpkin-pie to Judge Cranch. The sweet Morsel licked out his tongue. Judge Thruston looked as fiery as Mount Etna, so displeased was he with the result. The sound Presbyterians gave thanks, and I requested the Marshall, the next time I was tried, to summon twelve tom-cats instead of Bladensburg men."

Although Mrs. Royall showed herself game to the end of the farce, she was really much shaken by the trial. The ordeal was a great strain for a woman of

her years. She was never quite strong again. The ignominy seared deep. Her enemies had won. Henceforth, Anne Royall would go branded. Even a modern book dealing with past Congresses says of her: "She relied mainly upon her ability to blacken private character." That assertion is absolutely false. Any close and fair reader of Anne Royall's writings must admit that her attacks, though often bitter, were invariably made upon persons whom she believed to be scheming for the overthrow of the government or of Masonry, and upon no others. Anne Royall published no petty gossip relating to the private lives of her enemies. Her conduct in regard to the Mrs. Eaton scandal stands out in sharp contrast to that of many other journalists of her day and of ours. Probably Secretary Eaton gratefully remembered Mrs. Royall's reticence when he testified warmly in her behalf at the trial.

The story of pretty Peggy O'Neil, the tavern-keeper's daughter, who, as the widow of Timberlake, married John H. Eaton, senator from Tennessee, and later Secretary of War, has often been told. In view of Mrs. Royall's long and close friendship with the Eatons, however, a brief review of this famous society quarrel may not be out of place here.

The wives and daughters of Secretary Eaton's fellow-cabinet members refused to receive, or to associate in any way with, Mrs. Eaton. Vile charges against her character were made by a Washington clergyman to Dr. Ely, a celebrated Doctor of Divinity in Philadelphia,who, in turn, reported them in writing to the President of the United States. President Jack-

son caused a searching investigation to be made. The evidence presented to sustain the charges was of so flimsy a character that the President became wholly convinced of their falsity. With all the ardor of his nature, Andrew Jackson threw himself into this social quarrel. He invited Mrs. Eaton to receive with him at the White House. He gave dinners in her honor. He threatened to expel a foreign minister whose wife snubbed the tavern keeper's daughter. He held conferences without number. He sent away his nephew's wife because she sided with the recalcitrant cabinet ladies against Mrs. Eaton. He took Mr. Van Buren to his heart for life when that diplomatic gentleman — luckily unhampered by matrimonial ties — called on Mrs. Eaton and, later, gave a dinner in her honor. Parton, in his excellent life of Andrew Jackson, gives an amusing catalogue of seventeen long documents relating to Mrs. Eaton which have been preserved. These papers show the intensity of Jackson's will in the matter.

But the hero of New Orleans had at last run up against something that he was powerless to conquer — the prejudice of good women against a sister-woman. In the end, his cabinet was dissolved. The immediate cause of the disruption of the cabinet was a political plan, but the event which rendered the break possible was the refusal of the other cabinet ladies to recognize Mrs. Eaton socially.

Now, if Mrs. Royall had been a sensational journalist, this unsavory scandal would have been to her — as it was to others — literally a golden opportunity. She took not the slightest advantage of it. She had

known Secretary Eaton for many years. She knew the O'Neils well, also. She believed fully in Mrs. Eaton's innocence. But, had she been equally convinced of her guilt, Anne Royall's conduct would have been the same. She always stood loyally by her own sex.

Mrs. Royall's trial ended late Saturday evening. "The next day," she writes, "on the blessed Sabbath, these wretches circulated a report through the city that I was in prison. This report was carefully forwarded to Secretary Eaton's. From the testimony he gave in court, he was suspected of being one of my 'secret friends.' General Eaton, not knowing them as well as he does now, immediately signed a bond, together with the Postmaster-General and others who were at his house, and sent a messenger off with it to the Marshall to release me."

But Mrs. Royall did not need the bond of the Secretary of War and the Postmaster-General. As usual, young men sprang to her rescue. When, a little shakily, she stepped from the dock, she was met by two reporters of the *Intelligencer* — Thomas Dowling and a Mr. Donahue — who were waiting to furnish her security.

Of another young man's friendship on this hardest day of her hard life, Mrs. Royall says:

"But, of all human beings, Master Wallack was most attentive. This amiable youth hung over my chair the whole time with the affection of a son. With his head bent close to my ear, he would whisper, 'What can I do for you, Mrs. Royall? Tell me if you want anything, and I will get it for you.' "

There are many more imposing scenes in the history of Washington city which one would rather miss than this of young Mr. Wallack's filial devotion to a hunted old woman.

CHAPTER IX

Mrs. Royall as a Journalist

Mrs. Royall's southern tour, in 1830, ended with somewhat disastrous results, physically and financially. The account of her trial had preceded her. She found the South, then a stronghold of Evangelicalism, solidly arrayed against her. Several towns refused to admit her within their limits. She was mobbed by certain students of the University of Virginia because she had opposed successfully a legislative appropriation for that institution. Other students from the same university, however, made apology to her for the assault and invited her to visit, as their guest, the old home of Jefferson at Monticello. Mrs. Royall accepted the invitation and enjoyed a day at the sacred spot, which brought back to her memories of her husband and his devotion to the great Republican. She also visited many of the Indian reservations in the South, but was insulted, in one or two, by United States soldiers, who were not reproved for such action by their superior officers. One of these officers was Colonel Thomas Benton, later a leader in the great Bank fight.

Mrs. Royall returned from this strenuous tour considerably worn out. She was sixty-three years old. She writes: "Gladly would I have retired to a quiet little hut in the country and devoted the remainder

of my days to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture." But money was lacking. The pen could not be exchanged for the hoe. So the gritty old lady determined to shift the burden of self-support a little by editing a newspaper at Washington. She bought a second-hand, ramshackle old Ramage printing-press, made room for the same by taking the sink out of the kitchen of her rented home in the old "Bank" house behind the Capitol, hired a printer, took two small boys from the Catholic orphan asylum to help about the press, adopted the editorial "We," and with a full set of principles on hand began her journalistic career.

The first copy of *Paul Pry* (now one of the rarest finds of the American bibliophile) was issued December 3, 1831:

"PAUL PRY

"Published every Saturday by Anne Royall.
Terms Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, one dollar to be paid in advance and the balance at the end of six months. Subscribers may discontinue their papers when they think proper, by giving notice to the publisher.

"All letters must be sent to the publisher through the medium of the Post-Office (post paid)."

The *Paul Pry* is a four-page paper. Selected material and advertisements cover the two outside pages. The two inside pages are devoted to editorials, political and local news, all deeply colored by Mrs. Royall's antagonistic attitude toward Anti-Masonry and Evangelicalism. In her prospectus the editor says:

"Our course will be a straightforward one as heretofore. The same firmness which has ever maintained our pen will be continued. To this end, let it

be understood that we are of no party. We will neither oppose nor advocate any man for the Presidency. The welfare and happiness of our country is our politics. To promote this we shall oppose and expose all and every species of political evil and religious frauds without fear, favor or affection. We shall patronize merit of whatever country, sect or politics. We shall advocate the liberty of the Press, the liberty of Speech, and the liberty of Conscience. The enemies of these bulwarks of our common safety, as they have shown none, shall receive no mercy at our hands."

If Mrs. Royall had stopped at this point,her prospectus would have been dignified and proper. Unfortunately, she did not stop here. Continuing, she runs into silliness:

"As for those cannibals, the Anti-Masons, the co-temporaries of negro insurgents, we shall meet them upon their own ground, that of extermination. For the rest, let all pious Generals, Colonels and Commanders of our army and navy who make war upon old women beware. Let all pious Postmasters who cheat the Government by franking pious tracts beware. Let all pious booksellers who take pious bribes beware. Let all pious young ladies who hawk pious tracts into young gentlemen's rooms beware, and let all old bachelors and old maids be married as soon as possible."

Mrs. Royall did not coin the phrase "race-suicide," but she was, probably, the first American to preach against that evil in print. Certainly, she was the first woman to do so. In Anne Royall's time there were men enough in the United States to go around. "Old Maid," therefore, with her is always a term of opprobrium. No militarist chieftain ever more

firmly believed in the duty of raising up men and women for state protection and preservation than Anne Royall. She preached the duty and blessedness of marriage and of family production, in season and out of season.

Mrs. Royall worked up her subscription list almost wholly by personal solicitation. She was tolerably successful from the start, especially among Congressmen, heads of departments, and government clerks in Washington. By January, 1832, we find that she had agents in almost every city and large town in the United States, that is, one or two men in each place were authorized to receive subscriptions and to keep copies of the paper for sale. Subscriptions, however, were not always paid promptly. At times the editor of *Paul Pry* was obliged to resort to the drastic measure of publishing a "Black List" of delinquent subscribers with the amount due opposite each name. At other times, she issued appeals like the following: "Will all who can pay, who ought to pay, who ever intend to pay, please send in the needful at once?" or, sometimes, a notice like this appeared:

"INFORMATION WANTED

"If any one can inform us where a Mr. T. Bell, late of Sparta, Georgia, at present resides, he will confer a favor on the editress of this paper. Mr. B. went off in our Debt, and is said to be somewhere in the Creek (now Alabama) Nation."

Anne Royall had a genius for choosing unfitting titles. Very few of her *Alabama Letters* were written from that state. The misleading name of her first newspaper, *Paul Pry*, harmed Mrs. Royall enor-

mously, both in the eyes of her contemporaries and of posterity. The name *Paul Pry* suggests personal gossip of totally different and less clean nature than the free and honest, though very often tactless and ill-judged, criticism which Mrs. Royall poured out weekly in her little paper. The unfortunate name harmed her in another way. Several vile sheets of a later date — notably, the *Viper's Sting and Paul Pry* of Baltimore, 1849 — adopted the name. A careless, and more or less prejudiced, public easily confused the famous Mrs. Royall with these slanderous and vulgar publications. Even at the risk of wearying repetition, it must in justice to her be insisted upon that Mrs. Royall's bitter invective was never of a low character, although, often, it was very decidedly out of taste. She dealt not in innuendo. She fought only men whom she honestly believed to be trying to overthrow the government of the United States. The following refusal to insert personal scandal is typical of Mrs. Royall's editorial attitude through her long journalistic career:

"We have received a shocking story of abuse toward an unprotected female by a prominent man who is a Presbyterian. But we must refuse to print it for several reasons: It came in too late. It is too personal. It bore no signature. It is against *a private man.* Public men are fair game."

"Pro bono publico" is older than the wandering Jew. He was abroad in the United States during Anne Royall's time. Even little *Paul Pry* was almost swamped by letters from correspondents. Mrs. Royall

is forever apologizing for not printing these unsolicited effusions:

"It gives us infinite pain that we are unable to find room for half, nay, one tenth, of the valuable favors received from our friends. We pray them to reflect that our small paper, to be useful, must be devoted to the general affairs of the country. We can print but few of the communications received."

Soon after Mrs. Royall embarked on her journalistic career, Mrs. Sarah Stack, a widowed daughter of the Dorrets, came to live with her. Except for short intervals, Mrs. Stack remained with Mrs. Royall from 1831 until the latter's death in 1854. Mrs. Stack, or "Sally," as she was generally known, acted as secretary, carrier, and companion to Mrs. Royall. The two women were deeply attached to each other, and the length and harmony of their friendship speaks well for both. Mrs. Royall says of "Sally":

"Her fidelity, industry, and dispatch of business have never been surpassed. She is one of a thousand. Undaunted, yet modest and humble, fleet as a fawn, one moment you lose sight of her in Third street and the next she will reappear from Twelfth or Thirteenth. Again she is off like a bird. She will face the fiercest storms whether of snow, wind or rain. Often have we been pained to see her come in with a cheerful laugh, though wet to the skin, and all this without fee or reward."

Sarah Stack was a noble woman. She brought up to industry and honor five orphan children, paying their expenses by the labor of her own hands. To Mrs. Royall she was both sister and daughter to the end of the latter's life. Whenever Mrs. Royall was

ill, Sally took charge of the paper. At such times the change from Mrs. Royall's sharp wit and combative language to Mrs. Stack's sincere, though commonplace, morality, must have been a little mystifying to the habitual readers of *Paul Pry* or *The Huntress.* Here is one of Mrs. Stack's selections which is typical of her taste as well as of her christian character:

"If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another until you have accomplished your end. By little and little great things are completed, and even so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone."

Upon her mother's side, Mrs. Stack was descended from the celebrated Chase family of Maryland.

Mrs. Stack, it is said, was tall, thin, and angular. She was frequently mistaken for her employer by persons unacquainted with the author of the *Black Books.* Mrs. Royall was the exact opposite of Sally in appearance, being short, almost dumpy. Both were exceedingly quick in their movements. Mrs. Royall's very blue eyes, it is said, never lost their brightness. Her teeth, too, were generally remarked, being white and hard even in extreme old age. She laughed much all her life.

During her long term of editorship Mrs. Royall lived in several different places on Capitol Hill. In 1833, she announces in *Paul Pry*: "Mrs. Royall has removed from the Bank house to a short distance east of the Capitol in B, between First and Second, two doors from the corner of B and Second street in a new two-story brick." In 1838 she moved to "North

B and Third streets — 150 yards from the Vice-President."

Mrs. Royall gives Van Buren's running mate, Richard M. Johnson, a good character. She declares: "A better, pleasanter neighbor I never had." One day the Vice-President helped her to catch a hen. At that time, it will be remembered, fashionable Washington lived east instead of west of the Capitol. After a good many migrations, in a sort of circle around the Capitol, Mrs. Royall, in her extreme old age, moved back to her favorite dwelling (the one in which she died) on B street near Second — a spot now included in the north-eastern corner of the grounds of the Library of Congress. It was a pleasant spot shaded by trees. There was a well of excellent water in the yard, and connected with the house was a good-sized shed in which, she says, "I kept my pet hens." The hens gave her a good deal of trouble, but they also brought her considerable pleasure in their suggestion of that country-life she so well loved. Toward the last, it would seem, her printing was done in another house not far from her dwelling-place under the direction of a printer named John Simmes. The picture of the environs of Washington given in *Paul Pry* is not alluring:

"That the location of Washington is unhealthy cannot be denied, the principal part of the city, Pennsylvania avenue, being built in a marsh which a common shower overflows, and from want of sewers and proper attention, or rather no attention at all, it is overspread with standing puddles of water from year's end to year's end. From neglect of the corporation,

these puddles, as well as the gutters, are choked up with filth, which, being acted upon by the heat of the sun, becomes green and putrid. This is not all. The whole of the flat land between the settled part of the city and the Potomac, much of which is marsh, is also overspread with stagnant pools of fetid water. In consequence of a greater fall of rain this spring than common, the tide of the Tiber, flowing into these ditches, or as they are called, canals, and brick-holes, we have a better prospect than was, perhaps, ever known in the city for bilious attacks. Over and above, there is a great, oblong, deep hole from which the earth has been scooped out in years past intended for, and called, a canal, but which has been the receptacle for dead dogs, cats, puppies and, we grieve to add, of infants. This also contains green, stinking water which has accumulated for years, and doubtless has been the cause of annual bilious fever since this death-ditch, called a canal, was dug."

In the columns of both her papers Mrs. Royall fought for a cleaner Washington as constantly, strenuously, and warningly as if she had known about germs and the deadly peril of the mosquito. She also advised people to keep fires in their sleeping-rooms at least a portion of every day the year around. "Our Congressmen," she says, "are too valuable to be killed off as rapidly as they are by the unsanitary conditions here at the capital city."

The *Paul Pry* was a hopelessly amateur little sheet. It was also, undeniably, censorious, and such a journal becomes, after a little, as tiresome as a scolding person. Nevertheless, scolding in print has done much good in the world. In fact, modern journalism, beginning with the satirical political pamphlet, took its rise in scolding. Anne Royall's news-

papers should not be judged by the enlightened standards of the best modern journalism, but by comparison with other minor sheets of her own day. In the United States of that time, the average newspaper was little more than a bitterly partisan pamphlet. In manners *Paul Pry* is but a rather poor imitation of its abler compeers. Not until the Atlantic cable spelled the word WORLD, writ large, did American journalism cease to be ungracefully and aggressively provincial.

Mrs. Royall has often been referred to as the first woman-editor in the United States. She was not. Half a dozen other women preceded her. None of the others, however, remained in the newspaper business long. Only one other, Frances Wright, a young English woman residing in America, as boldly defied current theology and public opinion. Miss Wright foresaw an ideal Republic. Mrs. Royall believed that the present Republic might be perfect if a few schemers could be made to keep their hands off. It was never the future ideal — it was always the now and here which claimed Anne Royall's energetic attention.

During the long period in which Mrs. Royall edited a paper, the United States was dominated by a single personality — ANDREW JACKSON. In vain did academicians and able statesmen point out Jackson's faults — his narrowness, his violent temper, his prejudice, and lack of education. In vain they dwelt upon and blazoned forth his thousand mistakes, his aggressiveness, and his high-handed assumption of legislative and executive powers never granted, and

never meant to be granted, by the Constitution to any President. The masses heeded not such cavil, for the people — the great American people — admired and idolized Andrew Jackson as they had never before, and have not since until the present day, admired and idolized any other President.

Perhaps the reason for this widespread idolatry (north, east, south and west it extended) lies in the fact that Andrew Jackson almost perfectly represented the majority of Americans of his day. They rejoiced in courage. Andrew Jackson's name was a synonym for personal bravery. They respected honesty. Andrew Jackson was grandly honest. They worked for their bread. Andrew Jackson felt himself above no man; his hand was outstretched in cordial, heartfelt greeting to every son and daughter of toil. Americans, in spite of their Puritan traditions, held a lurking belief in luck. Andrew Jackson's "star" never deserted him. Two successful wars had left Americans quite convinced that, with Andrew Jackson's help, they could whip the universe. He held the same opinion. The people hated England — their hereditary foe. So did Andrew Jackson. Early Americans were impatient of red-tape. Setting aside diplomatic traditions, Jackson took the people into his confidence at every critical turn of national affairs — and the people responded as only an Anglo-Saxon people can respond to such high confidence. The people hated and feared the fast-encroaching monopoly of the United States Bank. Jackson freed them from it. That paragraph — potentially the most important paragraph ever penned by any

President of the United States — advocating a square deal for every citizen, rich or poor, worked widely and powerfully. Upon that famous paragraph Anne Royall, along with a host of abler journalists, built her editorial creed. Said Jackson:

"Distinctions in Society will always exist under every just Government. Equality of talents, of education or of wealth cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law. But,when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society, the farmers, mechanics and laborers who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection and, as heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing."

In Andrew Jackson's time the popular heart throbbed with the consciousness of achievement. The people knew, not from tradition, but by ties of kindred and by personal experience, what the upbuilding of the Republic had cost in blood and tears and treasure. A proud sense of ownership was dominant in the public mind. Every citizen, to the remotest corner of the remotest village, felt that *he* had a word to say about the government of *his* country. That spirit was fine, as eternally fine as the most beautiful thing America has to show today — the statue of Liberty

holding aloft her torch at the entrance of New York harbor. Nevertheless, the earlier manifestations of the spirit of American patriotism were often unpleasing, even intensely disagreeable. M. Tocqueville remarks with considerable truth:

"For the last fifty years no pains have been spared to convince the United States that they constitute the only enlightened, religious, and free people. They perceive that, for the present, their democratic institutions succeed while those of other countries fail; hence they conceive an overweening opinion of their superiority, and they are not very remote from believing themselves to belong to a distinct race of mankind."

This national self-satisfaction which M. Tocqueville satirizes showed itself in nearly every American newspaper of Anne Royall's time. For that matter, no fowl in all the journalistic barn-yard crowed more loudly and lustily than little *Paul Pry*. Nevertheless, Mrs. Royall always retained the French sentiments she had imbibed from her husband's mind. The word "Humanity" meant much more to her than it meant to most American writers of her day.

Paul Pry was generally counted a Jackson paper owing to the fact that Mrs. Royall ardently supported many of Jackson's acts. In some measures, though, she vehemently opposed him. His Indian policy she abhorred. The truth is, *Paul Pry* was, emphatically, what it professed to be, an "independent newspaper" — the most unvaryingly independent newspaper, without doubt, ever published in the United States. It may be more than suspected that, after all, Mrs. Royall's main reason for starting a newspaper was to

flaunt her independence in the faces of her late accusers, the Evangelicals. Mrs. Royall was determined to speak her mind, and, having a very good mind entirely made up on most questions, she did speak it during the remainder of her long life through the columns of her newspapers.

At the time Anne Royall launched her powder-laden little cockle-shells upon the rough sea of American journalism big political craft were anchored at Washington. General Duff Green, editor of the *United States Telegraph,* was printer to Congress. When the breach between President Jackson and Vice-President Calhoun became wide, Green sided with Calhoun. Through the influence of Amos Kendall, a new paper was started as the direct organ of the administration, the *Globe,* under the superb leadership of Francis P. Blair, assisted by Amos Kendall and the able John C. Rives. The latter was Blair's business partner. The *Globe* became the most powerfully trenchant party organ this country has ever produced. There was another great paper in Washington at this time, *The National Intelligencer,* under the management of Joseph Gales and William Seaton. Throughout many years the editors of the *Intelligencer* showed Mrs. Royall much personal kindness. The one great blot on *Paul Pry* is its editor's unsuccessful attempt to be witty at the expense of Mr. Gales, to whom (in silly imitation of a vulgar journalistic custom of the day) she constantly referred as "Josy" or "Jo—ee." Mrs. Royall's conscience was deservedly troubled over this piece of impertinence to a good man who had many times befriended her. She took much pains to

explain, later, that she was not fighting Mr. Gales personally, but, instead, the pro-Bank policy of his paper. She says: "I should be a traitor to my country if I let my gratitude for personal favors keep me from attacking the editor of the *Intelligencer* as the author of sentiments which spell R-U-I-N for this nation."

Toward these big papers, *Paul Pry* acted, much of the time, as a persistent little gad-fly. The facts that *Paul Pry* was a small sheet and its editor a woman, one, too, generally discredited in evangelical circles, kept the larger papers from openly noticing the little journal's stings. Once the *Intelligencer* sarcastically congratulated Mr. Blair on having gained Mrs. Royall as an ally in his fight against the Bank. The great editor of the *Globe* took all Mrs. Royall's sharp-pointed shafts good-naturedly — much more good-naturedly, it must be confessed, than Amos Kendall took them. Through the kind courtesy of Francis P. Blair's grandson, Montgomery Blair, Esq., of Washington, D. C., I am permitted to quote part of a letter which tells, interestingly, how old Mrs. Royall took dinner with the bluff, kind-hearted President of the United States. The chances are ten to one, too, that Andrew Jackson enjoyed her company. This letter also gives a capital picture of Washington social life under Jackson's hospitable administration. From his boarding house, Mr. Blair writes:

"My folks get on here pretty well considering that we have got into a horrid boarding-house. The people are good enough, but shockingly dirty, and live so miserably that we are half starved. I have practiced all the skill I learned from you on the road. I

bless the Irish potato with his russet coat. The cracker that defies pollution, being made of such impenetrable stuff, is my bread. Rice, which shows like snow the various spots that have been soiled and enables me to avoid them, is my main living. I am obliged to stand this dieting until Congress is over, when I shall remove to Brown's tavern. I believe I have passed through all the fashionable scenes this winter 'as a looker on in Vienna.' I have come to the settled belief that there was never at any time, or in any country, such miserable parade labored through under the pretence of seeking pleasure. It is all heartless ostentation; or, as Solomon would say, Vanity and Vexation.

"The most hospitable host (the President) commonly invites the whole city, and those who can't get in go away, and as fast as the company gets sick of being wedged in a phalanx, and enabled to extricate themselves and retreat, the house is thinned so that a servant is able to pass through the rabble with a waiter of trumpery over his head. This refreshment is something like that of Tantalus. It is the tyranny of Caligula, who set his laws so high that nobody could reach them. So fashion puts its good things out of reach. At these parties they sometimes try to dance, but it puts me in mind of a Kentucky fight, when the crowd draws the circle so close that the contestants have no room to use their limbs. They have, however, four and twenty fiddlers all in a row, trying by dint of loud music to put amateurs in motion. They jump up and down in a hole, and nobody sees more of them than their heads. Oh, how unlike the free space we have in Kentucky and the life of Crockett's music! Let me dance with my big-footed Bensonians under a Fourth of July arbour. . . . . I have formed, I think, a pretty just opinion of the head men in our administration. It is a great

mistake to think that Old Hickory is in leading-strings, as the coalition say.

"I can tell you that he is as much superior here as he was with our Generals during the war. He is a man of admirable judgment. I have seen proof of it in the direction he has given to affairs this winter in which I know he differed from his advisers; and there are other measures which he adopted, against the opinions of those who are supposed to have control, that have already proved the superiority of his judgment. He is fighting a great political battle, and you will find he will vanquish those who contend with him now as he has always done his public or private enemies. I like him much better than any other person with whom I have become connected by my translation here. He is very much like old Scott. Benevolent and kind to a fault to those he loves; frank, affectionate and full of hospitable feeling. In this last, he goes beyond our old Kentucky General.

"Old Mrs. Royall called in the other day with one of her books to present it to him. When she opened the budget, he saw a partridge in the feathers she had bought for her dinner. He invited her in, and the poor old crazy woman made a hearty meal with him. When he told me the story, I observed carelessly that I was as hungry as Mrs. Royall, having been busy in one of the public offices at dinner time. Upon this, he had a very good dinner prepared for me, against all my protestations, saying he had made it a rule all his life that nobody should ever go out of his house hungry, and I was obliged to comply with this rule.

"When he talks about his enemies, he puts me in mind also of old Scott when he spoke of Humphrey Marshall, but I have remarked that he does not level his indignation at Clay, but at those who take sneaking advantages.

"You may rely upon it he is as good a patriot as ever breathed and as much a democrat as your humble servant. Gratz would call him a Jacobin."

The tone of compassionate tolerance toward "poor old Mrs. Royall" used by Mr. Blair is characteristic of all the editors of secular papers of the time. Mr. Blair had not been in Washington long. He had heard of Mrs. Royall's trial as a common scold. He had seen her bobbing around in the Capitol, wearing her funny mob-cap. He had probably witnessed a word-encounter between her and some "missionary," and the natural inference he drew was that the old lady was "cracked." As a matter of fact, though, Anne Royall's mind remained keen as a razor to the day of her death — twenty-two years after the White House incident so sympathetically described by the famous editor of the *Globe*.

Mrs. Royall describes Francis P. Blair pretty well:

"THE GLOBE. It has been seen that a new paper of this name has recently been established in the city of Washington, and, from what I have seen of the paper so far, I am pleased to find it is ably patronized. Mr. Blair, the editor, is a high-minded, independent and enterprising Kentuckian, descended from one of the first families in the United States, which family I knew well, although I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Blair until I saw him in Washington.

"F. P. Blair, Esq., is rather a young man, of common height, good figure and light make, with a thin, fair, Grecian face, and a countenance of singular keenness of expression. His eye, a clear blue of unwinking boldness, is a two-edged sword, and every feature of his face is stamped with genius. His man-

ners are plain, frank and independent. His dress simple, his conversation pointed and sensible, and bespeaks a man of information. He is a keen, fearless writer, and for the sake of my country I am pleased at the manly and decided stand he has taken against the United States Bank. The people may be assured from this he is their staunch friend. I go heart and hand with him. He is exactly a man after my own heart; he is for his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country. May that country appreciate his worth."

Of the famous leader in the historic struggle for sound currency the editor of *Paul Pry* says:

"Though we are not an admirer of Mr. Benton's manners by any means, we are a great admirer of his talents. No language that we are mistress of can give any idea of his reply to Mr. Clay on the Bank Veto. Such was the force and power of his language we forgot he was a man. His words rolled in torrents, mingled with thunder and lightning, transfixing the listeners to their seats. It was a succession of electric shocks. He scattered Mr. Clay's arguments to the winds like chaff. Mr. Clay was no more in Mr. Benton's hands than a kid in the paws of a lion. He was so bold, so earnest that every avenue of the Capitol resounded."

During Mr. Benton's tremendous speech Mrs. Royall stood leaning on the railing exactly behind the chair of Henry Clay, with whom she conversed at intervals. A representative of the *Alexandria Phoenix*, a pro-Bank paper, saw possibilities of ridicule of Benton in Mrs. Royall's vigorous agreement with the speech. Perhaps such a possibility was suggested to the newspaper man by Clay himself, although with true southern chivalry the Kentucky senator turned

to Mrs. Royall and asked her if she objected to having her presence noted. She replied that she did not object. The *Phoenix* says sarcastically:

"Surrounding Mr. B. when he delivered his tremendous retributive philippic under which Mr. Clay sank, were Kendall, Lewis, etc., etc., and the amiable Mrs. Royall. The kitchen cabinet backed by the authoress of the *Black Book*."

Mrs. Royall denies that she stood near Mr. Benton, but insists pluckily that the gentlemen named would have been in very good company had she been of their group.

CHAPTER X

Paul Pry

Editors of weekly papers all over the country sustained a sort of "hail fellow, well met" attitude toward Mrs. Royall, poking plenty of fun at her, which she took in good part. Often, indeed, she adroitly twisted their jokes into compliments which she copied, as such, in her columns. She writes appreciatively:

"Editors are the most generous and feeling class of men in our country, and the worst rewarded according to their deserts. They toil at the oar night and day to improve, amuse and instruct mankind. If it were not for editors, the world would revert back to barbarism."

One editorial admirer wrote an acrostic in honor of Mrs. Royall:

"Me to inspire, ye sacred nine,
Rifle your treasures — clothe each line,
Send me choice flowers to gem her crown,
And give my favorite fair renown.
No heroine more brave than she,
Nor toil nor danger doth she flee;
Ever prepared to take the field,
Resistless power therein to wield.
O, may Paul Pry with Samson's jaw
Your Pandemonium smite with awe;
And the Black Books give rogues their due —
Lend each a glass his crimes to view."

Probably her attitude toward Masonry had much to do with the kind feeling of many papers for her. The older press was almost solidly Pro-Mason in character. But the friendliness of the secular papers was more than offset by the virulence of the Evangelical and Anti-Masonic organs. The following extract from *The New England Religious Weekly* shows that all the "blackguarding" did not come from Anne's side of the firing line:

"Anne Royall, Esq.—Mistress Anne Royall, author of the *Black Books* and sundry other blackguard publications, has forgotten her late conviction by a jury of being a common scold and public nuisance, and is now applying herself to her old vocation with all the virulence of a Meg Merrilies. The old hag publishes a weekly paper at Washington, ycleped the *Paul Pry*, which is a strong Jackson print and contains all the scum, billingsgate and filth extant."

"Wonder in what part of the Bible he found that?" is Mrs. Royall's comment upon this unflattering picture of herself and her paper.

During the Jackson era sharp pens were in great demand on both sides. Once Mrs. Royall was offered two thousand dollars for the silence of *Paul Pry* on a certain question. She was poor — often to the point of hunger and cold and nakedness. But she refused the bribe. She says, "Some people think we write for pay, and so we do, but we are not an hireling writer."

Mrs. Royall gave strong approval to the Jacksonian policy of "turning the rascals out," for she believed, and had good reason for so believing, that

long tenure of office usually resulted in arrogance and petty tyranny:

"You say that Mr. Sweeny, a very honest man, has been in the post office for twenty years. Then it was time for Mr. Somebody Else who has been out of the post office for twenty years to take his place. So of all these twenty years men. Our people, so far as they have failed to turn out these incompetent old incumbents, have proved themselves unworthy of the trust reposed in them."

In a long editorial, Mrs. Royall argues that there exists no valid reason why a salaried, practically dependent class should be fastened on the government for life. The more persons who, by actual service, learn the science of government, the better citizens we shall have, she preached.

Mrs. Royall's repeated assertion that she never meddled with politics had just about as much foundation in fact as Anthony Absolute's declaration that he was "calm." From the first number of *Paul Pry* to the last issue of *The Huntress*, almost a quarter of a century afterward, there was not a single political battle fought in Washington about which Anne Royall did not have, or rather, fling, her say. She hit, too, with uncommon frequency, and always near the bull's eye. Her pages contain much to offend a critical literary taste, much that her admirers could wish had never been printed. But, liked or disliked, her bitterest enemies must admit that her editorial and other utterances never lacked point.

Twentieth century Americans know little—and care little, more's the pity—about the economic battles which, quite as truly as gun-powder encounters,

have made their country great. It would seem to be high time that text-books of United States history should describe, clearly and at length, the great fight for sound money led by Andrew Jackson, with the masses at his back, against the powerful United States Bank — the octopus trust of his day. Adult special students, of course, may find and read scores of books about this mighty struggle. But the majority of the persons who exercise the right of suffrage will never be special students of United States, or any other, history. A democratic government, for its own preservation, should catch its voters young.

The enormous power possessed by the Bank of the United States is well summed up by Parton in his admirable *Life of Andrew Jackson*:

"At the beginning of the administration of General Jackson the Bank of the United States was a truly imposing institution. Its capital was thirty-five millions. The public money deposited in its vaults averaged six or seven millions; its private deposits six millions more; its circulation twelve millions; its discounts more than forty millions a year; its annual profits more than three millions. Beside the parent Bank at Philadelphia with its marble palace and hundreds of clerks, there were twenty-five branches in the towns and cities of the Union, each of which had its President, cashier and Board of Directors. The employees of the Bank were more than five hundred in number, all men of standing and influence, and liberally salaried. In every county of the Union, in every nation on the globe, were stock-holders of the Bank of the United States. One fifth of its stock was held by foreigners. One fourth of its stock was held by women, orphans, and trustees of charity funds — so high, so unquestioned was its credit. From

Maine to Georgia, from Georgia to Astoria, a man could travel and pass these notes without discount. Nay, in London, Paris, Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, the notes of the Bank of the United States were worth a fraction more or a fraction less, according to the rate of exchange. They could usually be sold at a premium at the remotest commercial centers. It was not uncommon for the stock of the United States Bank to be sold at a premium of forty percent. The Directors of this Bank were twenty-five in number, of whom five were appointed by the United States. *The Bank and its branches received and disbursed the entire revenue of the nation.* At the head of this great establishment was the renowned Nicholas Biddle."

Single-handed and alone, long before Jackson actively opposed it, plucky old Anne Royall took up cudgels against this great monopoly. In her *Black Book* she pilloried one of the foremost bank officials. Afterward, Nicholas Biddle said to her jestingly: "Ah, Mrs. Royall, I will have you tried for your life for killing my President."

Agitation against the Bank in Jackson's time was begun by Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, in a political fight with Jeremiah Mason, a famous New Hampshire lawyer, and president of the branch bank at Portsmouth. Jackson sided with Hill in the contention, and every message sent to Congress thereafter by the President contained veiled or open threats against the United States Bank. The charter of the Bank was to expire in four years, but its friends, taking alarm, determined to ask Congress for a renewal of the charter ahead of time. The effort was successful. In 1832 a bill passed both houses of

Congress renewing the charter of the United States Bank. The opposition papers declared that Jackson would never dare to veto this bill. Little *Paul Pry* and all the administration organs shrieked that he would. Jackson did veto the bill with amazing promptness.

Seldom in its history has the United States seen such excitement as was caused by President Jackson's veto of the Bank bill. The people were wild. Everywhere the working men and women rejoiced as if Utopia were before them. Bonfires were lighted in every public square and on hill-tops. Bands played. Congratulatory speeches were made, and much good rum was drunk. Anne Royall expressed the feelings and the opinion of thousands when, under a big, black eagle on the first page of *Paul Pry*, she declared, "President Jackson has placed himself on the highest pinnacle of honor by this courageous veto."

But the stock-holders of the Bank did not rejoice. The smallest fish were not too small for an angry trust to notice. Even old Mrs. Royall and her funny little newspaper were marked for revenge. The few shreds of reputation which the Evangelicals and the Anti-Masons had left the editor of *Paul Pry* were soon torn to pieces by friends of the mortally wounded Bank. She even suffered physically for the cause of sound money. A man who was, probably, a crazy stock-holder assaulted her by hitting her on the head as she was standing in the post office of a southern town. She says: "Only the fact that I had on a heavily wadded bonnet, which I had purchased once when I thought of traveling in Canada, saved my life."

The *Paul Pry* did good service for other causes, notably fighting a proposed law to stop the transportation of mail on Sunday, and also against threatened nullification of the tariff laws. Possibly Mrs. Royall is the only woman in the United States who ever understood the ins and outs of any tariff legislation. She advocated a middle course — urging England to be less greedy and warning the South not to become hysterical. In a capital editorial, too long to quote entire, she scores and advises both sides:

"We see now, as heretofore, the same hostility to the peace and happiness of the Union, for both the High Tariff men and the Nullifiers, to carry their point, would see the Union rent into atoms. A down-east man is in tears over woolens." She then goes on to dissect the arguments for a better tariff on flannel put forward by the "down east" man. From him she turns her attention to the Nullifiers who have seriously proposed marching to the factories of the north with guns in their hands. "This sort of Nullification talk," she says, "is silly — the result of money, tract, baby-cap and pin-cushion religion. It is wholly without reason." Next, she calmly discusses the bill at that time before Congress. She concludes:

"The hackneyed clause 'Congress shall have power to regulate foreign commerce' is always rung. We ask the gentleman what he thinks of another clause in the Constitution, viz: There shall be no unequal taxation, or words to that effect. We have to say this of the Constitution, that, if it allows interested men to vote great sums of money out of other people's pockets into their own, it is very deficient."

Access to the White House seems to have been dangerously easy in Jackson's time. Mrs. Royall writes:

"Making a few calls on our friends in the neighborhood of the President last Wednesday, we called in to offer him our congratulations on his late happy escape from the assassin, Lawrence. We found the door open, walked in, rang for the porter and waited for some time, but saw nor heard no person excepting another female visitor. The President will, therefore, have the goodness to accept our congratulations through this channel."

The local news in both *Paul Pry* and *The Huntress* was confined almost exclusively to the different departments of the Government. Mrs. Royall certainly had a nose for graft. She made frequent tours through the state department, treasury, post-office, and other public buildings "spotting" corrupt officials who, in her judgment, ought to be removed for the good of the service. Those who, in addition to being dishonest, as she believed, were pious Anti-Masons fared hard at her hands. Judged by modern standards, Mrs. Royall's free use of names in print is abominable. Her coupling many of these names with her own personal grievances is a still greater offence against good taste. The modern reader is continually offended by these flaws in Mrs. Royall's newspapers no less than in her books. But she had plenty of company in her journalistic sins. Files of many other newspapers of the same barren literary era are equally distasteful, and far less amusing reading. Every page of Anne Royall's newspapers breathes patriotism. She was always reproaching

Washingtonians with their lack of that virtue. July 12, 1834, she writes indignantly in *Paul Pry*:

"It will, it must,astonish the people of the United States that this anniversary of the Fourth of July, as well as last year, was passed over in this city with silent contempt, except for a few crackers and rockets here and there. What does this mean, we should like to know? The *Intelligencer* makes a pitiful apology for this neglect of our sacred day. The *Globe* passes it over in contemptuous silence.

"Not a city, town or hamlet in the Union but has testified more or less respect for this day, while this 'ten mile square' has not taken pains to conceal its contempt. That there is a plot to make this place the seat of MONARCHY or of a HIERARCHY, which you please, is plain. Hence, they want to wean the people from even the semblance of independence. Yet the people let their representatives appropriate money to build up this city."

Amusingly fanatical, perhaps, but Mrs. Royall honestly feared all the dire evils that she prophesied as likely to spring from ecclesiastical and Anti-Masonic influence.

Gradually, though, she came to love the city of Washington. Year by year she grew less bitter. Pride in the growth of the capital took the place of her former suspicion that money was being wasted in beautifying the place.

Although a painfully amateur sheet, *Paul Pry* mastered one great lesson of newspaper success. It learned to blow its own horn. In the last number, November 19, 1836, just after the election of Van Buren as Jackson's successor, its editor rehearses at

length some of the services which her paper has performed for the country at large and for Washington:

"Always in the van of the editorial corps, and attacking the enemies of the country in their strongholds, *Paul Pry* dragged them into open day, and pointed them out to the people. *Paul Pry* was the first to sound the note of alarm that there were traitors in the camp. It was the first to proclaim the abandonment of Reform by General Jackson. It was the first to discover and to challenge the Post Office frauds. It was the first to challenge the organization of the office-holders, as a party, at the Fourth of July celebration at Pittsburg and Brownsville in 1833. It was the first that challenged the Indian land frauds of the great land companies, and the perfidy of the southern Jackson men in selling the country to Mr. Van Buren and his political intriguers to conceal those frauds. *Paul Pry* was the first to put a stop to the enormous swindling of a knot of 'God's people,' as they call themselves. Millions of dollars were swallowed up by this concern (thank God for removing two of them) under pretence of drawing money for corporation debts from Congress. *Paul Pry* was the first to trace these pious rogues to their den and drag them forth (may a speedy vengeance overtake them) to the light of day.

"And it is to *Paul Pry* that the citizens of Washington are chiefly indebted for the last act of Congress in behalf of their Holland debt, by putting it out of the power of this pious —— —— and his friends to finger the cash.

"In return, we are proud to acknowledge that the citizens of Washington have ever been the able, willing and untiring friends of *Paul Pry*. A thousand years of service of ten such papers to such people would not nor could not repay them. The editress has only to say that, if the people will do their duty to themselves as faithfully as has been done by them,

all will yet be well. But let no man sleep at his post. Remember, the office holders are desperate, wakeful and urgent."

Mrs. Royall's editorial utterances were often stolen. Even a late two-volume historical work quotes a full editorial from *Paul Pry* with only the vague introduction, "A Washington paper of the time said." The author of this same historical work also quotes, with due and full acknowledgement, from the *Globe* and the *Intelligencer*, of Washington.

Verily, the ghost of bigotry walks long! Seventy-five years have passed, and yet an American historian fears, apparently, that he may detract from the dignity of his book by openly crediting the words that vivify his description to the woman who wrote them — a woman whose sole crime was that she cried out (screamed out, termagant-like, if you will) to those whom she honestly believed to be pharisees and money-changers defiling the temple of Liberty, "Away with ye, hypocrites and thieves."

CHAPTER XI

The Huntress

Through the mistakes of her first paper Mrs. Royall learned to edit her second one admirably. The first number of *The Huntress* was issued December 2, 1836. Until extreme old age impaired Mrs. Royall's physical strength, *The Huntress* remained a very sprightly and readable paper, always excepting, of course, editorial matter distasteful to Anti-Masons and to persons holding strict Calvanistic views. Owing, however, to the widespread horror of its editor among the Evangelicals, *The Huntress* was never much of a financial success.

Mrs. Royall started out on new and improved lines. The first page of the little newspaper was devoted to purely literary matter — well-selected stories, poems, and instructive anecdotes. Two pages were filled with lively editorial comment, news, and a capital joke column. The remaining sheet was fairly well covered with advertisements.

The rancor which lay behind *Paul Pry* at its inception had almost wholly disappeared, as far as the editor's personal grievances went. Mrs. Royall now felt kindly toward the city of Washington, although she believed the capital city ought to be farther west and prophesied its early removal thither. One of the most sympathetic items in an early number of

The Huntress is a paragraph of congratulation to Judge Cranch (the presiding Judge at Mrs. Royall's trial, it will be remembered) upon his recovery from a severe illness. She adds:

"Judge Cranch's two sons are fine fellows. One of them is a superior artist. It is a disgrace to our country that these two young men should remain unrecognized."

Looking over the story-pages of *The Huntress* is like entering an old farmhouse attic hung around with bunches of sage, catnip, spearmint, and penny-royal — sweet homely herbs which, in Anne Royall's time, formed the *materia medica* of many an American household. Agnes Strickland, Frederika Bremer, Miss Mitford, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Sigourney, Sarah Jane Hale, are a few of the names that bring to the elderly reader memories almost sacred. Mrs. Hemans, Alice Cary, N. P. Willis, and O. W. Holmes are names signed to many of the poems which Mrs. Royall copied in *The Huntress*. Mrs. Malaprop, Jack Downing, and Widow Bedott have much to say. Concerning the latter, Mrs. Royall asks, "What has become of the Widow Bedott? He who has delighted the readers of the *Saturday Gazette*? Can he not get up a new subject in nature's finest touches, of which the table-talk of the Widow Bedott is the truest specimen extant? These articles contain the most perfect painting of human nature, life and manners we ever met with, not excepting 'Sam Slick.'"

Mrs. Royall worshipped the rising Dickens. "Sketches from Pickwick," "Boz," and "Wellerisms" head many a column of *The Huntress*. Pen portraits

were continued in *The Huntress*, especially of members of Congress. There was a "Ladies' Gallery" also. Judging by Mrs. Royall's feminine portraits there was not a single ugly woman in Washington society. The following is a specimen of her pictures of her own sex as shown in *The Huntress*. The tribute is wholly sincere, for Mrs. Jones, wife of Senator G. W. Jones, of Iowa, had been very good to old Mrs. Royall. Tradition says, too, that the account of the lady's beauty is not exaggerated.

"MRS. HON. SENATOR JONES.

"Here we must pause. This lady, with the highest accomplishments, unites a flowing figure of the De Medicis model. She is, upon every account, a splendid woman. Yet her style of beauty, particularly the eye and countenance, are new to us. We sometimes meet with traits in the human face that baffle the English language and can only be reached figuratively. But in the present case we are bankrupt. Mrs. J. is very young, quite a girl, tall and formed as above mentioned, with all the grace and dignity of the De Medicis sculpture. Her hair is black as the raven, profuse and glossy. Her features are round in contour, of the most becoming harmony. Her skin is fair and diffused with a crimson bloom, ornamented with dimples. Her bland smooth forehead,— a most tranquil brow,— chaste and spotless as the downy snow, has much expression. But her eye — it is like no other. It is large, of a dark hazel, and neither sparkles nor glitters, but has a steady halo, or glow, as though it were on the point of bursting into a magic flame. But the innocence, the shrinking modesty and the imploring kindness of those eyes, that countenance, and those lady-like manners we never shall forget."

Never in her portraits of ladies does Mrs. Royall mention their clothes. She would have considered such allusion impertinent. Neither does she in her newspapers ever take the slightest notice of brilliant social functions such as fill columns nowadays. A political banquet at which good or significant speeches were made sometimes claims her attention, and once she quotes sympathetically a description of a picnic at Lowell, Massachusetts, at which four thousand mill girls were entertained by the owners of a new factory which was to amaze the world by "using several hundred power looms."

The Huntress, like its predecessor, *Paul Pry*, was an independent journal. Its editor writes:

"They say, 'Why not take one side or the other, Mrs. R., and stick to it?' Not so. We leave party questions in better hands — to our friends of the *Union* and the *Intelligencer* — while we look after the great enemy of our country, Despotism. We beg leave to state, once for all, we are neither Whig nor Democrat, but put the rod to both when we think they do wrong."

Mrs. Royall never lost her reverence for the press as a means of enlightenment. The motto conspicuously displayed on the first page of *The Huntress* was a line from Jefferson: "Education, the main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty."

A newspaper's chief business, according to Mrs. Royall, was to educate the people to respect, maintain, and defend free government.

Mrs. Royall's personal choice for President as Jackson's successor was Judge White, of Tennessee. She did not trust Van Buren. She writes: "Mr.

Van Buren is obnoxious to all parties, because there is no dependence to be placed on the man. He is like the Irishman's flea, when you put your hand on him he is not there."

In the days of *The Huntress*, election returns came into Washington slowly. In the issue dated December 2, 1836, she says:

"We had not received all the returns when our paper went to press — the mails, as respects the people, are dead. The general opinion was that the office-holders and General Jackson had elected their candidate, Van Buren. This news will be received with great indignation by the people. All the comfort we have for them is to keep cool for the present, until they can gain time and information upon the best means to rescue their country. Meantime, it is no small gratification to us that in four cities which patronized the EXTRA PAUL PRY viz: Philadelphia, New York, Harrisburg and Lancaster, the party was defeated."

Of Van Buren's message, she says, "It is something like the Indian's knife — 'a great gewgaw of a handle, no blade at all, almost.' "

But Anne Royall knew her civic duty. "The office of President," she says, "should make any man respected." Very soon, therefore, she called on President Van Buren at the White House:

"We have often heard it stated that President Van Buren would not admit visitors to his house unless they had particular official business. This must be erroneous. We found not half so much difficulty as we sometimes find at the houses of common citizens, or as we have sometimes found at the same mansion heretofore.

"A very genteel porter answered our call, and very promptly not only invited us in but upon our saying that we wished to see the President, without announcing us at all, led the way upstairs saying, 'Walk up, Madam.' Upon reaching the President's door he announced us for the first time, at which we were somewhat confused. But we were immediately admitted and found Mr. Van Buren well. He was alone except for his eldest son, his private secretary. Both received us standing and with the same easy courtesy for which Mr. Van Buren is justly distinguished. After chatting a few minutes and exchanging reciprocal good wishes for each other's health and happiness, we took leave much pleased with our visit."

After the United States Bank was downed, United States funds were distributed among favored state banks. A troublesome surplus soon accumulated which Congress, after the manner of some later Congresses, was quite willing to reduce by all manner of land and other bills, many of which were designed to aid corporate interests. Paper money flooded the land. Paper banks sprung up like mushrooms all over the country. Legally, the public money placed in the different state banks was merely loaned to these institutions. Nevertheless, most states regarded the funds thus deposited, practically as a gift. Naturally "distribution" of public money was extremely popular. The banks speculated wildly with these government funds, especially in buying public lands in the far West. A few, including Jackson himself, saw the danger that threatened the country from this unnatural inflation of the currency. Accordingly, a week after the adjournment of a refractory Congress, President Jackson issued his famous "Specie Circu-

lar," the full results of which were not felt until Van Buren's administration. This circular ordered all land commissioners, after a certain date, to accept only gold and silver in payment for public land. A financial crash followed which reached its height under Van Buren in 1837. Distress was widespread. Even Washington city, where there were no manufacturing interests and where the population was made up largely of salaried persons, felt the panic severely. Mrs. Royall, who had always stood for sound money, writes of the local situation:

"THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.

"People may say lo, here, and lo, there, and talk as they please of the happiness of our country and the fitness of our Constitution to insure peace and prosperity — but we see distress and trouble look which way we will. If it be happiness for one portion of the people — and no inconsiderable portion — to do all the labor and yet suffer for the necessaries of life, and, in many cases, after laboring hard a lifetime, perish of want in our streets or in the poorhouse (the same thing), while another portion lives idle, dresses gay, visits, has splendid houses and furniture, fine carriages, and every luxury for the table that money can buy — if it be happiness and prosperity for provisions to be out of the reach of the poor and indigent, then we are prosperous. Bacon 16 cents, pork 10 to 12 cents, brown sugar 14, lard 14 to 18, butter 37½ to 40, and, whilst this rise in provisions is as sudden as it is extraordinary, money has as suddenly disappeared. This is the case in Washington, and, from the best information we are able to obtain, it is the case generally, and starvation stares us in the face. If this be happiness, then we are a happy people. So

much for our domestic concerns. This is accounted for by the multiplication of banks and corporate concerns."

A certain much-abused Trust is evidently older than many people know. An editorial in *The Huntress* deals with it:

"THE BEEF MONOPOLY.

"We learn from undoubted authority that one of the largest beef-monopolies of the South last week obtained a loan exceeding $40,000 from one of our banks to enable it to keep up the price of cattle. May the beef men and the bank men be crushed to atoms by the weight of their own enormities!"

About the year 1837 the cry began to be raised, "America for the Americans." The feeling against foreigners, especially against Catholic foreigners, became intense. Mrs. Royall looked on this sentiment as manufactured and fostered by the Church and State party — a clever attempt to grasp political control. She says:

"A Catholic foreigner discovered America. Catholic foreigners first settled it. Then foreigners of all denominations came over and settled the new country. Some came at one time and some at another — they have been coming ever since. When the colonies were about to be enslaved, foreigners rescued it. Meantime, we beg leave to say that the day *may* come when it may be dangerous to permit foreigners to emigrate to this country, but that day, we believe, is far distant — a thousand years, perhaps.

"At present, we verily believe that the liberty of this country is in more danger from this native combination than from foreigners, and it is as clear to our view as the hand before our face that the object of this native association is to establish a despotic

power. The outcry of these natives arises from the well-known fact that they dread foreigners as an unsurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of their treacherous plot."

During the campaign of 1844 which ended in the election of James K. Polk as President, Mrs. Royall had an associate editor who managed a poetical-political supplement at his own expense. Mrs. Royall always washed her hands of poetry. She says:

"The poetical articles which appear in this paper this week are the productions of the assistant editor. His club-offer, etc. (in another column), is totally independent of the regular circulation, and is done to gratify the lovers of songs, etc. It is a speculation of his own, which, for his sake, we hope may be successful."

Mr. C. W. Fenton, the assistant editor, was a Whig of the most pronounced type. Under his influence the little *Huntress* suddenly broke out with startling headlines:

"A RARE CHANCE:

"ORIGINAL WHIG SONGS, THE HUNTRESS FOR 50 CENTS UNTIL THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"All who wish to have in their possession a collection of choice, well-written, pointed, original Whig Songs and other caustic productions have the opportunity now offered them, at the low price of FIFTY CENTS."

The songs were jingles made up of personal allusions, bad puns, and clumsy jokes. The following is a

specimen, which Mrs. Royall cautiously pronounces to be "probably creditable to the author":

"WHY DON'T HE CROW?

"That bird on the top of the hickory pole,
That bird on the top of the hickory pole,
That bird on the top of the hickory pole;
What is it — a pheasant? Oh no, sir, oh no.
That bird is a rooster. Then why don't he crow?

"That bird seems weary, how came it up there?
It should not have flown so high through the air.
He turns round about with so vacant a stare
That I very much doubt he *could* crow if he dare.

"A splendid bald Eagle, 'twas said 'tother day,
Flew over this pole to the Westward away.
Which was construed by Amos* an omen of luck,
Who is or pretends to be prophesy-struck.

"But a prophet, 'tis well known, no honor obtains
In the land of his birth, thereupon it remains
To be seen in the issue how far he's correct
When himself and his Omens shall meet with respect.

"But the Eagle which Westward was winging its way,
To Kentucky was bound on a visit to Clay.
Grapes come not of thorns nor of thistles the fig,
This *bald* Eagle at Ashland will find a good W(h)ig."

Mr. Fenton's Whig candidate, Henry Clay, was defeated because of his indecisive views on the question of the acquisition of Texas. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who strongly favored the annexation of Texas, was elected, the Liberty party, objecting to slavery and favoring the acquisition of Texas, holding the balance of power.

It was extremely characteristic of Anne Royall that she should let Mr. Fenton sing his songs in her

*Amos Kendall.

newspaper while she, the chief editor, was strongly for Texas. Mr. Polk was an old acquaintance and patron of Mrs. Royall. In the interesting "Polk Correspondence" preserved in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress we find a letter from Mrs. Royall to Mr. Polk which shows her independence more fully, perhaps, than any other single piece of evidence extant. It shows, also, how thoroughly sincere she was in her warfare against the Church and State party. At the head of the long sheet on which the letter is written is this receipt:

"Received of Hon. J. K. Polk, two dollars and fifty cents for his paper, *The Paul Pry*. Washington City, Feby. 6th, 1834.

"Anne Royall"

Underneath follows the letter:

"Hon. J. K. Polk

"Sir: —

"I do not feel reconciled in taking your money, and, before I would have you imagine I am under obligations, which I am not, I shall be very happy to return it to you. I make these remarks from a *report* that would not justify silence and from the reluctance with which you *in particular* paid for the paper. And yet I hope I am mistaken. I rather think there is too much money religion in that quarter which I shall handle, not sparingly, when other matters are disposed of. I despise the canting of Messrs. Clay and March since they have been converted to Money Religion. I have the honor to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"Anne Royall.

"P. S. Men who are governed by women, and those women governed by Priests, are not fit to govern the Nation."

Mrs. Royall was an ardent expansionist. Of Texas she says:

"Alas for the lone Star! Will our people stand with arms folded and tamely look on while those savage Spaniards butcher their kindred and their friends? We think not. We hope not."

Accordingly to *The Huntress*, the Mexican War was justifiable, even righteous. Of General Taylor Mrs. Royall had the highest opinion:

"General Taylor—with all the bravery of Cæsar without his ambition, the prudence and policy of Washington, and the unflinching coolness and skill of General Jackson — as a great General has few equals in the art of War and the grandeur of his men."

The shadow of the coming conflict over slavery grew apace. In the columns of *The Huntress* Mrs. Royall fought steadily against the abolitionists and all their works. Seldom, though, did she attack an abolitionist without qualifying her onslaught by explaining that she did not defend slavery *per se*. That all abolitionists were, at heart, Church and State supporters she never doubted:

"We do not oppose abolition. We oppose the use that is made of it — being only a repetition of the Sunday mail plan."

Mrs. Royall was present when Daniel Webster made a speech meant to suggest a compromise on the question of slavery. In this speech the great lawyer argued that while slavery could not legally be meddled with in the older states, the case was different in the territories. Mrs. Royall complains: "Mr. Webster

d:d not speak on this occasion with his accustomed vigor." But Senator Johnston, of Georgia, who followed the Massachusetts statesman, showed vigor enough. He set forth the abolitionists in a most uncomplimentary light. Even Mrs. Royall felt sorry for them. She says:

"These poor abolitionists are not the prime movers of these appalling principles. They are most of them morally honest, even scrupulously so. They are kind neighbors and charitable on many occasions. But they have been erroneously educated. There may be a lack of intellectual grasp which cunning sectarians have moulded to their own interest in schools instituted for this purpose, where their reasoning powers have been crushed out by forcing them to believe that their religion is the only true religion on earth."

In fact, if the early abolitionists had not, in their manifestos, constantly declared that slavery was "a sin against God," and if they had not continually employed other phrases common to the "blueskins," Anne Royall would, in all probability, have been their most ardent supporter.

The editorial page of *The Huntress*, like that of *Paul Pry*, is a curious mixture of fanatical attack, solid chunks of common-sense, acute criticism, exposure of public corruption, and naive narration of the editor's personal affairs. Sometimes the editor takes the public into her confidence, thus:

"No paper will be issued from this office this week. We really must take one week once in ten years to fix up our wardrobe, which is getting shabby. Our next issue will welcome Congress."

Mrs. Royall witnessed the first exhibition of the telegraph before a congressional committee. Mr. Morse asked her what he should say to his assistant in Baltimore, whom she knew well.

She replied, "Tell him Mrs. Royall is present," to which the gentleman at the other end of the line gallantly responded, "Give my respects to Mrs. Royall."

Long afterward she again met the great inventor. She says:

"We think very highly of this amiable man, and our opinion is that his country is unworthy of him. He has spent his life, his money and his talents in the study of Science for the benefit of mankind; the successful result, we believe, was offered to Congress, but was evaded under some pretence or other.

"When we first had the pleasure to see Professor Morse, some eighteen years since, he had just returned from Europe, where he had been to finish his studies. He was then a blooming young man and highly accomplished. He is now thin, gray and careworn, though his manners are still fascinating. But he has lost that animation that became him so well. Thus Genius is suffered to languish and die in our country. Shame! Shame!"

About this time the first daguerreotype rooms were opened in Washington, and Mrs. Royall, ever eager to see new inventions, immediately investigated the process. She writes:

"It requires but a few minutes to take a likeness. You have nothing to do but sit still upon your chair and look through a tube. At first you see nothing; but in a short time (in our case) the cap-border was distinctly discernible, and the face soon came into full view."

The editor of *The Huntress* reassures timid persons who express doubts as to its being quite ladylike to have their pictures taken:

"No lady need apprehend the least thing unpleasant. As soon as she arrives, Mr. Charles H. Brainard of Boston steps forward and offers his services and protection. There is no mistake. Mr. B., though quite young, is one of your high-minded men — accomplished, and pleasant in his manners."

Mrs. Royall could put a printing press together, and she was able to understand the working of most of the machinery which delighted her at Pittsburg, but Daguerre's process, she confesses, was beyond her:

"We have no conception of this mystery, and should like to understand it. To us it appears superhuman, and among our greatest discoveries."

CHAPTER XII

The West

With the fierce, exultant love of the triumphant pioneer, Anne Royall loved the entire Union. Watching the frontier move steadily westward was her dearest pleasure for three-quarters of a stirring century. Nowhere, perhaps, has this pregnant migration from the east to the Pacific been more effectively and clearly set forth than in Theodore Roosevelt's *The Winning of the West.* In his introduction to that valuable work, the author makes very plain certain facts, and their geographical importance, which every intelligent American should know. By means of these facts, with their enormous influence upon the national temperament, much in Anne Royall's stormy career is easily explained.

Mr. Roosevelt writes:

"The Americans began their work of western conquest as a separate and individual people at the moment when they sprang into national life. It has been their great work ever since."

After speaking appreciatively of George Rogers Clarke and Houston, the historian continues:

"The way in which the southern part of our country — that is all the land south of the Ohio, and from thence on to the Rio Grande and the Pacific — was

won and settled stands quite alone. The region north of it was filled up in a very different manner. The Southwest, including what was once called simply the West, and afterward the middle West, was won by the people themselves, acting as individuals or as groups of individuals who hewed out their individual fortunes in advance of any governmental action. On the other hand, the Northwest, speaking broadly, was acquired by the government, the settlers merely taking possession of what the whole country guaranteed them. The Northwest is, essentially, a national domain; it is fitting that it should be, as it is, not only by position but by feeling, the heart of the nation.

"In the Southwest the early settlers acted as their own army, and supplied both leaders and men. Sevier, Robertson, Clarke and Boone led their fellow-pioneers to battle, as Jackson did afterward, and Houston did later still. Indeed, the Southwesterners not only won their own soil for themselves, but they were the chief instruments in the acquisition of the Northwest also. Had it not been for the conquest of the Illinois towns in 1779, we would probably never have had any Northwest to settle; and the huge tract between the upper Mississippi and the Columbia, then called upper Louisiana, fell into our hands only because the Kentuckians and Tennesseeans were resolutely bent on taking possession of New Orleans, either by bargain or battle. All our territory lying beyond the Alleghanies, north and south, was first won for us by the Southwesterners, fighting for their own land. The northern part was afterward filled up by the thrifty, vigorous men of the Northeast, whose sons became the real rulers as well as the preservers of the Union; but these settlements of Northerners were rendered possible only by the deeds of the nation as a whole. They entered on land that the Southerners had won, and they were kept there

by the strong arm of the Federal Government; whereas, the Southerners owed most of their victories only to themselves."

Anne Royall was born into the individualistic pioneer life; traveling in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama, she had absorbed the splendid colonistic enthusiasm of the Southwest; her army husband, whose opinions she reverenced, upheld with all his heart the ordinance of 1787 under which the Northwest was settled, and which, says Mr. Roosevelt, "absolutely determined its destiny, and thereby, in the end, also determined the destiny of the whole nation;" her long residence of thirty-one years at the national capital, where territorial expansion never ceases to be a topical storm-center, only strengthened her original affection for the West and its people; moreover, there was something congenial to her daring, impetuous nature in the free, unconventional, hospitable atmosphere of the West. She even insisted that life in the broad western domain left an ennobling mark upon the faces of the men and women brought up there. She writes:

"There is an independence in the looks and manners of the Western people, an elevation of thought, and a serenity of countenance altogether peculiar to them."

Mrs. Royall's mother, Mrs. Butler, and her brother, James Butler, it will be remembered, went to Kentucky and from thence migrated west to Indiana. In 1831 Mrs. Royall had the great happiness of seeing both again after a separation of more than fifteen years. On her way to them, in Lawrenceburg, In-

diana, she was also overjoyed to meet one of the two young men who came forward as her bondsmen the day of her trial in Washington City.

"I was hardly seated in the parlor of the tavern when, to my infinite joy, my friend Mr. Thomas Dowling, whom I had left in Washington city, stepped in and took me by the hand!"

After three exclamation marks to express her pleasure, Mrs. Royall continues:

"My joy was unbounded; of all the friends I have in the world I esteem him the most, and to meet him in a strange land was a cordial. I forgot the trunks, my brother, my mother, and all my cares. He soon had the trunks forthcoming, and in a few words informed me he lived in the place, and was the joint editor of a paper published at Lawrenceburg. The virtues and talents of this young man are well known. He used to work with Messrs. Gales and Seaton, and from a friendless, homeless orphan lad has become one of the first members of society. His brother, Mr. John Dowling, the eldest, equally respectable for talents, is now studying law at Lexington. The latter is a Jackson man, and Thomas goes for Henry Clay. I was much gratified to find he commanded (which he always will) the respect and esteem of all parties."

In a footnote, Mrs. Royall notes that "Mr. Dowling has since removed to Greensburg, and publishes a paper of his own."

Indiana in 1831 was such a "thickly timbered state" that Mrs. Royall declares she very nearly suffocated on her way across it. She goes on:

"When we reached Connersville, Indiana, we discovered that my brother lived three miles further

on, and I coaxed up the man, who, for another dollar, conveyed me to my brother's through the most fertile and beautiful land under the sun. Great sugar trees from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high! I had been praying all the way that I might find my brother on a farm, that I might once more drink in the pleasure of a sylvan shade, and was in raptures as we threaded our way through the dark shades and tangled roads. I left it all to my driver, and was a little amused with his 'right and left and straight forward.'

"I understood at Connersville that my mother had left her son and gone to live with a grandson. But there was still pleasure before me, and novelty, too. I had seen my brother, Col. James Butler, but twice in thirty years, and we were a very short time together then, fifteen years since, and I had never seen wife or child belonging to him. I therefore hoped he might not know me, that I might amuse myself in passing for a stranger. I had no knowledge of his situation nor comforts. All I knew of him was that he was an intelligent, honest man, which I had heard from the members of Congress from his state. Though my *Letters* had preceded me to Connersville, and had been noticed so often in the papers, such is his retirement he never heard I was on the tour, as it appeared. I resolved, if I did not like the appearance, to return in the same wagon to Connersville; and, when we reached my brother's fence (the house setting back in a field), we left the baggage in the wagon, tied the horse, and, finding neither gate nor stile, the driver helped me over, and we soon reached the house, which stood exposed to the blazing sun.

"As I drew near the door so as to see the house, I saw my brother, and discovered by his smiling that he knew me. So it was all over. My sister Sally (as we will call Mrs. Butler) was a great bouncing woman, with rosy cheeks and a rolling black eye. She cried

for joy. She looked young enough to be my brother's daughter, and was nearly double his size. My brother was careworn and shrunk up to nothing.

"I soon saw I was welcome on all sides. But the children! — the house swarmed with them. 'Are all these yours?' I asked. 'Here is not half,' said my brother. 'Here is a sweet little babe you haven't seen yet,' said my sister, taking an infant from the cradle. 'We have two married,' said my brother, 'and two have gone away,' said my sister. There were six in the house then. They had ten, or perhaps twelve; and from that day to this I never was able to retain their names. Meantime, I remained standing, for I saw no chance to write. But one room in the house below stairs, or, rather, below ladder. All this I liked — it was novel, it was rural, it was wild — was what I had once been used to, and what I had long mourned for. But how was I to write? For you might stop my breath if you stop my pen. The north front of the house looked cool, and a grove of shady trees stood near; and a small cabin, too, though it looked rather rusty. I could have that fitted up and shaded with boughs, and by the help of imagination it might be changed to a new cabin — the very thing I wished for. All this was conceived in half a minute or less, and, having settled the most important affair, I sat down and desired the man to bring in my baggage.

"By this time one of the absent sons appeared, who, although only a boy in age, was a man in size. His name was John. He was very handsome and very raw. He stood and stared at me awhile, and then walked off to help with the baggage. After the man had taken a hasty snack, I paid him the extra dollar, and he departed. We spent a pleasant evening in talking over old times. My mother, it appeared, lived with Cowan, at Edenburg, between forty and fifty miles distant, and they were about removing (if not

actually gone) up the Wabash to Logansport, nearly three hundred miles. This was a disappointment, indeed, but I resolved to rest a few weeks.

"Accordingly, next morning, I slipped John a dollar, and set him forthwith at work upon my little cabin. He soon formed it into a pleasant bower by covering it with green boughs to keep out the sun, which otherwise would have assailed me through the logs. A table and chair were placed in the hut, and I was soon engaged with my pen as happy as heart could wish.

"When tired of sitting, I often strolled about under the lofty trees or called on a near neighbor. Sometimes, indeed, my premises were visited by a saucy hog, which, I think, was a pet. But pet or no pet, he was very impudent and made no bones of rooting down my shade, and often came to the door and grunted in my face. A rude flock of geese and a still ruder flock of sheep often trespassed on my domain, but the children were very good, and kept clean on the other side of the lot, and my time went off very pleasant for eleven days."

This little oasis in her life did Mrs. Royall much good. She was never quite so sharp again. Mrs. Royall found her mother at Springfield, Vermilion county:

"I inquired at the first house I came to if the Messrs. Cowan lived in Springfield, and was answered in the affirmative. It being Sunday I supposed their store was shut, they being merchants; and, wishing to apprise my mother of my arrival indirectly, I concluded to stop at the store myself and to send for one of the Cowans to break the matter to my mother by degrees. Accordingly, I stopped at the store, and, finding a genteel man in the yard, I asked which was Mr. Cowan's dwelling and if Mrs. Butler was at

home? He pointed to the the house, which was about two hundred yards distant, and replied that he thought she was.''

Patrick and William Cowan, Mrs. Butler's grandsons, came at once to the store. Mrs. Royall remarks:

''Patrick, I thought, saluted rather coldly. I paid little attention to this, for I was planning the interview with my mother, whom I had not seen for sixteen years. She was now in her seventy-eighth year, and, though stout and active, as I understood, I did not wish to meet her unapprised. She was in a neighbor's house in town to see a sick child; and Patrick, after apprising his wife, as it appears, to prepare breakfast, went for my mother — told her he wanted her to come home, as it was near breakfast time. She paid little attention to him, but continued to give directions about the sick child.

'' 'Come, come, Grandmother, I've got good news to tell you.'

'' 'What is it?'

'' 'Oh, come along and I'll tell you. I've heard of Aunt R— she's coming to see us.'

''She dropped the child and set off with him.

'' 'Who told you? Where is she? How did you hear?'

'' 'I heard it from a traveling man. She will soon be here.'

''After she got over the first surprise, he said he expected me there that day and that he would not be surprised if I got there that day. When he reached home, finding she bore it pretty well, he told her I was in town, and that he had seen me, and she must rig up a little while he went for me. All this he related afterward. While he was preparing my mother, William, the single one, called on me, but was much embarrassed. He was a handsome, small man, but very diffident.

"Patrick soon called again, and I was not many minutes in reaching the house. The first object I saw as I stept in at the door was my mother sitting composedly in a chair. The minute I was fairly in the house the dear old woman sprang with the rapidity of lightning and caught me in her arms! The first words I could distinguish were, 'Well, never, never did I expect to see you again!' These were the only words I could clearly distinguish while I was with her, her voice being so low and inarticulate that I could hardly understand her. Those accustomed to her understood her very well; and the family had to interpret most of what she said. She was quite serene. All her joy seemed to be mental. I now saluted Mrs. Patrick Cowan, a sweet, pretty, delicate woman whom I had never seen before. The children were the handsomest creatures I ever laid my eyes on. I think they had seven, but to this day I do not know the names of half my nephews and nieces."

We catch a glimpse of Anne Royall's silent bravery about her own troubles:

"I had met with a sad reverse of fortune since I saw my mother, which subject she introduced. But it is one upon which I have never been able to converse, and she dropped it.

"My mother is a low, light woman, and once the handsomest of her day, though, like myself, undersized. She is now considerably bent, her features have grown longer, and she is much burned with the climate. But her eye (and such an eye!) was as brilliant as ever, and she could see to read the smallest print without glasses.

"She had been subject to what is called the shaking palsy for many years, which I shall always attribute to the immoderate use of strong coffee, and, though it has greatly increased, and perhaps affected her voice, her mental powers, contrary to the common

effects of old age, had become stronger to an astonishing degree — far beyond what she was at any time I knew her. Her remarks had so much point that I shook from head to foot with amazement. She appeared to be supernatural. This is the only instance I ever heard of the same nature.

"She is never sick, but has devoted so much of her time to the afflicted that her knowledge of medicine is said to be consulted before any physician wherever she is known. I had heard this, but treated it as a farce. But after seeing her I would believe anything. She was always reckoned sensible, but she is far beyond that now. She shakes so violently that she is compelled to drink through a tube. Yet she is active, eats hearty, and can outride most females on horseback.

"Poor old woman! after experiencing every vicissitude of fortune she has the pleasure of seeing her family respectable, wealthy and flourishing, and finds a most comfortable asylum in its bosom. I was charmed with the affectionate manner of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan toward her; and Patrick is indeed the most affectionate and tender-hearted man in the world. It was with the most heartfelt pleasure I saw him taking wine to a poor sick stranger, and devoting his whole time to those in distress; sitting up nights with them, nursing total strangers with the care and tenderness of a parent. I soon found that what I took for coldness was only embarrassment.

"Two days was all I could spend with my mother, as William was obliged to return on urgent business."

This visit to the West strengthened, if possible, Mrs. Royall's affection for that part of the country. She writes:

"As to soil and water, Indiana and Illinois are worth the whole United States. Not an inch of ground that I have seen in either state but can be cultivated."

Cincinnati, though, she found "a den of thieving missionaries — a spot where Anti-Masonry and money religion have done their worst. It is a fair Sodom."

A few righteous, however, Mrs. Royall found in the city — the party of Masons who received her — Judge Burke, Mr. Langdon, Mr. Henry and Mr. T. Flint. She writes:

"I never longed to see even my mother more than I did Mr. Flint, whose fame has placed him far beyond my feeble pen. He is well known to rank among the first men of the age. As a gentleman and fine writer — as a man of strong mind, deep conception, classical elegance, and inventive powers he is second to no American writer. His teeming mind dresses his lively ideas with a magic sweetness which never fails to charm; nor are we less pleased with his sprightly wit and descriptive powers. As I anticipated, this amiable man, the proud leader of our literary band, had to drop his Review for want of support. Oh, shame to the 'Queen of the West.' "

At Shelbyville, Indiana, Mrs. Royall was handsomely entertained by Captain Walker, who, she says, was the son of the first settler of Indiana:

"He and the celebrated Daniel Boone came in company to hunt in the (now) state of Indiana, and Captain Walker, when a boy, used to keep camp for them."

In her journal Mrs. Royall makes many reflective remarks upon the superiority of Western character:

"One thing is peculiar to the Western country, which is a native and inbred sense of honor.

"In the Western states, thank heaven, we have some virtue and freedom of thought.

"Refinement is moving her empire to the West."

She pays tribute to one of Ohio's greatest sons:

"To my great joy I met with some dear friends whose happiness is never forgotten in my prayers to Heaven, Judge McClean and lady, both looking well. He majestic, mild and dignified, she the admired of all. Would she not adorn the White House? Perhaps she may yet.

"They were making a tour through the upper Mississippi country. But the best news of all is that Judge McClean remembers the poor in his absence and left particular instructions with his agents for the benefit of the sick and destitute. This is true gospel. May heaven reward him for the Godlike act."

"N. B. Markle, of Terre Haute, is one of our own boys in the West. Terre Haute is the garden-spot of Indiana for intelligence, wit and refinement."

Later in her editorial capacity, Mrs. Royall constituted herself into a sort of advisory paternal government for the West:

In *The Huntress*, she says:

"It appears Hon. W. C. Johnson gets on slowly with his bill for the relief of the indebted states.

"For our life, we cannot see why those rich mines in Illinois, for instance, cannot be allowed to be farmed out to pay its debts. It is a hard case for a sovereign state, no matter how she incurred the misfortune, to endure the odium, not to say distress, of a heavy debt hanging over her while she possesses within her borders so rich a treasure. We should say it was 'unconstitutional.' And as for those two saucy young ladies, Miss Wisconsin and Miss Iowa, who are rolling in wealth, and expect to be married to Uncle Sam shortly, they should contribute to the wants of their elder sister."

More than any other river on this planet, not excepting the Nile, the Rhine or the historic Tiber,

the mighty Mississippi has influenced the imagination of mankind. English and French poets have apostrophized it in flowing, alliterative verse; German philosophers have used it as a figurative boundary-mark of thought; artists have brooded over it; to historians its blood-tinged waters have inspired eloquence; the novelist has made the great river and the savage race that once roamed its banks his own; to commerce it has proved a stream of gold, and, last but by no means least, the phrase employed in its early navigation, "mark twain," has become a household joy in every civilized nation through its connection with the world's best-loved humorist, Samuel L. Clemens.

The banks of the wonderful river were comparatively lonely when Anne Royall first steamed northward upon it. She felt its mystery and charm as she seldom felt the poetry of natural beauty:

"The scenery on this part of the Mississippi River is said to be flat. It may appear so to those who see it every day, but a first view is very interesting. The mighty river itself is an object of deep interest and untiring beauty, and always sublime. Its serpentine figure renders it always beautiful. The points of land caused by its windings, which are seen far ahead, assume every figure and every shade, rising one above another. Some of them appear like green towers; some like solid green walls. These again are variegated by sudden changes in the growth, from cotton trees to willows and from the willow to the cedar tree. The numerous islands, bayous and fields of dark-green corn on the shores, stocked with droves of sleek black and white cattle, the trees enveloped in a green vine forming every kind of figure out of the

twigs — some into goblets, some wreaths and fringe-tufts, and some actually resemble a hand with green gloves on. This vine produces a rich red flower as large as one's fist. The person must lack taste indeed who would not be pleased with this scenery."

The sandbars appear above Memphis. Their principal beauty arises from their uninterrupted smoothness and their soft, nankeen color. They stretch up and down the stream in sword points. The banks above Memphis are lined with the green rush called scrubbing grass. Tons of this might be gathered. It adds much to the beauty of the country.

When she reaches the steeper banks crowned by mighty sycamores, Mrs. Royall is enraptured. But with her, poetical feeling never long crowds out practical possibilities.

"Above any other part of the world, the people of the Western states are indebted to Fulton. They would never have been distinguished from the vegetables of their soil were it not for his invention."

It was like her, too, to return to Washington and work the rest of her life for the improvements which would aid navigation of the river that had so deeply moved her wonder and admiration.

In three columns of *The Huntress,* August 7, 1847, she scores Thomas H. Benton for arguing against a grant of money to improve the Mississippi river and the harbors of the western lakes. Benton claimed that the government should give aid only to national and not to "local improvements." At the same time, perhaps to soften his refusal of money, he de-

livers a glowing panegyric on the "great West." Mrs. Royall falls afoul of his speech.

"Wonder if there is a small West," she sniffs contemptuously. "Colonel Benton has swapped some of his 'I's' for 'Me's.' Who would have believed that, after admitting all this greatness of the West, that the Senator would come out pointedly against any resort to Congress or the Treasury? We understand the gentleman. As chief of the Demagogues, he wants all the money in the treasury, both the trust funds and revenue, to aid a certain gentleman to reach the Presidency, as we shall show anon — all 'National.'"

Mrs. Royal goes on to give the following statistics concerning the receipts at New Orleans from the upper country for the year 1846:

"Total, 77 millions of dollars.

"Steamboats employed for the trade of St. Louis, 251.

"Whole number on Western rivers, nearly 1,200, valued at 16 millions, to which are to be added 4,000 keel and flat boats.

"Annual cost of transportation, 41 millions.

"Value of the whole commerce afloat, 430 millions, being *double the amount of the whole foreign commerce of the United States.*"

"I would be glad to learn," comments Mrs. Royal "whether a country yielding an annual treasure to the amount stated above comes under 'local' or 'national' subjects? Whether this portion of country comprising thirteen large states and a large portion of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New York is not as bona fide a part of the United States, as fully and truly, as the Atlantic states where millions of dollars have been expended on rivers and harbors? What is it that gives the Atlantic states the right to draw

money from the treasury that the Western states do not possess?

"In both cases applications are made to Government — for what? Why, to protect human life and property. The Atlantic states received it, the Western states do not. Why not? Because Senator Benton, Ex-Attorney Butler and a few scores of others say it would be unnational, ungenerous and every other 'un' in the English language.

"The West is refused redress on the ground that 'objects of general national importance can alone claim the aid of the Federal government!' Why? Because Col. Benton says so. Does he call rivers thousands of miles in length, and their tributaries, local or sectional? The lake harbors are places of shelter for vessels to discharge their cargoes and are necessarily connected with commerce connected with the whole country. Does the gentleman mean to insinuate that the 'Great West' is not a part of the Union?

"Can Col. Benton of Missouri have the face to injure, or attempt to injure, a country that has sheltered and honored him as no other ever did? To use his own words, he 'ought to be viewed with scorn.' He, a man who has all his life been searching every nook and cranny for a Presidency!"

Over and over again in her papers, Mrs. Royall hammers at this subject:

"It is as clear as day that the protection of navigation extends to the Western lakes and rivers. Navigation *is* navigation or it is not. If it be navigation, then it is entitled to the protection of the U. S."

So anxious was the editor of *The Huntress* to see the Western rivers and lakes made wholly navigable that she even invents, on paper, a machine for re-

moving snags, derelicts and other obstacles. In answer to various objections urged by Congress, she exclaims:

"A fiddlestick's end! Import a ton of best steel, get one of your ENGINEERS or a common Blacksmith, and tell them to make an instrument something in the form of a harpoon, or something that will 'hold on.' Next, get the strongest cable you can find, fasten it to one of your strongest steamboats, and, when the sawyer pops up its head, seize it, put on plenty of steam, and pull away for life.

"Next pass a law to send every Captain or pilot to the penitentiary for the longest possible term who takes command of any steamboat unsound in wood, iron, castings or sails, or who sails at night without lights and bells. Every boat should have a thundering big bell and keep it ringing every dark night until daylight."

Significant testimony to the value of the stern training of youth in our country's earlier days is found in the fact that it was not unusual for several members of the same family to rise to distinction — the Bayards, Hoars, the Websters, the Lincolns, the Chandlers, the Washburns, the Dodges — and others — a long roll-call.

Of those remarkable men, Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, and his son Augustus Cæsar Dodge of Iowa, Mrs. Royall writes:

"There are two of the Dodges in Congress, father and son, the only instance, we believe, on record. They and the family of Senator Linn are nearly allied and are from the extreme West, where they have lived and hunted the wild man, the deer and the

buffalo, and raised large families of children, and, although old and young have been reared in the forest shades, remote from those schools and seminaries of refinement which abound in the Atlantic states — yet it will be acknowledged by all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance that few of the families that visit Washington can vie with them in pleasing manners, taste or accomplishments. Above all, they have that high-minded generosity which is characteristic of the Western people. These three families form a paradise among themselves, and impart comfort to all around them.

"Gen. Henry Dodge is the brave man who brought the protracted Black Hawk war to a speedy conclusion, which saved the country some thousands of dollars. He was the principal leader in promoting the wealth and present prosperity of Wisconsin. He was born in the West, and has always lived in the West. His son, Hon. Augustus Dodge, did the same by Iowa. This noble scion of the true Western blood is independent, generous, high-minded, and will yield to no man or party of the Atlantic states in appearance or principle. We have known both father and son upwards of seventeen years, and have never known nor heard of spot or blemish laid to their charge."

Mr. Schoolcraft, the great scholar who devoted his life to a study of the Indians, was much admired by Mrs. Royall:

"Mr. S. is advanced in years, rather more than middle age, with a tall, stout, comely figure, and a still, quiet countenance, as innocent as the sleeping babe. His fine, manly face is round and placid, bespeaking humility and erudition, while his mild, modest blue eye drops with human kindness. What a capacious mind the man must have!"

July 25, 1835, Mrs. Royall writes editorially:

"Every true patriot must rejoice at the independence of the people of Michigan in forming their state constitution. The noblest feature of their constitution is that 'no religious test shall be required of any man who may be a candidate for office.'

"We are proud to see the head of the Mississippi Valley take this bold stand. The Valley is now the only asylum for freedom, in the true sense of the word, in the U. S."

Mrs. Royall was quite willing that Oregon should be settled, but she had no faith in some of the promoters of that project — they were "too pious to be honest," in her estimation. The caste which was beginning to creep into the army also offended her:

"'Oregon.' Our opinion is that it is altogether a humbug, and will turn out to be a byway to the Treasury, for the same reason, viz., those who favor settling it are but little concerned for the real good of their country.

"'A standing army for Oregon?' It will take millions to find them in silk stockings, kid gloves and champagne, not to mention carriages and oyster suppers."

Again, in more serious vein, she writes:

"We are gratified to find that Congress begins to understand the vehemence with which this question is pressed upon the government, and that some members have a knowledge of the sterility of that distant territory. *Not that our Government ought to surrender one inch of it to any power on earth* provided the title is good. But to plunge hap-hazard into a war until the true state of the case is ascertained and every amicable measure to adjust the question fails is madness."

Speaking of Edward Gilbert, a delegate from the new province of California, Mrs. Royall wrote indignantly:

"It is with much regret, we might say grief, that we witness the protracted course of Congress in regard to admitting California into the Union upon any terms and trust to Providence for consequences, or relinquish their claim to the settlers and let them do the best they can. It is hard to keep these worthy delegates [John C. Fremont, Edward Gilbert, William M. Gwin, George W. Wright] as Senators and Representatives waiting here so long in suspense, while their adopted country, the richest in the world, is suffering from every species of misfortune and crime for the want of established laws."

Anne Royall never ceased to exult that she had lived to see the frontier reach the Pacific.

CHAPTER XIII

Old Age

Of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, Anne Royall and her faithful Sally suffered their full share. Before every session of Congress for a quarter of a century, Mrs. Royall laid a petition for a pension based on the services of her husband, Captain William Royall, in the war of the American Revolution. Until old age caused her hand to tremble so that she could not prepare a page which seemed to her neat enough to lay before their honors, Mrs. Royall wrote the petitions, Sally carried them to the Capitol, and, almost up to the time of his death, John Quincy Adams presented them and used all his influence with committees to secure favorable action thereon.

In time, Mrs. Royall's claim became a joke in Congress — sometimes a cruel joke. One day, a northern member, meeting her in a corridor, exclaimed cordially: "Ah, I am glad I met you, Mrs. Royall; Honorable Mr. S. wants to see you. He is in room 6." Instantly elated, the old lady hurried to the committee room only to find Honorable Mr. S. fast asleep and snoring on a sofa.

In other ways, "well-fed and better-vianded" Congressmen made merry at old Mrs. Royall's expense. Once somebody nominated her for Public

Printer — a jest which tickled the legislative sense of humor immensely. After awhile she became the "Miss Flite" of the Capitol. The personal interviews she sought were numberless, the letters she wrote regarding her perfectly just and legitimate claim would fill a good-sized volume. In 1839 she wrote to Adams:

"Washington, D. C.,
"Sept. 20th, 1839.

"Hon. J. Q. Adams,

"Most Valued Friend,

"Once more I trouble you with a petition to Congress. To you, who have known me since the first week I came to this city, it must be painful to see my unsuccessful but unwearying struggles to obtain my money from Congress, whilst millions of dollars, session after session, are appropriated to objects of doubtful utility.

"I have the honor to be, sir,
'Your grateful friend,
"Anne Royall.

"N. B. I should be happy, if convenient to you, sir, to let the petition be the first offered this morning."

In that pathetic postscript were condensed the hopes and disappointments, the privations and the needs, of many long, hard years. Among the objects of "doubtful utility" which irritated Mrs. Royall, waiting in vain for the payment of a debt which the government certainly owed her husband, was the repeated removal of the Greenough statue of Washington in and out and all around the Capitol before it was at last placed at the east front. She writes:

"The thousands of dollars which have been spent in carting that statue around would have supported

an aged revolutionary widow in comfort for the remainder of her life."

This statue, which seems always to have been something of a white elephant on the hands of the government, is finally, in 1908, to be permanently retired.

The excuses of legislators for not getting pension bills on the calendar were also hard for the two poverty-stricken women to bear: "They won't have time, they fear, to get a pension bill through this session. The mischief they won't. They have done nothing. What have they done? Nothing but to put through one bill voting extra pay for themselves. They never will have time while they continue talking and never acting."

In her efforts to obtain a pension, everything worked against Mrs. Royall from the first. The official records of her husband's military services, preserved in the court-house at Richmond, were lost in the great Richmond fire. Testimony, however, that Royall did serve in the army as claimed by his widow came in abundance from his junior fellow-officers, from judges, governors, congressmen, and from Lafayette, under whom Royall served. But the fact that certain papers tied with red tape were missing was enough to serve Mrs. Royall's enemies. Church and State men and Anti-Masons whom she had flayed were not slow in pointing out to their senators and representatives that there was, extant, no official record of William Royall's military services. To legislators whose fences were weak this hint was enough. They

knew how to vote when Mrs. Royall's pension bill came up.

Furthermore, Mrs. Royall was not married until 1797. By the statute of limitations pensions could be granted only to widows married before 1794. A less powerful advocate, too, than John Quincy Adams would have better served her interest. Any measure, no matter how trivial, introduced by Adams was sure to be downed by the Jackson men. Small wonder, then, in view of all handicaps, that the *Index to Public Documents* (bulkiest and saddest of volumes) should contain nearly a full page of bills under Mrs. Royall's name each marked, "Adversely Reported."

Two points, however, are most significant in every one of these official reports: First, that the validity of Mrs. Royall's marriage is accepted; second, the admission that William Royall did serve in the Virginia continental line as claimed. The following report of a committee is a fair reproduction, so far as these two vital points are concerned, of nearly every report made upon Mrs. Royall's pension. The italics are the biographer's:

"27th Congress Rep. No. 796 450
"2nd Session H. of Reps.
"Widow of Captain William Royall, deceased.

"To accompany Bill H. R. No. 450, May 26, 1842.

"Mr. Fornance, of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, submitted the following:

"The Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, to whom was referred the petition of Anne Royall, report:

"That the Committee have carefully examined the claim of the petitioner, who is the widow of Major William Royall, an officer in the army of the Ameri-

can Revolution. *This claim, with all the evidence and papers,* has been before Congress for some years, and has been reported adversely several times. At the 26th Congress, Mr. Bond, from the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, reported that the '*evidence submitted fully establishes the alleged service of the said William Royall, and it is satisfactorily proved that the petitioner is his widow.*'

"The marriage, however, was not solemnized until the month of November, 1797, and consequently is not embraced within the provisions of the present pension laws, which do not include cases of marriage after 1794. The Committee deem it inexpedient to extend the provisions of the law thus referred to, and therefore report against the prayer of the petitioner.

"Notwithstanding these adverse reports, however, *the fact has ever been admitted that William Royall served as Captain in the Revolutionary war, suffering many privations without compensation; That the petitioner was married to him previous to the year 1798, and that she is now his widow.* As many applications have been made to extend the pension laws with reference to widows who married previous to 1798, this Committee, for the purpose of obtaining the opinion of the House, report a bill granting to Anne Royall a half-pay pension for ten years."

Great was the joy of the two poor women over this favorable report. Castles in the air rose at once. Sally should see Niagara Falls — her favorite dream. Mrs. Royall, for the first time since her earliest widowhood, would buy an entirely new suit. Sally insisted on that expenditure. The small boys who helped about the printing-press were promised a half holiday at the theater. Debts were to be paid, and new ones were never to be contracted. Maintenance for old age was assured — a country home possible. No more

fear of the poor-house when their busy fingers could no longer work.

But all this rejoicing was premature. The bill failed. Mrs. Royall's dismay overflowed into the columns of *The Huntress.* Speaking editorially, she says:

"Poor Sally! Her disappointment pierced my heart. Her face fell, and she burst into tears. We do not mind so much for ourselves. We are used to privation, and can live on bread and water if need be. Whatever happens, our paper shall not stop."

In 1848, when Mrs. Royall was in her eightieth year, a law was passed granting pensions to widows of Revolutionary soldiers married after 1794. Under this act Mrs. Royall was entitled to ten years back pay, which would have given her an annual pension of $480. Very foolishly, however, she chose to accept, in lieu of the pension, a lump sum of full pay for five years. By the provisions of the bill, as finally amended, other legal heirs were allowed to share the money equally with the widow of the Revolutionary soldier. The result was that Mrs. Royall was no better off after she received the money from the government than she was before. She says:

"The heirs at law took half our commutation money, and every dollar of the remainder we owed to those who had trusted us (the dear people). We kept three dollars, and Sally got seven, out of the $1,200."

The main debt was for her printing-press — a larger, second-hand one lately installed. She also owed for printing-paper and type.

The winter that followed was a bitter one in Washington. Snow fell frequently, and the cold was

unprecedented. Mrs. Royall apologizes for the appearance of one issue of *The Huntress*:

"Our paper has looked bad — worse than ever since March set in owing to the intensity of the weather, which has been the coldest and the longest in duration which we have ever experienced — and we have felt it keenly — since our recollection. The office of *The Huntress* is the poorest apology for a house that ever a paper was worked off in, being little better than the open air. The present snow was as deep in the press-room almost as in the open field. This, and the vilest paper — so thin that it would not bear its own weight when wet, to say nothing of its freezing on the form, which we were obliged to heat with hot bricks, and hang old quilts around the gaping walls — with our old type and none but little boys to help print, it's a wonder we get on at all."

At this juncture that good man, Mr. Gales of the *Intelligencer*, came to old Mrs. Royall's rescue. Mr. Gales, unlike some other big men, bore no grudge against the old lady for her former attacks upon himself or his policy. He gave orders to his foreman to supply the struggling octogenarian with all the paper she wanted, at any time she wanted it, free of cost. Meeting her in the street one day when the weather was freezing, Mr. Gales slipped a five dollar bill into Mrs. Royall's hand, and told her to buy herself a pair of warm shoes with it.

"It was the very last bill in Mr. Gales's pocketbook, too," she writes, gratefully.

By the advice of a lawyer, Mrs. Royall was soon again before Congress asking for the payment of the interest on the debt due her husband. But Congressional patience was at an end. Her petition received

no attention. Poverty pressed her hard. During these closing years of her life Mrs. Royall was often forced to beg. But she never felt that she was begging. She believed that her little newspaper, offered in exchange, was a fair equivalent for what she received. Also, she felt that a soldier's widow was entitled to a living. She was of too independent a nature to beg gracefully. When Amos Kendall sent her a load of wood, she told him he ought to have sent her a cord. She meant, she explains, that he, as a servant of the government, had received large fees for a long period of years, while she, the widow of a man who had helped build that government, was treated in a niggardly manner.

The Masons, the Unitarians, the Catholics and the Hebrews in Washington were still kind to old Mrs. Royall. Actors, too, were her friends, notably Manager Jefferson, father of that kindest-hearted of actors, Joseph Jefferson. Upon one occasion, though, Mr. Jefferson was unable to carry out her wishes. He had accepted a play she wrote, but was unable, because of adverse local sentiment against her, to produce it.

The first presentation of the play was advertised to take place in a theater. Tickets sold briskly, and, at the time appointed, a good-sized audience had gathered at the door. But the theater was dark. An agent appeared and informed the waiting crowd that no performance would take place, and that money already paid for tickets would be refunded next day. Mrs. Royall and her friends were thunder-struck. But the mystery was soon explained. Ecclesiastical and

Anti-Masonic influences brought to bear on the owner of the building had induced him to forbid the production therein of any play written by that "old infidel, Anne Royall."

The Masons, however, came forward and took the matter up, offering Mrs. Royall the use of their hall. Unluckily, the night of her benefit proved very stormy, and receipts were small in consequence. The play is lost, but the Prospectus has been preserved:

"MASONIC HALL

"GREAT ATTRACTION, POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CABINET, OR LARGE PARTIES IN WASHINGTON.

"For the benefit of the Poor

"Thursday evening, March 21,

"Will be presented (by desire) and positively for the last time, the Comedy in three acts written by MRS. ANNE ROYALL entitled 'The Cabinet or Large Parties in Washington.'

"CAST

Williams.....Mr. Gibson
Jedidiah Ploughshare.....Alexander
Paperkite .....Hamilton
Dennis .....Hoburg
Farnish .....Gibson
Parson Sneak.....Marll
Mrs. Foolscap.....Vurkhard
Legible.....A. A. Alexander
Furnish .....Smith
Miss Davis.....Grouard

"Ladies and gentlemen, Police Officers.

"Previous to which the farce of 'Fortune's Frolics.'

"Recitation.

"For Characters see small bills.

"Tickets reduced to twenty-five cents to be had at Alexander's and at Blackwell's, Congress Hall, also at the door on the evening of the Performance. Doors open at half past six. Performance to commence at half past seven."

It was unfortunate for Mrs. Royall's posthumous reputation that, along toward the close of her life, special correspondents began pouring into Washington. The funny little old woman, trotting through the corridors of the Capitol waylaying congressmen, made amusing "copy" when news was scarce. Anne Royall's bitterly poor old age has contributed a facetious paragraph to nearly every book that has been written about early Washington. The tradition of her trial as a common scold gave the key-note. Her quick tongue did the rest. Anne Royall was probably one of the first persons in the United States to whom the term "crank" was applied. John Quincy Adams's entertaining description of her as "a virago errant in enchanted armor" was gleefully quoted in spite of the well-known fact that John Quincy Adams could never, even in state papers, restrain his pen from turning a clever phrase. Moreover, at the date of that utterance Adams was catering to the Anti-Masons for votes. As a matter of fact, Adams really liked and respected the courageous woman.

But Amos Kendall, Prince of American diplomats, did not like Anne Royall. More than once, in her newspapers, Mrs. Royall exposed plans which the "brains" of the Jackson administration — Blair and Kendall — wished kept secret. No ferret was ever keener after rats than Mrs. Royall on the scent of

political plots. In later life, too, Mr. Kendall became affiliated with the Evangelical element in Washington which regarded the author of the *Black Books* with horror. Of Amos Kendall, Harriet Martineau, in her *Retrospect of Western Travel*, writes:

"He is supposed to be the moving spring of the whole administration — the thinker, planner and doer; but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued of an excellence which prevents their being attributed to the persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country for which no one seems answerable; work is done, of goblin extent and goblin speed, which makes men wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all."

In his power to choose just the right word to create prejudice without much departing from facts in a description, Amos Kendall is without a paralell in American literature. This remarkable gift (and Kendall almost ranks here with Swift and Machievelli) made him an enormous power in politics for many years. Kendall's paragraph about Anne Royall is somewhat characteristic of his style:

"There was living in Washington at that time a singular woman named Anne Royall, the widow of Captain Royall of the United States Army. She was homely in person, careless in dress, poor in purse and vulgar in manners. But she had a tolerable education, much shrewdness and respectable talents. She procured her subsistence by publishing books in which she praised extravagantly those who bought her books or gave her money, and abused without measure those who refused or in any way incurred her displeasure.

Some, through love of flattery, and more through fear of abuse, contributed to her support. She owned and edited two small papers, *Paul Pry* and *The Huntress.*''

Many of the assertions in that picture are true. Yet, by adroit use of terms like ''singular,'' ''vulgar manner,'' ''tolerable,'' ''shrewdness,'' ''incurred her displeasure,'' ''gave her money,'' ''contributed to her support,'' etc. — by putting those terms just as they are put an unkind and unfair impression is conveyed. Mrs. Royall was not ''homely in person,'' neither was she ever ''careless in dress'' in the sense of not being perfectly neat. The impression is given that abuse for incurring ''her displeasure'' was a purely personal revenge for a personal insult. There is no word of her attitude toward Anti-Masonry and hell-fire theology — the two causes of her bitterest invective. It may also be noted that Mr. Kendall passes very lightly over the agencies which, whether she was loved or hated, made Anne Royall a power throughout the country for many years — her small but vigorous newspapers. Amos Kendall was a great man and a good man — a man whose memory deserves, and receives, reverence. But even a good and a great man may harbor a prejudice. That Mr. Kendall was prejudiced against Mrs. Royall is evident.

In 1852 Mrs. Royall lost by death her oldest and, probably, her closest friend in Washington, Father William Matthews, of Saint Patrick's Catholic church. She mourned him loyally. Only a few friends were left her now.

In 1854, because of poverty and failing strength, she was obliged to contract *The Huntress* to the size

of a child's paper — four pages, six by eight inches. Few women eighty-five years of age could fill even so small a newspaper as well as Mrs. Royall filled hers. Fewer still, at so advanced an age, would have started out on a third journalistic venture with such resolute cheer. June 24, 1854, she says, editorially:

"We issue today the first number of the new series of *The Huntress*, having put ourselves to much expense in purchasing larger and more legible type, rules, etc. In our next number we shall have re-set our former advertisements, and shall issue the paper promptly every week. We tender our thanks to our friends for their support, and shall strive to merit their approbation in future. We are getting strong, and feel as blithe and gay as ever, and Sally is looking much better."

The leading article of the first number is on "The National Era and the Riot at Boston." The editor quotes from the *Boston Journal* an account of the intense excitement in the Bay state over the attempt to remand the negro Burns to his owner Captain Suttle. Mrs. Royall reiterates that she does not object to the abolition of slavery, but to the use that is made of the question of abolition, which, she declares, is only a cloak for the Church and State party.

The second number of the new *Huntress* is also hopeful in tone. Mrs. Royall has just made a visit (her last, it proved to be) to the White House. President Franklin Pierce is the subject of Anne Royall's last pen-portrait:

"For the first time since he has been President, we have had the pleasure of seeing the patriot and statesman, Franklin Pierce, a few days ago. He look-

ed stout and healthy, but rather pale. His countenance used to be gay and full of vivacity when he was a Senator in Congress several years ago, but now it wears a calm and dignified composure, tinctured with a pleasing melancholy. His fine blue eye is still bright, while his deep, placid forehead clearly bespeaks the mind of the man who has won the admiration of his countrymen by his independence and strict political integrity. His soft and pleasing voice is attuned to melody itself, and his engaging manners readily captivate the beholder, though he rarely smiles. We could not refrain from dropping a tear when he spoke to us of his lady, after whose health we inquired. The sad bereavement she met with in the sudden loss of her only and beloved boy has shadowed the bright walks which surround the Presidential Mansion, which erst were beaming with sunshine and joy. We shall leave Franklin Pierce on his retirement from office with pleasing remembrances and feelings of regret."

But the flickering physical strength of the aged woman could not long keep up with her unwaning brain-energy. The summer of 1854 was intensely hot in Washington. July 2, Mrs. Royall issued the number of *The Huntress* which (although she did not know it) was to be her Valedictory. After analyzing the Kansas-Nebraska bill with all her old-time vigor of language, she expresses regret, in another column, that, because of illness, she was unable to attend Dr. John Lord's historical lecture the night before. She does fairly well in tearing Mr. Lord's theology to pieces, but evidently feels that she might be more destructive had she listened to his lecture.

In the last editorial she ever wrote she says:

"We trust in Heaven for three things: First, that Members may give us the means to pay for this

paper — perhaps three or four cents a Member — a few of them are behindhand in their subscriptions, but the fault is not theirs; it was owing to Sally's sickness. Others, again, have paid us from two to six dollars. Our printer is a poor man. We have only thirty-one cents in the world, and for the first time since we have resided in this city — thirty-one years — we were unable to pay our last month's rent. Had not our landlord been one of the best of men, we should have been stript by this time; but we shall get that from our humble friends.

"Second, that Washington may escape that dreadful scourge, the cholera. Our third prayer is [and these were Anne Royall's last printed words] that the UNION OF THESE STATES MAY BE ETERNAL."

Quietly, almost painlessly, old Mrs. Royall died the first day of October, 1854. The world had run by her. Washington papers announced her death only by the following curt notice:

"Yesterday morning, the first inst., Mrs. Anne Royall, at a very advanced age. Her funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock from her late residence on B St. and Capitol Hill, where her acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend without further notice."

Next day the *Intelligencer* contained two columns reviewing the life and works of Madame De Sevigné. Of the able American woman whose whole life's thought was given to her country's welfare not one word was spoken.

In the Congressional cemetery, surrounded by the cenotaphs of many of the men who in life feared or courted her pen, almost within a stone's throw of the

great white dome toward which her heart-strings and her brain-fibers were ever turning — Anne Royall, war-worn widow of a gallant officer of the American Revolution, lies forgotten in a sunken, unmarked grave.

CHAPTER XIV

Conclusion

A man who reads everything that he can lay his hands on relating to the history of the United States, and who knows Mrs. Royall's writings well, has said:

"After all, when one studies the causes for which she stood,one cannot help feeling that the old lady was about right on every question she tackled."

There is much truth in that homely judgment. Summarized, the main causes for which Anne Royall fought were:

Entire separation of Church and State, in letter and spirit.

Exposure and punishment of corrupt officials.

Sound money.

Public schools, everywhere, wholly free from religious bias or control.

Freemasonry.

Justice to the Indians.

Liberal immigration laws.

Transportation of Sunday mails.

Internal improvements.

Territorial expansion.

Liberal appropriations for scientific investigation.

Just tariff laws — no nullification.

States' Rights in regard to the slavery question.

The abolition of flogging in the Navy.
Betterment of condition of wage-earners.
Free thought, free speech and a free press.
Good works instead of long prayers.

How much this pioneer woman journalist really accomplished for any or for all these causes is a matter of secondary importance. The significant fact is that, for more than thirty years, Anne Royall was a Voice, a strident Voice, crying out for national righteousness — at a time, too, when nearly all other American women of the pen were uttering themselves in sentimental verse or milk and water prose.

Mrs. Royall's manner of presenting her arguments against men, measures and institutions which, in her opinion, menaced Democracy was often abominably offensive. Anything more disagreeable than portions of the *Black Book* and some of the earlier numbers of *Paul Pry* it would be hard to find in print. Mrs. Royall sadly lacked the training of the schools. Her mental faculties had been sharpened, but they were never disciplined. She lacked mental poise and coherency. Her points were seldom logically arranged in a manner to secure an effective and convincing climax. There is an undue proportion of chaff to wheat in all her writings. But the wheat is there. Even now her diatribes concerning long-dead issues hold a reader's attention. When those issues were alive and burning, curiosity was widespread to see what the irrespressible Mrs. Royall would say next.

Every legislator of her era who kept his ear to the ground knew that Mrs. Royall's influence was not to be despised. Public men, almost without ex-

ception, spoke her fair. Her books and papers reached every city, town and village in the United States. They were read alike by friend and by foe. They influenced that most important class in any age or country, the free-thinking minority of today which is sure to become the majority of tomorrow.

Mrs. Royall lacked spiritual insight, calm judgment, culture, and the tact that comes from habitual association with the gently bred. In many respects she was the child of her time — a period of national swagger in the United States, of unspeakably bad art and manners, of provincial thought and prejudice, of acrimonious discussion and disagreeably insistent, though deep and sincere, patriotism. The significant thing about Anne Royall — what makes her worth remembering — is the fact that, though typical of her time, she yet, both in her private and in her public life, often rose above the standards and practice of that time.

In her private life, Anne Royall obeyed the precepts of the Founder of that Christianity which she was accused of denying. She visited those who were sick and in prison; out of her scanty means, no less than in the days of her abundance, she fed the hungry and clothed the naked; she gave shelter to the homeless widow and orphan, and took the outcast Magdalen to her arms.

The great natural law of Reform, using unafraid human souls as its agents, works ceaselessly, surely, relentlessly, throughout the ages. Every man or woman who makes even a small break in the crust of useless custom and harmful prejudice is a Reformer.

Anne Royall, in her day and generation, made many such breaches. The woman's courage was fine. Her aim was single — the preservation of that government which was a part of her very existence. Patriotism was the ruling passion of her life. A map of the United States filled the entire field of her mental vision. Born into the horrors of border warfare, Anne Royall witnessed three wars, and anxiously scanned the black storm-clouds gathering for a fourth. The loyal, proud, and loving allegiance of a lifetime is expressed in her last yearning cry, "I pray that the Union of these States may be eternal."

The jeers of her enemies have pursued Anne Royall beyond the grave. Only one good word has been spoken for her by any modern writer. But that good word comes from a high source — from the accomplished scholar to whom, while other librarians come and other librarians go, the beautiful great Library of Congress on Capitol Hill in Washington will ever remain a fitting and deserved monument — AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD.

In a valuable article on *Early Journalism in Washington*, Dr. Spofford says of Mrs. Royall:

"That she was regarded as a horrid creature by many is most true. But it is equally true that Anne Royall had many friends wherever she went, and that she was not without kindliness and even charity. The world's judgment of erratic persons who become prominent in any age is apt to be severe, but a more impartial judgment holds in fair balance the good and the evil in human character, and refuses to condemn too harshly the struggling and industrious woman who, in a ruder age than ours, conquered adversity and ate her hard-earned bread in the sweat of her brow."

Appendices

Appendices

The main purpose of the following concordance to Mrs. Royall's writings is to furnish a possible source of information to persons interested in the social, political, æsthetic, intellectual and moral development of life in the United States. No claim is made that this source is lofty. But Jansen in Germany, Green in England, and McMasters in the United States have proved conclusively that the tallow-dip of the common man's experience is an historical light not to be despised. A significant sign of the humanistic tendency of the present day is that the history most eagerly read deals almost wholly with the daily environment and the manner of living of the average multitude, and with the personalities of the men and women to whom that average multitude yielded more or less voluntary intellectual allegiance. As a chronicler, Anne Royall possesses points valuable to the historian and student. She was a comprehensive observer. Nothing objective ever escaped her forest-trained eye. She was honest. She had a man's liking for accurate information about the manner in which things were done and made. Whenever possible, she verified statements. She always went to headquarters for information. She delighted in the multiplication of buildings as the country grew.

She loved to gather statistics. Hence her descriptions of places are trustworthy.

As to her pen-portraits, they are usually correct as far as physical characteristics are concerned. Whenever she makes an error, she apologizes therefor later after this wise: "We owe the honorable Senator S. an apology for swapping his black eyes for blue ones in our last issue. The light in the Capitol was so poor that day that portraiture was unusually difficult." Of spiritual values, however, Mrs. Royall was not always a competent appraiser, although her ethics were sound enough. Her rage against the prevailing theology of her day, her aggressive patriotism, her hatred of the Anti-Masons and the "missionaries" often mar her judgment when she tries to sum up a character. To the historian, however, these faults on Mrs. Royall's part are of small importance. What he cares about is the fact that she painted, exactly as she saw them, the leading personages of her time and the places that knew them.

To the reader of the present age Mrs. Royall's personal descriptions may seem florid. Compared with other similar productions of her own time, though, they are not over- effusive. Early nineteenth century English, both spoken and printed, was fervid. The day of Romanticism had not passed. The influence of Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats was still strong. Oratory, not sordid bread and butter facts, yet held its magic sway over the masses of government-adoring United States citizens. Even in the home the English used was more stately and ornate than now. Little boys and girls had not yet been

taught to answer their elders with the curt "yes" and "no" which shock a few survivors who remember the more courteous speech of olden time. Mrs. Royall's descriptions may flatter their subjects, but they are never servile.

That she acquired mannerisms as she advanced in age cannot be denied. Sometimes she explains her pet terms: "By 'Medicean figure' we mean bodily contour resembling that of the Medicean Venus." "By 'Grecian face' we mean wide at the top, tapering to the chin. But a friend recently informed us that the Grecian face is square. If so, we have more sins to answer for than we expected. But the models before us give the argument in our favor."

As has been said, Mrs. Royall was usually accurate. To her printers, however, the same compliment cannot be paid. Their mistakes are legion. Quite frequently the front page of the *Huntress* bears one date and the second another. In such cases I have given in this appendix the correct date, but seekers for portraits will do well to look at the date-headings carefully.

This concordance is necessarily incomplete. A complete index would fill a large volume. Only the names of persons of more or less national importance are here given. Mrs. Royall's harsher delineations have also been omitted, although in the body of the book, in order to show her as she really was, one or two such unflattering portraitures are given without names.

Where the author's spelling of proper names differs from that of the Congressional Directory I have

placed the latter form in brackets. Owing to impossibility of verification, in some cases unavoidable errors may perhaps be found. Earnest and painstaking effort has been made, however, to secure accuracy.

APPENDIX A

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Petersburg, *Southern Tour I*, 30; *Black Book I*, 160.
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Quincy, Massachusetts, *Sketches*, 347; *Black Book II*, 132.

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APPENDIX C

Partial Index to Personal Descriptions in Mrs. Royall's Newspapers of Members of Congress and Others, 1831-1854

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Abercrombie, James, Alabama, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Adams, Eliza, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846.
Adams, Green, Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 29, 1848.
Adams, John Quincy, Massachusetts, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; *Huntress*, August 1, 1840; August 20, 1842; December 14, 1844; February 6, 1847; March 4, 1848.
Adams, Mrs. John Quincy, *Huntress*, June 2, 1849.
Adams, Mrs. Stephen, Mississippi, *Huntress*, February 21, 1846.
Alexander, Col., Charlotte, North Carolina, *Huntress*, April 29, 1843.
Alexander, Henry P., New York, *Huntress*, June 22, 1850.
Alford, Julius C., Georgia, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840.
Allen, A. H., Keeseville, New York, *Huntress*, September 18, 1852.
Allen, Elisha, Maine, *Huntress*, June 11, 1842.
Allen, Col. George, Ohio, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Allen, John W., Ohio, *Huntress*, February 24, 1838.
Allen, Judson, New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Anderson, Alexander, Tennessee, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Anderson, John, Maine, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Anderson, Joseph, New York, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844.
Anderson, Josiah, Tennessee, *Huntress*, March 9, 1850.
Andrews, George R., New York, *Huntress*, September 21, 1850.
Andrews, John T., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Andrews, Landaff, Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.

Andrews, Sherlock, Ohio, *Huntress*, July 3, 1841.
Appleton, Nathan, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, July 23, 1842.
Archer, William, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; *Huntress*, May 29, 1847.
Arnold, Leonard (Lemuel), Rhode Island, *Huntress*, April 18, 1846.
Arnold, Thomas, Tennessee, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Arnold, Mrs. Thomas, Tennessee, *Huntress*, June 25, 1842.
Arrington, Archibald, New York, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Ashe, John B., Tennessee, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
Ashley, Chester, Arkansas, *Huntress*, December 14, 1844; *February* 19, 1846.
Ashley, William, Missouri, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 9, 1834; July 23, 1836.
Ashley, Mrs., Missouri, *Huntress*, June 11, 1842.
Ashmun, George, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
Atchison, David, Missouri, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844; February 19, 1846; July 1, 1854.
Atherton, Charles (Colquitt), New Hampshire, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838; February 10, 1844.
Atkinson, Archibald, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Atkinson, Mr., Editor *Satudray Post*, Philadelphia, *Huntress*, September 7, 1850.
Averett, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, April 6, 1850.
Avery, Miss Emily, Cincinnati, Ohio, *Huntress*, December 20, 1851.
Ayerigg, John, New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.

Babcock, Alfred, New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Badger, George, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Bagby, Arthur, Alabama, *Huntress*, April 5, 1842; May 1, 1847.
Bagby, Mrs. Arthur, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Bailey, Mrs. David J. (Daniel), Georgia, *Huntress*, March 20, 1852.
Baker, Osmyn, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, February 1, 1840.
Baldwin, Commodore R. S., *Huntress*, March 25, 1848.
Banks, Linn, Virginia, *Huntress*, June 27, 1840.
Barnum, Phineas T., *Huntress*, December 14, 1850.

Barnwell, Robert, South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; *Huntress*, August 31, 1850.
Barrenger, Daniel (Barringer), North Carolina, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Barret, Judge, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 15, 1854.
Barrow, Mrs. Alexander, Louisiana, *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
Barry, Dr., U. S. N., *Huntress*, October 19, 1839.
Barton, Richard, Virginia, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Bay, William, Missouri, *Huntress*, May 4, 1850.
Bayard, James, Delaware, *Huntress*, August 7, 1852.
Bayard, Richard, Delaware, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.
Bayley, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, May 18, 1844.
Beale, James, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834; *Huntress*, Sept. 28, 1850.
Beale, Richard, Virginia, *Huntress*, April 29, 1848.
Beale, T. D., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, August 14, 1847.
Beardsley, Samuel, New York, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Beatty, William, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Beaumont, Andrew, Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Beckinger, Henry, Virginia, *Huntress*, June 6, 1846.
Beeson, Henry, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Beeson, Mrs. Henry, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 30, 1842.
Bierne, Andrew, Virginia, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838; August 29, 1840.
Bell, John, Tennessee, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Bell, Mrs. John, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Bell, Joshua, Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 16, 1846.
Bell, Samuel, New Hampshire, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Belser, James, Alabama, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Benton, Charles, New York, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Benton, Master, page in Senate, *Huntress*, May 30, 1846.
Benton, Thomas, Missouri, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Bethune, Laughlin, North Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Bibb, T. P., *Huntress*, November 30, 1844.
Bicknell, Bennett, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Bicknell, Mrs. Bennett, New York, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Bidlack, Benj. (Bidlock), Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 12, 1841.
Bidlack, Mrs. Benj., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 2, 1842.

Biggs, Asa, North Carolina, *Huntress*, January 24, 1846.
Binell, William, Illinois, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Bingham, Kinsley S., Michigan, *Huntress*, July 22, 1848.
Binney, Horace, Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Birdsall, Samuel, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.*
Birdsall, Mrs. Samuel, New York, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Black, Edward, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Black, Henry, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, September 4, 1841.
Black, James, South Carolina, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Black, John, Mississippi, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Blackwell, Julius, Tennessee, *Huntress*, April 11, 1840.
Blair, Mrs. Bernard, New York, *Huntress*, February 19, 1842.
Blair, Francis P., *Huntress*, October 3, 1840.
Blair, James, South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Blair, John, Tennessee, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Blanchard, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 11, 1846.
Blanchard, Mrs. John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 1, 1846.
Blox, Rev. —, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, November 23, 1850.
Bocock, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, April 1, 1848.
Boggs, Mrs. E., *Huntress*, January 22, 1842.
Bokee, Abraam, New York, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Bokee, Abraham, New York, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Bond, Mrs. William, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Boon, Ratliff, Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 16, 1834.
Booth, Walter (Boall), Connecticut, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Booth, Mrs., Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 2, 1850.
Borden, Nathaniel, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Borden, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, February 25, 1843.
Bossier, P. E., Louisiana, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Bossier, Madame, Louisiana, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Botts, John, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 1, 1840; April 18, 1840.
Botts, David, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Bouldin, Thomas, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; August 16, 1834.
Bowden, F. W. (Bowdon), Alabama, *Huntress*, January 23, 1847.
Bower, Dr. Gustavus, Missouri, *Huntress*, December 23, 1843.

Bowlin, James, Missouri, *Huntress*, April 20, 1844.
Boydon, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Brackenridge, Henry (Breckenridge), Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February, 1841.
Bradbury, James, Maine, *Huntress*, March 30, 1850.
Bradbury, Mrs., Maine, *Huntress*, April 13, 1850.
Bradford, Miss Mary Jane, Mississippi, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846.
Brady, Jasper, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Brainard, Charles, Boston, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, June 13, 1846.
Branch, John, North Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Breck, Daniel, Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 9, 1850.
Breck, Mrs. Daniel, Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 9, 1850.
Breckenridge, John, Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 29, 1852.
Breese, Sidney, Illinois, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844; March 2, 1844.
Brent, J. C., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Brent, Col. William, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, December 23, 1848.
Brenton, Samuel, Indiana, *Huntress*, May 29, 1852.
Brett, Mr. S. C., *Huntress*, July 11, 1840.
Bridges, Samuel, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 10, 1848.
Brinkerhoff, Jacob, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
Brinkerhoff, Mrs. Jacob, Ohio, *Huntress*, December 21, 1844.
Broadhead, Richard (Brodhead), Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
Brockway, John H., Connecticut, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839.
Bronaugh, John W., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, September 25, 1841.
Bronson, David, Maine, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.
Bronwell, Lieut., *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
Brooke, Walter, Mississippi, *Huntress*, May 29, 1852.
Brown, Aaron, Tennessee, *Huntress*, April 25, 1840.
Brown, Albert, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 21, 1840.
Brown, Bedford, North Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; July 30, 1836.
Brown, Jeremiah, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841; December 23, 1843.

Brown, Jesse, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, November 30, 1839.
Brown, Milton, Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 10, 1844.
Brown, Col. Orlando, Kentucky, *Huntress*, November 24, 1849.
Brown, Samuel, New York, *Huntress*, June 12, 1841.
Brown, William, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844; April 19, 1845.
Brownlow, Rev. William, Tennessee, *Huntress*, March 17, 1849.
Bryan, Andrew, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Buchanan, Andrew, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Buchanan, James, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 2, 1843; April 9, 1845.
Buckner, Alexander, Missouri, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Buckner, Ayelet, Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Buell, Alexander (Buel), Michigan, *Huntress*, March 30, 1850.
Buffington, Mrs. Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, May 16, 1846.
Bugg, Robert, Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Burges, Tristam, Rhode Island, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Burleson, Gen., *Huntress*, April 9, 1842.
Burnell, Barker, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, June 26, 1841.
Burroughs, J. M., New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Burt, Amstead, South Carolina, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Burt, Mrs. Amstead, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Burt, Col., *Huntress*, September 17, 1853.
Busey, Mrs. Dr. —, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, April 2, 1853..
Butler, Andrew, South Carolina, *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Butler, Major Gen., U. S. A., *Huntress*, August 5, 1848.
Butler, Sampson, South Carolina, *Huntress*, February 1, 1840.
Butler, William O., Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 30, 1840; September 11, 1841.

Cabell, E. C., Virginia and Florida, *Huntress*, February 26, 1848; April 29, 1848.
Cable, Joseph, Ohio, *Huntress*, December 15, 1849.
Cage, Harry, Mississippi, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Caldwell, George A., Kentucky, *Huntress*, June 22, 1850; February 3, 1844.
Caldwell, Joseph, North Carolina, *Huntress*, Feb. 5, 1853.
Calhoun, John C., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, July 30, 1836.
Calhoren, Mr. (Calhoun?), *Huntress*, May 22, 1847.

Calvin, Samuel, *Huntress*, March 2, 1850.
Cambreling, Churchill, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Cameron, Simon, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846.*
Campbell, John H., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846; June 6, 1846.
Campbell, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Campbell, Thomas, Tennessee, *Huntress*, June 19, 1841.
Campbell, William, New York, *Huntress*, May 30, 1846.
Campbell, Mrs. William, Tennessee,*Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Campbell, Gen. W. B., *Huntress*, March 4, 1848.
Car, John, (Carr), Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Carey, Jeremiah, (Cary), New York, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Carson, Samuel, North Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Caruthers, Samuel, Missouri, *Huntress*, June 24, 1854.
Cary, George, Virginia, *Huntress*, August 28, 1841.
Cary, Shepherd, Maine, *Huntress*, December 14, 1844.
Carpenter, Levi, New York, *Huntress*, January 11, 1845.
Casey, Gen., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, September 17, 1853.
Casey, Mrs. Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 20, 1850.
Casey, Zadock, Illinois, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Cass, Lewis, Michigan, *Huntress*, May 30, 1846; February 14, 1852; February 15, 1851.
Cathcart, Charles, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 24, 1846.
Catlin, George, Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
Chalmers, Joseph, Mississippi, *Huntress*, May 23, 1846.
Chandler, Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 20, 1850.
Chaney, John, Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Chapin, Rev. E. H., *Huntress*, October 19, 1839.
Chapman, Augustus, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844; May 30, 1846.
Chapman, Mrs. Augustus, Virginia, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844; June 15, 1844.
Chapman, Charles, Connecticut, *Huntress*, May 1, 1852.
Chapman, John, Maryland, *Huntress*, April 18, 1846.
Chapman, Reuben, Alabama, *Paul Pry*, July 23, 1836.
Chapman, William, Iowa, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839.
Chappell, Absalom, Georgia, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
Chappell, Mrs. Absalom, Georgia, *Huntress*, March 16, 1844.
Charlton, Robert, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 26, 1852.

Chase, Lucius, Tennessee, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Chastin, Elijah, Georgia, *Huntress*, May 22, 1852.
Cheatham, Richard, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Chilton, Adam, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Chilton, Samuel, Virginia, *Huntress*, January 27, 1844.
Chilton, Mrs. Sarah, Virginia, *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
Chilton, Thomas, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Chinn, Thomas, Louisiana, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Chittenden, Thomas, New York, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840; April 18, 1840.
Choate, Rufus, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, September 25, 1841.
Churchwell, William, Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 17, 1852.
Cilley, Joseph, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, August 1, 1846.
Claibourn, John, Mississippi, *Paul Pry*, July 16, 1836.
Clapp, Asa, Maine, *Huntress*, May 20, 1848.
Clark, Beverly, Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Clark, Horace, Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Clark, John, Rhode Island, *Huntress*, March 2, 1848.
Clark, Lincoln, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, February 19, 1853.
Clay, Clement C., Alabama, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Clay, Henry, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 9, 1834; *Huntress*, May 18, 1850; January 25, 1851.
Clayton, Augustine, Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Clayton, John M., Maryland, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Clayton, Thomas, Delaware, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.
Clemson, T. G., Minister to Belgium, *Huntress*, July 27, 1844.
Clemens, Jeremiah, (Clemmons), Alabama, *Huntress*, December 29, 1849.
Cleveland, Chauncey, Connecticut, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Clifford, Nathan, Maine, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839; August 8, 1840.
Clinch, Gen., Georgia, *Huntress*, May 25, 1844.
Clingman, Thomas, North Carolina, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Clinton, Mrs. James, New York, *Huntress*, July 2, 1842.
Clowney, William, South Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Cobb, Howell, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
Cobb, Miss Martha, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 29, 1850.
Cobb, Miss Mary, Georgia, *Huntress*, March 25, 1848.
Cobb, Williamson, Alabama, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.

Cobb, Mrs. Williamson, Alabama, *Huntress*, April 13, 1850.
Cocke, William, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 21, 1846.
Cocke, Mrs. William, Tennessee, *Huntress*, June 6, 1846.
Coffee, John, Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Coleman, Mrs. National Hotel, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, August 15, 1846; July 17, 1847.
Collamer, Mrs. Jacob, Vermont, *Huntress*, June 27, 1846.
Collin, John, New York, *Huntress*, August 1, 1846.
Collins, —, Maryland, *Huntress*, November 3, 1844.
Collins, William, New York, *Huntress*, January 15, 1848.
Colquitt, Gen. Alfred, Georgia, *Huntress*, March 20, 1847; May 27, 1854.
Colquitt, Walter, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Colquitt, Mrs. Walter, Georgia, *Huntress*, April 6, 1844.
Compton, deaf-mute clerk, Treasury, D. C., *Huntress*, May 24, 1845.
Conger, Harmon, New York, *Huntress*, June 1, 1850.
Conger, Mrs. Harmon, *Huntress*, June 1, 1850.
Connelly, Owen, *Huntress*, June 2, 1849.
Conrad, Charles, Louisiana, *Huntress*, June 4, 1842.
Coons, Miss Mary, Missouri, *Huntress*, December 20, 1851.
Cooper, James, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Cooper, Mark, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Cooper, William, New Jersey, *Huntress*, May 2, 1840.
Corcoran, W. W., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, February 21, 1852.
Corwin, Moses, Ohio, *Huntress*, June 1, 1850; July 24, 1854.
Cottrell, James L., Alabama, *Huntress*, January 23, 1847.
Coulton, Richard, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Cousin, J. M. S., Maryland, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Cowen, Benj., Ohio, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Cummins, John D., (Commins), Ohio, *Huntress*, June 6, 1846.
Crafts, Samuel, (Crabb), Vermont, *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Craig, Robert, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; June 20, 1840.
Cranston, Henry, Rhode Island, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
Cranston, Robert, Rhode Island, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Crary, Isaac, Michigan, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Crawford, Thomas, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.

Crittenden, John, Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 22, 1847; May 29, 1847.
Crittenden, Mrs. J., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Crockett, David, Tennessee, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Crockett, John, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Cross, Edward, Arkansas, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Crowell, John, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 1, 1848.
Crozier, John, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Crozier, Mrs. John, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Cullom, Alvan (Alva), Tennessee, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Cullom, William, Tennessee, *Huntress*, June 19, 1852.
Cunningham, Francis, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.
Curtis, Edward, New York, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Cushing, Caleb, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, July 7, 1838; September 5, 1840.
Cutts, James Madison, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, December 18, 1841.
Culver, Erastus, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.

Daguerrian, S., Georgia, *Huntress*, June 13, 1846.
Daniel, John R., North Carolina, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Darby, John F., Missouri, *Huntress*, January 22, 1853.
Darby, Mrs. John F., Missouri, *Huntress*, January 22, 1853.
Davies, Edward, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838; April 18, 1840.
Davis, Garret, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840; *Huntress*, June 5, 1847.
Davis, Jefferson, Mississippi, *Huntress*, December 25, 1847.
Davis, John, Massachusetts, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Davis, John, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Davis, Mrs. Joseph, *Huntress*, July 29, 1848.
Davis, Rich, New York, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Davis, Warren R., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Davison, John B., Louisiana, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Dawson, William D., Georgia, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Dayton, Edmund S., Alabama, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846.
Dayton, William L., New Jersey, *Huntress*, August 20, 1842.
Dean, Ezra, Ohio, *Huntress*, June 12, 1841.
Delano, Columbus, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.

Delano, Mrs., Columbus, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.
Dellet, Mrs. James, Alabama, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
DeMott, John, New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846; July 18, 1846.
Dennis, John, Maryland, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
De Sassure, William F., South Carolina, *Huntress*, July 17, 1852.
Dickerson, Mahlon, New Jersey, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Dickinson, Daniel S., New York, *Huntress*, December 14, 1844.
Dickenson, Mrs. Daniel, New York, *Huntress*, May 16, 1846.
Dickey, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Dillet, James, Alabama, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Dillingham, William Paul, Vermont, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Dimmick, Melo M., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 20, 1850.
Dimock, David, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 19, 1841.
Dix, John A., New York, *Huntress*, July 29, 1848.
Dixon, James, Connecticut, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846.
Dixon, Nathan F., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841; August 14, 1841; May 4, 1850.
Doan, William, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Dobbin, James C., North Carolina, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Dockery, Alfred, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Dodge, Mrs. Augustus, Iowa, *Huntress*, April 30, 1842; February 2, 1850; October 23, 1852.
Dodge, Gen. Henry, Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 2, 1850.
Dodge, Mrs. Henry, Wisconsin, *Huntress*, December 14, 1844.
Doig, Andrew, New York, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Donelan, Rev., St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, December 7, 1850.
Donnell, Richard S., North Carolina, (Mississippi), *Huntress*, January 8, 1848.
Doty, Judge James Duane, Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839.
Doty, Mrs. James Duane, Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Douglass, Stephen A., Illinois, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Dow, Mr., writer, *Huntress*, October 8, 1842.
Dow, Captain Jesse, *Huntress*, June 29, 1844.
Dowdell, James A., Alabama, *Huntress*, April 15, 1854.
Dowdell, Mrs. James, Alabama, *Huntress*, May 27, 1854.

Dowling, Col. Thomas, Indiana, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Downing, Charles, Florida, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838; August 29, 1840.
Downs, Solomon, Louisiana, *Huntress*, July 22, 1848.
Drennan, Miss J. Anna, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846.
Drum, Augustus, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 18, 1854.
Duer, William, New York, *Huntress*, June 17, 1848.
Duncan, Alexander, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Duncan, Daniel, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Duncan, Mrs. Daniel, Ohio, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Duncan, Garnett, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Dunham, Cyrus L., New York, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Dunlap, Gen. Robert, Texan Minister, *Huntress*, October 23, 1839; December 14, 1844.
Dunn, George H., Indiana, *Huntress*, January 28, 1848; February 10, 1838.

Eckert, George, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 8, 1848.
Editors, New York City, *Paul Pry*, November 1, 1834.
Edwards, John, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Edwards, John C., Missouri, *Huntress*, August 20, 1842.
Edwards, Thomas, Ohio, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Eghart, Joseph, New York, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Elliot, Samuel, (Eliot), Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 1, 1851.
Elliot, Seth, Historian, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, June 29, 1839.
Ellis, Mrs. Chesedon (Chesselden), New York, *Huntress*, February 15, 1845.
Ellsworth, Samuel, New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Ellis, Powhatan, Mississippi, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Elmer, Lucius, New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844.
Elmore, Franklin H., South Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Elmore, Mrs. Franklin H., *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Ely, John, New York, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839.
Erdman, Jacob, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Esdall, Joseph, New Jersey, *Huntress*, July 4, 1846.
Essler, Fanny, dancer, *Huntress*, April 3, 1841.
Evans, Alexander, Maryland, *Huntress*, April 29, 1848.
Evans, George, Maine, *Huntress*, December 14, 1844.

Evans, Josiah, South Carolina, *Huntress*, July 1, 1854.
Evans, Nathan, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Everett, Edward, Massachusetts, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Ewing, Edwin H., Tennessee, *Huntress*, April 18, 1846.
Ewing, John, Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Ewing, John H., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 6, 1846.
Ewing, Thomas, Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.

Farlee, Isaac, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Farrelly, John W., *Huntress*, January 8, 1848.
Featherstonehaugh, Mr., geologist, *Huntress*, December 10, 1836.
Felch, Alpheus, Michigan, *Huntress*, April 15, 1848.
Felder, John, South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Fenton, Charles W., Editor National Whig, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, May 27, 1848; May 5, 1849.
Fessenden, William Pitt, Maine, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Ficklin, Orlando, Illinois, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
Fillmore, Millard, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838; July 25, 1850.
Fish, Hamilton, New York, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Fisher, Charles, North Carolina, *Huntress*, June 27, 1840.
Fisher, Daniel, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 1, 1848.
Fletcher, Rich, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Florence, Elias, Ohio, *Huntress*, May 11, 1844.
Florence, Thomas B., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 24, 1852.
Flournoy, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Flournoy, Mrs. Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Floyd, Benj. R., Virginia, Georgetown College, *Paul Pry*, August 6, 1836.
Floyd, Charles, New York, *Huntress*, March 19, 1842.
Foote, Henry S., Mississippi, *Huntress*, December 25, 1847.
Ford, Athanasius, Philadelphia, *Huntress*, December 5, 1846.
Fornance, Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 21, 1840.
Fornance, Mrs. Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 15, 1842.
Forsyth, John, Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Forward, Walter, Secretary-Treasury, *Huntress*, September 25, 1841.
Foster, A. Lawrence, New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.

Foster, Henry A., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838; December 14, 1844.
Foster, Mrs. Henry, New York, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Foster, Henry D., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844.
Francis, John B., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, March 16, 1844.
Freedley (Friedley), John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 1, 1848.
French, Richard, Kentucky, *Huntress*, June 15, 1844.
French, William, Philadelphia, *Huntress*, December 5, 1846.
Fries, George, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.
Fuller, George, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 4, 1845.
Fuller, Henry M., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, May 29, 1852.
Fuller, Thomas J. D., Maine, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Fuller, Mrs. Thomas, Maine, *Huntress*, April 6, 1850.
Fulton, Andrew, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Fulton, John, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Fulton, William S., Arkansas, *Huntress*, 1840.

Gadsby, John, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, November 30, 1839.
Gaines, John P., Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 29, 1848.
Gaines, Mrs. Myra Clark, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841; February 26, 1848; May 5, 1848; March 13, 1852.
Gaither, Henry, *Huntress*, March 25, 1848.
Galbraith, John, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Gales and Seaton, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, December 10, 1853.
Gallaudet, Peter W., Connecticut, *Huntress*, June 15, 1839.
Gallup, Albert, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Gamble, Roger L., Georgia, *Huntress*, March 19, 1842.
Gamble, Miss Margaret, Mississippi, *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Gardner, Rufust K., (Gardiner), *Huntress*, December 15, 1849.
Garland, Rice, Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834; *Huntress*, August 15, 1840.
Garvin, William S., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Gates, Seth M., New York, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840.
Gaylord, James M., Ohio, *Huntress*, June 26, 1852.
Gentry, Mrs., Georgia, *Huntress*, December 26, 1846.

Gentry, Mrs. Meredith P., Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 9, 1850.
Gerry, Elbridge, Maine, *Huntress*, April 13, 1850.
Gerry, James, Pennsylvania, (Georgia), *Huntress*, May 2, 1840.
Geyer, Henry S., Missouri, *Huntress*, April 1, 1854.
Giddings, Joshua, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Gilbert, Edward, California, *Huntress*, June 22, 1850.
Gilchrist, S., Maine, *Huntress*, March 28, 1853.
Giles, William F., Maryland, *Huntress*, July 4, 1846.
Gilman, Governor, Vermont, (New Hampshire), *Huntress*, June 26, 1841.
Gilmer, Mrs., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 25, 1842.
Gilmore, Alfred, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 9, 1850.
Gilmore, Mrs. Alfred, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 11, 1851.
Given, William, Mississippi, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Given, Mrs. William, California, *Huntress*, June 29, 1850.
Goggin, Mrs. William L., Virginia, *Huntress*, July 23, 1842.
Goode, Patrick, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Goode, William O., Virginia, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Goodyear, Charles, New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Gordon, Samuel, New York, *Huntress*, July 31, 1841.
Gorman, Willis A., Indiana, *Huntress*, July 20, 1850.
Gott, Daniel, New York, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848; June 1, 1850.
Gould, Herman D., New York, *Huntress*, February 22, 1851.
Graham, Mrs. Hartley, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 19, 1848.
Graham, James, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Graham, William, Indiana, *Huntress*, February 10, 1838.
Graham, William A., North Carolina, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Graves, William J., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 24, 1838.
Greeley, Horace, New York, *Huntress*, March 17, 1849.
Green, Byram, New York, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
Green, Gen. Duff, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, February 6, 1847.
Green, James S., Missouri, *Huntress*, May 6, 1848.
Green, Mrs. James S., Missouri, *Huntress*, June 24, 1848.
Green, Willis, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840.
Greenwood, Alfred B., Arkansas, *Huntress*, June 24, 1854.
Greenwood, Grace, *Huntress*, July 20, 1850.

Grennell, George, Jr., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Greig, John, New York, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Grider, Henry, Kentucky, *Huntress*, June 8, 1844.
Griffin, John K., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Grover, Martin, New York, *Huntress*, May 30, 1846.
Grundy, Felix, Tennessee, *Huntress*, September 28, 1839.
Gustine, Amos, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.

Habersham, Richard, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Hale, Artemas, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, January 9, 1847.
Hale, John P., New Hampshire, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844; May 1, 1852.
Hall, Mrs. Willard P., Missouri, *Huntress*, June 24, 1848.
Halloway, Ransom, New York, *Huntress*, June 29, 1850.
Halstead, Miss Anna, New Jersey, *Huntress*, July 2, 1842.
Halstead, William, New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Halstead, Mrs. William, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 30, 1842.
Hamer, Thomas L., Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Hamilton, William, Maryland, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Hamlin, Mrs. E. S., Ohio, *Huntress*, February 15, 1845.
Hamlin, Hannibal, Maine, *Huntress*, August 31, 1850.
Hamlin, Mrs. Hannibal, Maine, *Huntress*, February 25, 1854.
Hammond, Robert H., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Hammons, David, Maine, *Huntress*, May 20, 1848.
Hampton, James G., New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 18, 1846.
Hampton, Moses, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 26, 1850.
Hampton, Mrs. Moses, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 26, 1850.
Hand, Augustus, New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Hannegan, Edward A., Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834; *Huntress*, February 10, 1841.
Hannegan, Mrs. E. A., *Huntress*, February 22, 1845.
Haralson, Hugh, Georgia, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Haralson, Mrs. Hugh, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Haralson, Misses, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Hardin, Benj., Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Hardin, John D., Illinois, *Huntress*, June 15, 1844.
Harlan, Andrew J., Indiana, *Huntress*, March 9, 1850.
Harlan, Mrs. Andrew J., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 15, 1851.

Harmanson, John H., Louisiana, *Huntress*, May 2, 1846; (Harmenson), August 5, 1848.
Harmanson, Mrs. John H., Louisiana, *Huntress*, August 5, 1848.
Harper, Alexander, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 24, 1838; May 11, 1844.
Harris, Miss Josephine, Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 8, 1846.
Harris, Samson W., Alabama, *Huntress*, December 25, 1847.
Harris, Wiley P., Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 18, 1854.
Harris, William C., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 19, 1841.
Harris, Mrs. William A., Virginia, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Harrison, S. H., Turfman, New York, *Huntress*, May 6, 1837.
Harrison, President William Henry, *Huntress*, March 6, 1841; March 13, 1841; April 27, 1841.
Harrison, Mrs. President, *Huntress*, April 24, 1841.
Harvey, Mr., Navy Department, *Huntress*, October 31, 1846.
Haskell, W. F., Tennessee, *Huntress*, January 1, 1848.
Haslines, William S., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Hastings, John, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Hastings, Serraneus (Syrenius), Iowa, *Huntress*, January 30, 1847.
Havener, Mr., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Hawes, Albert, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Hawes, Richard, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838; May 15, 1841.
Hay, Miss Ellen, *Huntress*, January 22, 1842.
Hayne, Robert, South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Hays, Samuel L., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 19, 1841; April 27, 1844.
Haywood, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, September 28, 1850.
Haywood, William H., North Carolina, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844.
Heath, James P., Maryland, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Hebard, William, (Hebart), Vermont, *Huntress*, September 21, 1850.
Henley, Thomas H., Indiana, *Huntress*, December 23, 1843.
Henn, Bernhart, Iowa, *Huntress*, June 19, 1852; February 26, 1853.
Henry, John, Illinois, *Huntress*, February 20, 1847.
Henry, William, Vermont, *Huntress*, April 15, 1848.

Hereford, Virginia, *Huntress*, July 27, 1850.
Herod, William, Indiana, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Herrick, Joshua, Maine, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Hill, Hugh L. W., Tennessee, *Huntress*, May 5, 1848.
Hill, Isaac, New Hampshire, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Hill, Miss, New York, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844.
Hilliard, Henry W., Alabama, *Huntress*, May 23, 1846.
Hillyer, Junius, Georgia, *Huntress*, December 13, 1851.
Hoagland, Moses, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 30, 1850.
Hobbie, Major Selah, New York, *Huntress*, April 19, 1845.
Hodsden, Gen. Isaac, Maine, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Hoffman, Michael, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Hoffman, Ogden, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Hoge, Joseph, Illinois, *Huntress*, April 6, 1844.
Holliday, Alexander R., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 15, 1851.
Holmes, Mrs. Elias, New York, *Huntress*, May 9, 1846.
Holmes, Isaac E., South Carolina, *Huntress*, April 11, 1840; March 4, 1848.
Holmes, Mrs. Isaac, South Carolina, *Huntress*, June 22, 1844.
Holt's Hotel, New York City, *Paul Pry*, November 1, 1834.
Hook, Enos, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Hooker, Miss, *Huntress*, April 6, 1850.
Hopkins, George W., Virginia, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Hopkins, Mrs. George W., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Hotels in Washington, *Huntress*, November 30, 1839.
Houck, Jacob, New York, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Houston, George S., Alabama, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Houston, Mrs. George H., Alabama, *Huntress*, March 19, 1842; May 27, 1848.
Houston, Gen. Samuel, Texas, *Huntress*, July 11, 1846.
Howard, Tilgham, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Howard, Mrs. Volney E., Texas, *Huntress*, January 25, 1851.
Howe, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 26, 1850.
Howe, Mrs. John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 19, 1850.
Howe, Miss, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 13, 1851.
How (Howe), Thomas M., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 13, 1851.
Hubbard, David, Alabama, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.

Hubbard, Mrs. David, Alabama, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Hubbard, Edmund, Virginia, *Huntress*, August 28, 1841; January 30, 1847.
Hubbard, Mrs. Edmund W., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 13, 1847.
Hubbard, Henry, New Hampshire, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; *Huntress*, February 11, 1837.
Hubbell, William S., New York, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844.
Hubley (Habley), Edward B., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Hudson, Charles, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, June 26, 1841.
Hudson, Master Charles, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Hughes, James M., Missouri, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Hughes, Mrs. James M., Missouri, *Huntress*, February 22, 1845.
Hull, James, *Huntress*, January 18, 1851.
Hungerford, Orville, New York, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844.
Hunt, Washington, New York, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Hunter, Robert M., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 27, 1840; March 13, 1847.
Hunter, General, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 15, 1845.
Hunter, Mrs. General, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 15, 1845.
Hunter, William H., Ohio, *Huntress*, February 24, 1838.
Huntingdon, S., New Jersey, *Huntress*, July 18, 1840.
Huntington, Judge, Indiana, *Huntress*, September 25, 1845.

Ingersoll, Colin, *Huntress*, August 28, 1852.
Ingersoll, Ralph, Connecticut, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Irwin, Mr., Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 25, 1851.
Irwin, James, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.
Irwin, William W., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Ives, Willard, *Huntress*, July 17, 1852.
Ivy, Master Charles, Senate page, *Huntress*, May 25, 1854.

Jack, William, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Jackson, Thomas B., New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Jackson, William J., New York, *Huntress*, February 9, 1850.
James, Charles T., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, May 1, 1852.
James, Mrs. Charles T., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, May 1, 1852.
James, Francis, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.

Jameson, John, Missouri, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Jarnagin, Spencer, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844.
Jenkins, Timothy, New York, *Huntress*, May 23, 1846.
Jenks, Judge Michael, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Jenniss, Benning, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, January 24, 1846.
Jennifer, Daniel, Maryland, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Johnson (Johnston), Andrew, Tennessee, *Huntress*, December 2, 1843.
Johnson, Cave, Tennessee, *Huntress*, April 9, 1845.
Johnson, Henry, Louisiana, *Huntress*, June 13, 1846.
Johnson, Mrs. Henry, Louisiana, *Huntress*, July 29, 1848.
Johnson, H. H., Ohio, *Huntress*, May 27, 1854.
Johnson, James, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 19, 1852.
Johnson, James H., California, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Johnson, James L., Kentucky, *Huntress*, September 21, 1850.
Johnson, Perley, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Johnson, Reverdy, Maryland, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846; February 5, 1848.
Johnson, Col. Robert M., Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 18, 1840; November 12, 1842; March 25, 1848.
Johnston, Charles, New York, *Huntress*, February 1, 1840.
Jones, Benj., Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Jones, George W., Tennessee, *Huntress*, December 2, 1843.
Jones, General George, Iowa, *Huntress*, February 2, 1850; August 24, 1850.
Jones, Mrs. General George, Iowa, *Huntress*, February 2, 1850.
Jones, Isaac D., Maryland, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Jones, Mrs. Isaac, Maryland, *Huntress*, January 22, 1840.
Jones, James C., Tennessee, *Huntress*, May 1, 1852.
Jones, Mrs. James C., Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Jones, Nathaniel, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Jones, Seaborn, Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Julian, George W., Indiana, *Huntress*, June 8, 1850.
Julian, Mrs. George, Indiana, *Huntress*, June 8, 1850.

Kane, Elias, Illinois, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 9, 1834.
Kaufman, Col. David, Texas, *Huntress*, August 1, 1846.
Keim, William H., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Kelle, Joseph, New Jersey, *Huntress*, May 2, 1840.

Kempshall, Thomas, New York, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840.
Ken, Mrs. John, Maryland, *Huntress*, June 22, 1850.
Kennard, George L., Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Kennedy, Mrs. Andrew, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 15, 1842.
Kennedy, John, Maryland, *Huntress*, July 23, 1842.
Kennon, William, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 19, 1848.
Kennon, Mrs. William, Ohio, *Huntress*, June 24, 1848.
Kent, Joseph, Maryland, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Key, P. B., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
King, Daniel P., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844; March 2, 1844.
King, Horatio, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, October 9, 1841.
King, James G., New Jersey, *Huntress*, February 16, 1850.
King, John, Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834; July 23, 1836.
King, Preston, New York, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
King, Thomas Butler, Georgia, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840; October 27, 1849.
King, William R., Alabama, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 16, 1834; July 23, 1836; *Huntress*, April 20, 1844.
King, Col., Louisiana, *Huntress*, August 5, 1848.
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Littleton, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Kneeland, Abner, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, July 21, 1838.
Knight, Mrs., Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Knight, Nehemiah, Rhode Island, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Knower, Mrs. Albany, New York, *Huntress*, November 23, 1839.

Labranche, Alec, Louisiana, *Huntress*, March 9, 1844.
Lahm, Samuel, Ohio, *Huntress*, July 22, 1848.
Lamar, G. A., *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Lamar, Henry G., *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Lane, Amos, Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Lane, Henry S., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 20, 1841.
Lane, Joseph, Oregon, *Huntress*, June 26, 1852.
LaPorte, John, Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
La Sere, Emile, Louisiana, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Lasselle, Hyacinth, Indiana, *Huntress*, March 17, 1849.
Laurence, Sidney, New York, *Huntress*, April 11, 1848.
Lawler, Joab, Alabama, *Paul Pry*, July 23, 1836.

Lawrence, Master, *Huntress*, January 18, 1851.
Leadbetter, Daniel D., *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Leadbetter, O., *Huntress*, July 11, 1840.
Leake, Shelton F., Virginia, *Huntress*, January 17, 1846.
Leake, Mrs., Virginia, *Huntress*, January 17, 1846.
Lecompte, Joseph, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 1, 1832.
Leffler, Shepherd, Iowa, *Huntress*, January 30, 1847; March 4, 1848.
Leet, Isaac, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 10, 1840.
Leigh, Benj. M., Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 30, 1836.
Lehman, Dr., Philadelphia, *Huntress*, November 28, 1846.
Lehman, Mrs. Dr., Philadelphia, *Huntress*, November 28, 1846.
Lenahan, Rev. H., Priest, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, November 23, 1850.
Leonard, Moses G., New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1845.
Letcher, John, Virginia, *Huntress*, May 22, 1852.
Levin, Lewis C., *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Levy, David, Florida, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Lewis, A. Lewin, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 17, 1848.
Lewis, Abner, New York, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.
Lewis, Dixon H., *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 16, 1834; *Huntress*, May 9, 1847; June 5, 1847.
Lewis, Thomas, Virginia, *Huntress*, March 8, 1857.
Lindsley, Dr. Harvey E., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, August 5, 1848.
Linn, Lewis F., Missouri, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Linn, Arch L., New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Linn, Mrs. Cumberland, *Huntress*, May 28, 1842.
Littlefield, Nathaniel S., Maine, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Lockhart, Mrs. Hibernia, Virginia, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Long, Edward, Maryland, *Huntress*, June 27, 1846.
Love, James, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Lowell, Joshua, Maine, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Lowell, Mrs., Maine, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Loyall, George, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Lucas, Edward P., Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Ludlow, Mrs. A. M., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Lumpkins, John H., Georgia, *Huntress*, May 18, 1844.
Lumpkins, Gov. Wilson, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 16, 1838.

Lynde, Wm., Wisconsin, *Huntress*, June 24, 1848.
Lyon, Caleb, Consul to China, *Huntress*, May 27, 1848.
Lyon, Chittenden, Kentucky, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Lyon, Francis S., Alabama, *Paul Pry*, July 23, 1836.

McCarty, Wm., Virginia, *Huntress*, July 25, 1840.
McCarty, Gen. Jonathan, Indiana, *Huntress*, February 6, 1847.
McCauslen, Wm., Ohio, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
McClellan, Abraham, Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
McClelland, Robt., *Huntress*, July 11, 1846.
McClernard, Col. John, Illinois, *Huntress*, April 6, 1844.
McClernard, Mrs. Col. John, Illinois, *Huntress*, April 6, 1844.
McClure, Chas., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
McCulloch, Geo., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
McCulloch, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 1, 1854.
McCulloch, Mrs. John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 1, 1854.
McDaniel, William, *Huntress*, February 20, 1837.
McDonald, Joseph E., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 15, 1851.
McDonald, Mrs. Joseph E., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 15, 1851.
McDowell, James, Virginia, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846.
McDowell, Joseph, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
McDowell, Master, son of J. J., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
McDowell, Wm., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.
McDuffie, Geo., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
McGaughey, Edw. W., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
McHenry, Mrs. Wm., Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
McHenry, John H., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
McHenry, August W., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
McIlvaine, M. Abraham, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
McKean, Samuel P., *Huntress*, August 16, 1834.
McKean, John, New York, *Huntress*, June 4, 1842.
McKennan, Thomas W. L., Pennsylvania, June 25, 1842.
McKennan, Thomas M., Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832. *Huntress*, June 25, 1842.
McKinley, John, Alabama, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
McKirsock, Thomas, New York, *Huntress*, September 14, 1850.

McLanehan, James X., Pennsylvania, *Huntress,* January 11, 1851.
McLaren, Dr. A. A., U. S. A., *Huntress,* March 21, 1840.
McLean, W. P., Lebanon *Chronicle,* Tennessee, *Huntress,* January 2, 1847.
McLean, Moses, Pennsylvania, *Huntress,* April 4, 1846.
McLean, Judge John, Ohio, *Paul Pry,* January 26, 1830; *Huntress,* November 4, 1843; March 23, 1844; January 17, 1846; December 25, 1847.
McLean, Finis, Kentucky, *Huntress,* July 13, 1850.
McLelland, Robt., Michigan, *Huntress,* March 30, 1844.
McLellan, Robt., New York, *Huntress,* March 24, 1838.
McLene, Jeremiah, Ohio, *Paul Pry,* August 9, 1834.
McMackin, Andrew, Philadelphia *Saturday Courier, Huntress,* November 28, 1846.
McMillie, Wm., Mississippi, *Huntress,* March 8, 1851.
McMullen, Fayette, Virginia, *Huntress,* April 13, 1850.
McNulty, Mrs., District of Columbia, *Huntress,* June 29, 1844.
McNulty, Mrs. Caleb, *Huntress,* March 16, 1844.
McNulty, J. C., Ohio, *Huntress,* January 6, 1844.
McQueen, John, South Carolina, *Huntress,* June 29, 1850.
McRoberts, Mrs. Samuel, Illinois, *Huntress,* May 28, 1842.
McRoberts, Samuel, Illinois, *Huntress,* July 17, 1841.
Mace, Moulton, New Hampshire, *Huntress,* January 10, 1846.
Mace, Daniel, *Huntress,* June 19, 1852.
Macy, John B., Wisconsin, *Huntress,* March 18, 1854.
Maher, Mrs., and Indian Delegation, *Huntress,* March 13, 1852.
Mallory, Dr. Francis, Virginia, *Huntress,* February 20, 1841.
Mallory, Dr. Francis, Virginia, *Huntress,* February 20, 1841.
Mangum, Willie P., North Carolina, *Paul Pry,* August 4, 1832;
Mann, Horace, Massachusetts, *Huntress,* June 3, 1848.
July 30, 1836; *Huntress,* May 29, 1847; June 19, 1841.
Mann, Job, Pennsylvania, *Huntress,* January 15, 1848.
Marblehead People, *Huntress,* August 31, 1850.
Marchand, Albert G., Pennsylvania, *Huntress,* January 25, 1840.
Mardis, Samuel W., Alabama, *Paul Pry,* August 4, 1832.
Marsh, George P., Vermont, *Huntress,* March 8, 1845.
Marshall, Alfred, Maine, *Huntress,* September 11, 1841.
Marshall, Thos. F., Kentucky, *Huntress,* September 25, 1841.

Marshall, Humphrey, Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Martin, Barclay, Tennessee, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Martin, Mrs. B., Tennessee, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Martin, Frederick S., New York, May 29, 1852.
Martin, John P., *Huntress*, January 17, 1846.
Martin, Joshua D., Alabama, *Paul Pry*, July 23, 1836.
Martin, Mrs. Morgan L., Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 27, 1847.
Martin, Mrs. W. L., Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 21, 1846.
Marvin, Richard P., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Marvin, Richard P., New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840
Mason, John T., Maryland, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Mason, John C., Kentucky, *Huntress*, September 21, 1850.
Mason, Mrs. Sampson, Ohio, *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Mathiot, Joshua, Ohio, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.
Matthew, James, Ohio, *Huntress*, June 15, 1841.
Matthews, Rev. William, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, November 16, 1850; death of, May 20, 1854.
May, Henry, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Maynard, John, New York, *Huntress*, July 31, 1841.
Maxwell, John P. B., New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 10, 1830.
Meacham, James, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Meade, Richard K., Virginia, *Huntress*, April 1, 1848.
Medill, William, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 15, 1840.
Medill, William, Ohio, *Huntress*, April 19, 1845.
Meek, A. B., Alabama, *Huntress*, May 24, 1845.
Menefee, Richard H., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Meriweather, James A., Georgia, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Merrick, William D., Maryland, *Huntress*, January 27, 1838.
Metcalf, Gen., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 29, 1848.
Miller, Jacob W., New Jersey, *Huntress*, September 14, 1841.
Miller, John K., Ohio, *Huntress*, December 25, 1847.
Miller, John K., Ohio, *Huntress*, September 25, 1847.
Miller, John, Missouri, *Huntress*, March 21, 1840.
Miller, J. W., New Jersey, *Huntress*, September 4, 1841.
Miller, Mrs. John K., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Miller, Mrs. John K., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Miller, Stephen D., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.

Miller, Stephen D., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Miller, William S., New York, *Huntress*, February 20, 1837.
Miller, William H., Philadelphia, *Huntress*, December 5, 1846.
Mitchell, Anderson, North Carolina, *Huntress*, June 11, 1842.
Mitchell, Robert, Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Mitchell, Thomas R., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Mitchells, Charles F., New York, *Huntress*, March 21, 1840.
Monroe, Columbus, *Huntress*, September 28, 1839.
Monroe, James, New York, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840; August
Montgomery, J. C., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 19, 1842.
Moor, Wyman B., Maine, *Huntress*, April 9, 1848.
Moore, John, Louisiana, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.
Moore, John, Louisiana, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.
Morehead, Mrs. C. S., Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 29, 1848.
Morehead, Col., *Huntress*, January 1, 1848.
Morehead, J. T., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Morehead, Mrs., Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Morgan, Charles U, Commodore, *Huntress*, January 31, 1844.
Morgan, Christopher, New York, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839.
Morgan, Mrs. Col., U. S. A., *Huntress*, June 17, 1848.
Morgan, Edward, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Morgan, William S., Virginia, *Huntress*, July 7, 1838.
Morris, Calvary, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Morris, John D., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 4, 1848.
Morris, Joseph, Ohio, *Huntress*, May 4, 1844.
Morris, Samuel W., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Morris, Thomas, Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834. August 15, 1840.
Morrow, W., Ohio, *Huntress*, July 3, 1841.
Morse, Mrs., Louisiana, *Huntress*, April 11, 1846.
Morse, J. E., Louisiana, *Huntress*, January 4, 1845.
Morton, Alex, Louisiana, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Morton, Jackson, Florida, *Huntress*, March 2, 1850.
Morton, Jeremiah, Virginia, *Huntress*, January 26, 1850.
Muhlenberg, Henry A., Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832. August 16, 1834.
Murphy, Charles, Georgia, *Huntress*, December 13, 1857.

Murphy, Henry, New York, *Huntress*, February 15, 1845.
Myers, Mrs., Philadelphia, *Huntress*, December 5, 1846.

Navy Department, clerks, *Huntress*, December 18, 1841.
Nayer, Charles, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Neal, Joseph C., Philadelphia, Editor *Saturday Gazette, Huntress*, November 28, 1846.
Nelson, John Alton, Gen., *Huntress*, November 30, 1844.
Nelson, William, New York, *Huntress*, February 5, 1848.
Nernhard, Peter, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Nes, Henry, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, January 27, 1844.
Nes, Walter U., New York, *Huntress*, January 19, 1850.
Nesbit, E. A., Georgia, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Newell, William A., New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Newton, Eben, Ohio, *Huntress*, July 31, 1852.
Newton, Thomas, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Newton, William, Virginia, *Huntress*, January 27, 1844.
Newton, Willoughby, Virginia, *Huntress*, January 27, 1844.
Newton, Mrs. William N., *Huntress*.
Nicholas, R. C., Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, July 16, 1836.
Nicholas, Robert G., Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, July 16, 1836.
Nicholson, A. O. P., Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Niles, Mrs. John M., Connecticut, *Huntress*, May 16, 1846.
Ninen, Archibold, New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Nisbet, Eugenius A., Georgia, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Noble, William H., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Norris, Moses, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, April 13, 1850.
Noyes, J. C., Maine, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.

Oddfellows, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, October 19, 1839.
Ogle, C., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 15, 1840.
Ogle, Gen., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Ogle, Jackson, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 2, 1850.
Olds, Mrs. Edson P., Ohio, *Huntress*, February 5, 1853.
Olds, Edson B., Ohio, *Huntress*, June 29, 1850.
Oliver, William M., New York, *Huntress*, July 31, 1841.
Orr, James L., South Carolina, *Huntress*, June 22, 1850.
Osborne, Thomas B., Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Otis, John, Maine, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Outlaw, David, North Carolina, *Huntress*, May 5, 1848.

Outlaw, Mrs., North Carolina, *Huntress*, June 17, 1848.
Owen, A. F., Georgia, *Huntress*, March 9, 1838.
Owen, Robert Dale, Jr., *Huntress*, February 3, 1844; March 15, 1845.
Owsley, Bryan Y., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.

Page, Col., Collector of Port, Philadelphia, *Huntress*, December 5, 1846.
Palen, Rufus, New York, *Huntress*, February 8, 1840.
Paridan, James, Indiana, *Huntress*, February 10, 1838.
Parmenter, Wm., Maine, *Huntress*, March 2, 1839.
Parker, Amasa, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Parker, Richard, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 8, 1851.
Parker, Mrs. Richard, Virginia, *Huntress*, Februay 8, 1851.
Parker, Mrs. Samuel, Indiana, *Huntress*, August 14, 1852.
Perkins, Jared, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, May 22, 1852.
Parris, Virgil D., Maine, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839.
Parris, Gov. A. K., Maine, *Huntress*, June 1, 1839; April 28, 1849.
Parsons, R. R., Arkansas, *Huntress*, May 19, 1849.
Partridge, Sam'l, New York, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Patterson, Sam'l D., Philadelphia, Editor *Post*, *Huntress*, November 28, 1846.
Patterson, Thos. A., New York, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Patterson, Wm., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Payne, Mrs. Wm. W., Alabama, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Payne, Mr. and Mrs., New York, *Huntress*, March 15, 1857.
Payne, W., Alabama, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Paynter, Lemuel, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Pearce, R. J., *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Pearce, James A., Missouri, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Peaslee, C. H., New Hampshire, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Peasley, Mrs. Chas H., New Hampshire, *Huntress*, June 10, 1848.
Pendleton, John S., Virginia, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
Penn, Alex G., Louisiana, *Huntress*, February 1, 1857.
Pennypacker, Isaac S., Virginia, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Pennypacker, Mrs., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Perrill, Augustus L., *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.

Perry, Thos., Maryland, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Pettit, Mrs. John, Indiana, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Pettit, John, Indiana, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Petriect, Mrs., New York, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Peyton, Joseph H., Tennessee, *Huntress*, June 8, 1844.
Peyton, Sam'l, Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Phelps, John S., Missouri, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
Phoenix, J. Philip, New York, *Huntress*, February 15, 1845.
Pickens, F. W., South Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Pierce, Franklin, *Huntress*, March 12, 1853; July 1, 1854.
Pitman, Mrs. P., *Huntress*, April 20, 1850.
Pitman, Mrs. P., *Huntress*.
Plumer, Arnold, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1858.
Plummer, Franklin E., Mississippi, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; August 4, 1834.
Plummer, Franklin, *Huntress*, December 8, 1838.
Plunkett, Rev. Joseph H., *Huntress*, December 7, 1850.
Polk, James K., Tennessee, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Polk, Pres., *Huntress*, July 17, 1847.
Polk, Wm. H., Tennessee, *Huntress*, April 17, 1852.
Pollock, James, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, May 18, 1844.
Pope, John, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Pope, P. H., *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Porter, Jas. Alex., *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Porter, A. S., Michigan, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Porter, Augustus, Michigan, *Huntress*, March 14, 1840.
Potter, Mrs., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Potter, Wm. W., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Potter, Emery D., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Potter, Elisha R., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, March 16, 1844; May 4, 1844.
Powell, Paulus, Virginia, *Huntress*, February 1, 1851.
Powell, Mrs. Cuthbert, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 19, 1842.
Pratt, James T., Connecticut, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Prentin, John H., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Preston, J. A., Maryland, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Preston, Wm. C., South Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834; July 30, 1836.

Preston, Wm. P., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 12, 1848.
Price, Sterling, Missouri, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Proffit, Geo. H., Indiana, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Putnam, Harvey, New York, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839; May 5, 1848.
Putnam, Harvey, New York, *Huntress*, May 5, 1848.
Purdy, Smith M., New York, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844.
Radcliffe, Daniel, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Ragan, Master A. H., page in Senate, *Huntress*, March 25, 1854.
Ramsey, Alexander, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Ramsey, Robert, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, September 4, 1841.
Ramsey, Wm., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 21, 1840.
Randall, Benj., Maine, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841.
Randolph, J. B., U. S. N., *Huntress*, March 29, 1845.
Randolph, Joseph F., New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Rathbun, George, New York, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Rayner, Kenneth, North Carolina, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Reding, John S., New Hampshire, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Reding, Mrs. John S., New Hampshire, *Huntress*, January 15, 1842.
Reed, Gen. Charles M., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Reed, Mrs. Charles, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Reed, Judge, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 19, 1848.
Reed, Robert, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 2, 1850.
Reid, David S., North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844; January 17, 1846.
Reilly, Luther, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 7, 1838.
Rencher, Mrs. Abraham, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 12, 1842.
Reynolds, Captain, U. S. A., *Huntress*, October 19, 1839.
Reynolds, Gideon, New York, *Huntress*, May 20, 1848.
Richardson, Wm. A., Illinois, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Richie, Thomas, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 19, 1848.
Riggs, Lewis, New York, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Ripley, Eleaza W., Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834; July 23, 1836.
Ripley, T. C., New York, *Huntress*, January 9, 1847.
Risley, Elijah, New York, *Huntress*, June 1, 1850.
Ritter, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 16, 1844.

Rives, Wm. C., Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Roane, Col. J. J., Virginia, *Huntress*, October 15, 1853.
Robbins, Asher, Rhode Island, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Robbins, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Roberts, Robert W., Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 23, 1844.
Roberts, Mrs. Robert, Mississippi, *Huntress*, December 26, 1846.
Roberts, Miss, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 20, 1847.
Robinson, Edward, Maine, *Huntress*, March 2, 1839.
Robinson, John L., Indiana, *Huntress*, December 25, 1847.
Robinson, Mrs. John L., Indiana, *Huntress*, June 10, 1848.
Robinson, John M., Illinois, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Robinson, Orville, New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1845.
Rockhill, Wm., Indiana, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Rockwell, Julius, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844; April 2, 1848; April 20, 1850; July 1, 1854.
Rockwell, Mrs. Julius, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, April 22, 1848.
Rodney, George B., Delaware, *Huntress*, September 4, 1841.
Rogers, Col. Charles, New York, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Roman, J. Dixon, Maryland, *Huntress*, February 26, 1848.
Roosevelt, James I., New York, *Huntress*, March 5, 1842.
Root, Erasmus, New York, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Root, Joseph M., Ohio, *Huntress*, May 9, 1846.
Rose, Robert L., New York, *Huntress*, September 14, 1850.
Rowan, Dr., Philadelphia, *Huntress*, January 23, 1847.
Royall, Captain Wm., Virginia, *Huntress*, February 4, 1843; April 1, 1848.
Ruff, Dr. James H., *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Ruffington, Joseph, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 23, 1844.
Ruggles, Benj., Ohio, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Rumsey, David, New York, *Huntress*, March 11, 1848.
Runk, John, New Jersey, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Rusk, Thomas J., Texas, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
Russell, James M. (John), Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 19, 1842.
Russell, Jeremiah, New York, *Huntress*, January 6, 1844.
Russell, John, New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Russell, Mrs. Margaret, Missouri, *Huntress*, December 20, 1851.
Russell, Wm., Ohio, *Huntress*, July 3, 1841.
Ruter, Mrs. John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 20, 1844.

Salstonstall, Lemuel, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839.
Sample, Samuel C., Indiana, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Sanford, John, New York, *Huntress*, June 12, 1841.
Santangelo, Madam, *Huntress*, April 20, 1850.
Sapp, Wm. R., Ohio, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Saunders, Romulus, North Carolina, *Huntress*, August 6, 1842.
Sawtelle, Cullen, Maine, *Huntress*, June 6, 1846.
Sawyer, Samuel, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Sawyer, Wm., Ohio, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.
Sawyer, Mrs. Wm., Ohio, *Huntress*, June 10, 1848.
Scantland, Major J. M., U. S. A., *Huntress*, August 12, 1848.
Scheffer, Dr. Daniel, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Schley, Wm., Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Schenck, Robert C., Ohio, *Huntress*, May 25, 1844.
Schoolcraft, Mr., Indian Commissioner, *Huntress*, December 22, 1849.
Scudder, Zeno, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, December 13, 1851.
Seaton, Mrs. W. W., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, May 27, 1848.
Sebastian, W. K., Arkansas, *Huntress*, June 24, 1848.
Seddon, James A., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 27, 1846.
Sellers, Augustine R., Maryland, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Semple, James, Illinois, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844; February 17, 1854.
Senter, Wm. M., Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 22, 1845.
Severance, Luther, Maine, *Huntress*, May 18, 1844.
Sevier, Ambrose H., Arkansas, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Sevier, Miss Ann Maria, Arkansas, *Huntress*, February 21, 1846.
Sevier, Col., Mississippi, *Huntress*, April 18, 1840.
Sevier, Mrs., Mississippi, *Huntress*, February 29, 1840.
Sevier, Mrs. Matilda, Arkansas, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846.
Seymour, David L., New York, *Huntress*, March 2, 1844.
Shepard, Charles, North Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Sheplor, Matthias, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 24, 1838.
Shields, Benj. G., Alabama, *Huntress*, August 21, 1841.
Shields, Judge James, Illinois, *Huntress*, May 24, 1845.
Shower, Jacob, Maryland, *Huntress*, March 18, 1854.
Sibley, Henry S., Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 31, 1849.
Sibley, Mark, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.

Sibley, Mrs. Mark, New York, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Silliman, Professor, Yale University, *Huntress*, March 13, 1852.
Silsbee, Nathaniel, Massachusetts, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Silver, H. A., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, Apirl 7, 1849.
Silver, W. P., Maryland, *Huntress*, March 31, 1849.
Simons, Samuel, Connecticut, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Simonton, Wm., Pennslyvania, *Huntress*, June 27, 1840.
Simmons, James F., Rhode Island, *Huntress*, June 19, 1841; August 14, 1841.
Sims, Leonard H., Missouri, *Huntress*, January 10, 1846.
Slade, Wm., Vermont, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Slade, Charles, Illinois, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Smart, Ephraim, Maine, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Smith, Mr., Pittsburg, artist, *Huntress*, April 1, 1837.
Smith, Albert, Maine, *Huntress*, April 11, 1840.
Smith, Albert, New York, *Huntress*, January 4, 1845.
Smith, Caleb, Indiana, *Huntress*, March 18, 1844.
28, 1839.
Smith, Hugh N., New Mexico, *Huntress*, May 4, 1850.
Smith, John T., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 23, 1844.
Smith, Perry, Connecticut, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Smith, Robert, Illinois, *Huntress*, May 25, 1844.
Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Stafford, Virginia, *Huntress*, May 8, 1852.
Smith, Thomas, Indiana, *Huntress*, September 28, 1839; January 4, 1840.
Smith, Mrs. Thomas, Indiana, *Huntress*, February 22, 1845.
Smith, Truman (Freeman), Connecticut, *Huntress*, December
Smith, Wm., Virginia, *Huntress*, March 19, 1842.
Snow, Wm., New York, *Huntress*, August 28, 1852.
Snyder, Adam, Illinois, *Huntress*, February 10, 1838.
Snyder, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, July 10, 1841.
Soule, Pierre, Louisiana, *Huntress*, March 13, 1847.
Southgate, Wm., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Speight, Jesse, North Carolina, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832; July 30, 1836.
Speight, Mrs. Jesse, North Carolina, *Huntress*, May 9, 1846.
Spence, Thomas A., Maryland, *Huntress*, April 13, 1844.
Spencer, James B., New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.

Spencer, John C., Secretary of War, *Huntress*, November 6, 1841.
Sprague, Peleg, Maine, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Sprague, Wm., Michigan, *Huntress*, March 5, 1842; January 25, 1851.
Sprigg, James C., Kentucky, *Huntress*, August 28, 1841.
Stack, Sarah, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843.
Stanton, Frederick P., Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 18, 1846.
Stanley, Edward, North Carolina, *Huntress*, April 18, 1840.
Starkweather, David, Ohio, *Huntress*, April 18, 1846.
Starweather, George, New York, *Huntress*, January 15, 1848.
Steenrod, Lewis, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 15, 1840.
Steenrod, Mrs. Lewis, Virginia, *Huntress*, May 28, 1842.
Stephens, Alexander H., Georgia, *Huntress*, February 28, 1846; December 25, 1847.
Stetson, Lemuel, New York, *Huntress*, January 13, 1844.
Stevenson, Andrew, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Stewart, Andrew, Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Stewart, Archibald, Virginia, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838.
Stewart, Mrs. J. T., Illinois, *Huntress*, February 19, 1842.
Stiles, Wm. H., Georgia, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
St. John, Daniel, New York, *Huntress*, June 17, 1848.
St. John, Henry, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 27, 1844; January 4, 1845.
St. Martin, Louis, *Huntress*, July 31, 1852.
Stoddard, John T., *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Stone, James W., Kentucky, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Stone, Mrs. James W., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 22, 1845.
Stratton, Charles, New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Strohm, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, April 25, 1846.
Strong, Miss, New York, *Huntress*, March 9, 1846.
Strong, Selah, New York, *Huntress*, February 17, 1844.
Strong, Theron, New York, *Huntress*, January 25, 1840.
Strong, Mrs. Theron, New York, *Huntress*, April 11, 1846.
Strong, Wm., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 4, 1848.
Stuart, Mrs. A. H., Virginia, *Huntress*, January 22, 1842.
Stuart, Charles E., Michigan, *Huntress*, April 8, 1848.
Stuart, John, Illinois, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.

Sturgeon, Daniel, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 27, 1847.
Summers, George W., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 26, 1841.
Summers, Mrs. Geo. W., *Huntress*, January 22, 1842.
Sumner, Charles, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, August 7, 1852.
Sumpter, Thomas D., South Carolina, *Huntress*, July 24, 1841.
Swart, Alexander H., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 26, 1841.
Swearingen, Henry, Ohio, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839; July 25, 1840.
Sweeney, George, Ohio, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Sykes, George, New Jersey, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Sylvester, Peter H., New York, *Huntress*, May 6, 1848.

Tallmadge, Frederick A., New York, *Huntress*, May 6, 1848.
Tallmadge, Nathaniel P., New York and Wisconsin, *Huntress*, February 27, 1841; July 13, 1844.
Taylor, Miss Mary, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 13, 1847.
Taylor, Nathaniel G., Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Taylor, President, *Huntress*, March 17, 1849; April 28, 1849.
Taylor, Wm., New York, Paul Pry, July 28, 1832.
Taylor, Wm., Virginia, *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Taylor, Mrs. Wm., *Huntress*, June 1, 1844.
Tazewell, Littleton W., Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Thomas, Dr., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, June 29, 1839.
Thomas, Philomon, Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Thomas, William (Francis), Maryland, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Thomason, Wm. P., Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844.
Thompkins (Tompkins), Patrick, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Thompson, Benj., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.
Thompson, Mrs. Benj., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.
Thompson, Dr., Columbus, Ohio, *Huntress*, January 10, 1852.
Thompson, Jacob, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Thompson, Mrs. Jacob, Mississippi, *Huntress*, January 22, 1842.
Thompson, John B., Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 29, 1848.
Thompson, Judge, District of Columbia, *Huntress*, September 7, 1844.
Thompson, Richard W., Indiana, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841; January 29, 1848.

Thompson, Robert A., Virginia, *Huntress*, July 22, 1848.
Thompson, Waddy, South Carolina, *Huntress*, March 3, 1838; May 11, 1834; January 18, 1851.
Thompson, Wiley, Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Thompson, Wm., Iowa, *Huntress*, February 19, 1848.
Thurman, John R., New York, *Huntress*, September 14, 1850.
Thurman, Mrs. John R., New York, *Huntress*, March 15, 1851.
Thurston, Samuel P., Maine and Oregon, *Huntress*, February 23, 1850.
Tibbets, Miss Jane, Kentucky, *Huntress*, February 13, 1847.
Tibbets, Mrs. John W., Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 14, 1846.
Tilden, Daniel R., Ohio, *Huntress*, February 3, 1844.
Tillinghast, Joseph, Rhode Island, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838; February 1, 1840.
Tipton, John, Indiana, *Paul Pry*, August 9, 1834.
Titus, Obadiah, New York, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Toland, George W., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 24, 1838.
Tomlinson, Thomas A., New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Towns, George, Georgia, *Huntress*, June 27, 1846.
Towns, Mrs. George W., Georgia, *Huntress*, February 23, 1839.
Townsend, Eleazar L., New York, Huntress, September 11, 1841.
Tredway (Treadway), Wm. M., Virginia, *Huntress*, January 17, 1846.
Trotti, S. W., South Carolina, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Troup, George M., Georgia, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Trumbo, Andrew, Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 7, 1846.
Trumbo, Mrs. Andrew, Kentucky, *Huntress*, January 9, 1847.
Triplett, Philip, Kentucky, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Tuck, Mrs. Amos, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, December 20, 1851.
Tucker, Tilghman, Mississippi, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844.
Turner, Thomas J., Illinois, *Huntress*, March 18, 1848.
Turner, Mrs. Thomas J., Illinois, *Huntress*, July 29, 1848.
Turney, Hopkins L., Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838.
Tyler, Asher, New York, Huntress, January 4, 1845.
Tyler, John, Virginia, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; August 16, 1834.

Underwood, Joseph R., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.
Underwood, Mrs. Joseph R., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 13, 1850.

Upham, Gen. Wm., Vermont, *Huntress*, February 10, 1844; May 27, 1847.
Upsher, Secretary, Virginia, *Huntress*, November 6, 1841.

Vail, George, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 15, 1854.
Vail, Mrs. George, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 15, 1854.
Vail, Miss, New Jersey, *Huntress*, April 15, 1854.
Van Buren, Col. John, New York, *Huntress*, March 25, 1848.
Van Buren, President Martin, *Huntress*, March 11, 1837; May 6, 1837.
Van Dyke, John, New Jersey, *Huntress*, May 6, 1848.
Van Meter, John, Ohio, *Huntress*, May 11, 1844.
Van Ness, Mrs., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, August 31, 1839.
Vance, Joseph, Ohio, *Huntress*, May 11, 1844.
Venable, Abraham, North Carolina, *Huntress*, April 29, 1848.
Verplanck, Gulian, New York, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Vroom, Peter D., New Jersey, *Huntress*, July 18, 1840.

Wade, Benj. F., Ohio, *Huntress*, January 10, 1852.
Wagener, David D., Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834; July 25, 1840.
Waggaman, George A., Louisiana, *Paul Pry*, August 4, 1832.
Wagner, Peter, New York, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839.
Waldo, Loren P., Connecticut, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Wales, John, Delaware, *Huntress*, August 31, 1850.
Walker, Robert, Mississippi, *Huntress*, July 16, 1836.
Wallace, David, Indiana, *Huntress*, March 5, 1842.
Walsh, Thomas Y., Maryland, *Huntress*, July 31, 1852.
Ward, Aaron, New York, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832.
Ward, Wm. T., Kentucky, *Huntress*, July 17, 1852.
Warren, Cornelius, New York, *Huntress*, May 5, 1848.
Warren, Lott, Georgia, *Huntress*, January 4, 1840.
Washburn, Israel, Maine, *Huntress*, December 13, 1851.
Washington, P. G., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, April 19, 1845.
Washington, W. H., North Carolina, *Huntress*, July 17, 1841.
Watterson, Harvey W., Tennessee, *Huntress*, March 7, 1840.
Watkins, Albert, Tennessee, *Huntress*, January 25, 1851.
Waugh, J. H., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, September 25, 1841.

Waugh, Mrs., District of Columbia, *Huntress*, July 24, 1854.
Webster, Daniel, Massachusetts, *Paul Pry*, July 28, 1832; *Huntress*, May 22, 1847; May 18, 1850; October 30, 1852.
Webster, Miss, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, March 31, 1838.
Weightman, Richard, Maryland and New Mexico, *Huntress*, June 26, 1852.
Welch, John, Ohio, *Huntress*, July 31, 1852.
Wellborn, Marshall, Georgia, *Huntress*, September 21, 1850.
Weller, John B., Ohio and California, *Huntress*, February 15, 1840; June 7, 1845; May 29, 1852; February 25, 1854.
Weller, Mrs. John B., Ohio and California, *Huntress*, December 4, 1847.
Wentworth, John, Illinois, *Huntress*, March 30, 1844; January 4, 1851.
Wentworth, Mrs. John, Illinois, *Huntress*, January 18, 1851.
Wentworth, Tappan, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, April 1, 1854.
Westbrook, John, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 12, 1840.
Wetherell, John, Maryland, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844.
Wharton, Col., Texan Minister, *Huntress*, January 7, 1837.
Wheaton, Horace, New York, *Huntress*, April 27, 1844; July 18, 1846.
White, Albert S., Indiana, *Huntress*, February 10, 1838.
White, Mrs. Albert S., Indiana, *Huntress*, March 8, 1845.
Wickliffe, Charles A., Kentucky, *Huntress*, November 6, 1841.
Wight, Otis, Rittenhouse Academy, Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, July 2, 1853.
Wilcox, Leonard, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, May 14, 1842.
Wildrick, New Jersey, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Wiley, James S., Maine, *Huntress*, April 15, 1848.
Wilkins, Wm., Pennsylvania, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Williams, Christopher H., Tennessee, *Huntress*, February 17, 1838; March 24, 1838.
Williams, Henry, Massachusetts, *Huntress*, December 28, 1839.
Williams, James W., Maryland, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Williams, Joseph, Tennessee, *Huntress*, July 23, 1842; February 17, 1838.
Williams, S. S., Washington, D. C., *Huntress*, July 1, 1848.
Williams, Thomas H., Mississippi, *Huntress*, February 16, 1839; December 28, 1839.

Wilmot, David, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, February 7, 1846.
Wilmot, Mrs. David, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 13, 1846.
Wilson, Edgar C., Virginia, *Paul Pry*, August 16, 1834.
Wilson, James, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, May 20, 1848.
Winston, Miss Eliza, Alabama, *Huntress*, January 28, 1843.
Winthrop, Robert C., Massachusetts, *Huntress*, July 3, 1841.
Wise, A. A., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, August 15, 1840.
Wise, Henry A., Virginia, *Huntress*, October 21, 1837.
Wood, Amos S., Ohio, *Huntress*, May 25, 1850.
Wood, Fernando, New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Woodbridge, William, Michigan, *Huntress*, August 14, 1841.
Woodbridge, Mrs. William, Michigan, *Huntress*, June 25, 1842.
Woodbury, Levi, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, May 18, 1839.
Woodbury, Mrs. Levi, New Hampshire, *Huntress*, March 26, 1842.
Woodbury, the Misses, *Huntress*, March 26, 1842.
Woodruff, Thomas, New York, *Huntress*, January 30, 1847.
Woodward, Joseph A., South Carolina, *Huntress*, December 16, 1843; April 11, 1846.
Woodworth, Wm. W., New York, *Huntress*, April 4, 1846.
Wright, George W., California, *Huntress*, March 1, 1851.
Wright, Mrs. George W., California, *Huntress*, March 1, 1851.
Wright, Joseph A., Indiana, *Huntress*, December 23, 1843.
Wright, Wm., New Jersey, *Huntress*, June 22, 1844.
Yancey, W. L., Alabama, *Huntress*, January 11, 1845.
Yates, Richard, Illinois, *Huntress*, January 10, 1852.
Yorke (York), Thomas J., New Jersey, *Huntress*, March 10, 1838.
Yost, Jacob S., Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, March 23, 1844.
Yost, Mrs. Jacob, Pennsylvania, *Huntress*, June 13, 1846.
Young, Augustus, Vermont, *Huntress*, September 4, 1841.
Young, Bryan (Bryam), Kentucky, *Huntress*, May 16, 1846.
Young, John, New York, *Huntress*, August 7, 1841.
Young, Judge, Illinois, *Huntress*, April 24, 1847.
Young, Lieut., U. S. N., *Huntress*, October 19, 1839.
Young, Richard M., Illinois, *Huntress*, January 27, 1838.
Young, Mrs. Richard M., Illinois, *Huntress*, May 2, 1840.
Yulee (Levy), Mrs. David, Florida, *Huntress*, February 27, 1847.

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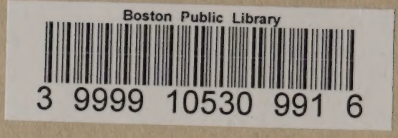

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